

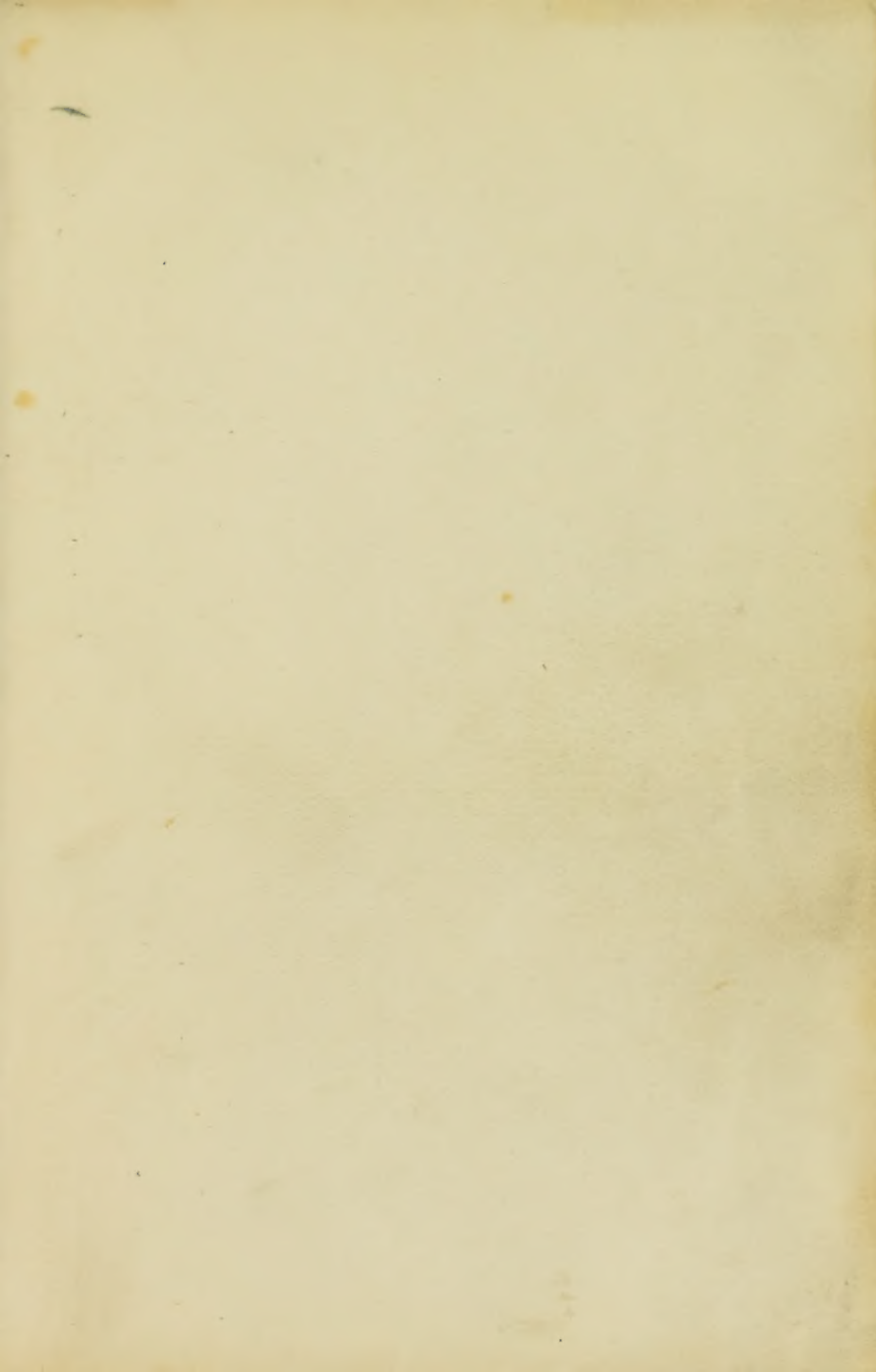
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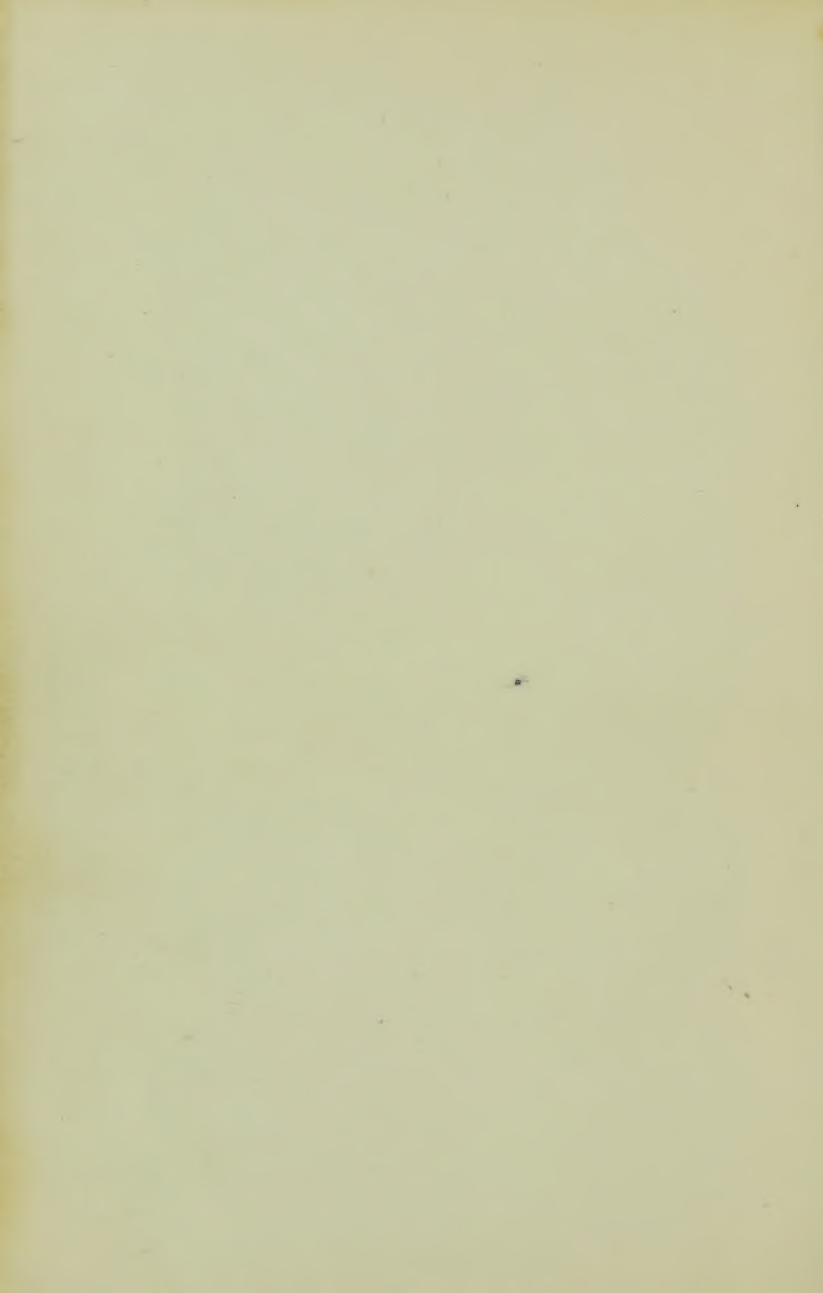


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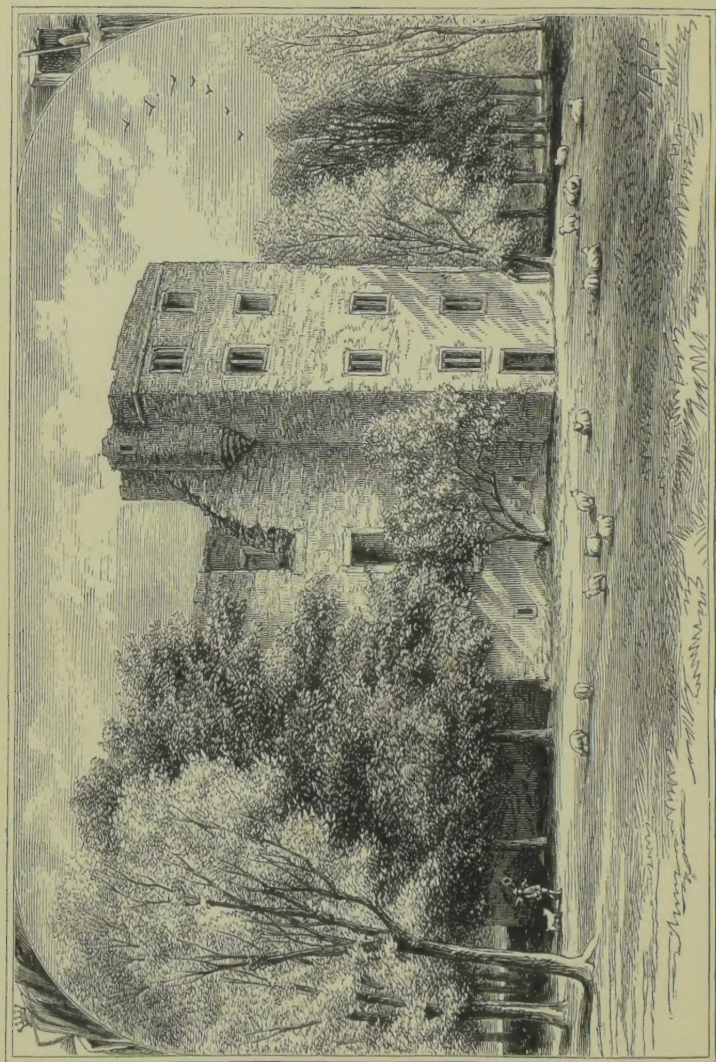












DILSTON CASTLE—Formerly the residence of the EARLS OF DERWENTWATER.

CHAMBERS'S  
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

*New and Revised Edition*

VOL. I.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS  
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**W**HEN we see a railway train drawn by a locomotive at the rate of forty miles an hour, and carrying as many as five hundred passengers, how little are we apt to think that this marvel of science and art is due mainly to two men, who, in the outset of their career, occupied an obscure position—James Watt and George Stephenson; one a Scotsman, the other a native of the north of England, and both affording bright examples of what may be done in adverse circumstances by dint of well-directed labour, united with that degree of prudence without which ingenuity and toil are usually in vain. Of James Watt and the steam-engine, notice is elsewhere taken. Here



we have to speak of Stephenson—plain old George, with his Northumbrian *burr*—the perfecter of the locomotive, but for whom it might have been long before we should have seen a train running at the speed which now astonishes everybody.

George had a very humble beginning. His father, Robert Stephenson, with his wife Mabel, were a decent couple, living at a small colliery village called Wylam, situated on the north bank of the Tyne, about eight miles from Newcastle. Here ‘old Bob,’ as Robert was usually styled by the neighbours, was employed as fireman to the engine which pumped water from the coal-pit, an employment of a toilsome kind, but requiring no great skill, and accordingly requited by the wage of a common labourer. It is said that Bob was descended from a Scottish family which had emigrated into Northumberland, and had some pretensions to be of a superior class. But now, the family had settled down as hand-workers, a position in no respects dishonourable, for in every department of honest labour, no matter how humble, there is a dignity which nothing can overshadow. Lowly as was his situation in life, Robert Stephenson had tastes of no grovelling kind. Amiable in disposition, he was fond of animals, and loved to tell stories of one kind or other, which made him a great favourite with young persons. Mabel, his wife, good ‘canny Mabel,’ is reported to have been a woman of a thoughtful, nervous temperament; and it is not unlikely that, in this as in many other instances, the mother communicated the impress of her character to her children.

Robert Stephenson had six children, of whom George, the hero of our story, was the second; born 9th June 1781. The lot of the family was to work, and work they did. We do not know whether the father, with all his tastes, had any wish to give his children a fair country education. Perhaps there were no schools near at hand; but be this as it may, Bob’s children, like their neighbours in like circumstances, were left entirely to themselves in the way of book-learning. When George was about eight years of age, his father removed to another colliery concern at Dewley Burn, where he filled a similar situation—that of shovelling in coal to a furnace which kept a steam-engine at work. It requires no stretch of imagination to fancy Bob here labouring daily in front of a glowing fire, with a big shovel in hand, clothed in coarse blue woollen trousers and shirt, and wiping the drops of perspiration from his face with a bunch of coarse tow. Could any one, looking at that toiling, perspiring man, have supposed that he was the father of one of England’s great men? Bob, indeed, had not the slightest notion himself that he had a son who was to come to honour; and how could he?

Shortly after coming to Dewley Burn, George was put to work, for he was eight years old, and it was believed he could earn something to help on the family. A job was found for him; it was to

herd a few cows, for which light duty he was paid twopence a day. We are now, as it were, introduced to George. He comes on the stage as a bare-legged herd-boy, driving cows, chasing butterflies, and amusing himself by making water-mills with reeds and straws, and even going the length of modelling small steam-engines with clay. In these pursuits we have a glimpse of his mechanical turn. Often we see that boys take a bent towards what first excites their fancy. Brought up among coal-pits and pumps, and wheels and engines, it was not surprising that his mind should have a bias to mechanics. Some boys, indeed, are so dull or heedless, that they may see the most curious works of art without giving them any sort of attention. But that was not George Stephenson's way. He pried into every mechanical contrivance that came under notice, and acquired a knack of making things with no other help than an old knife. There was the poor boy's genius. He did not stare at things stupidly, or with an affected air of indifference; neither did he pretend to take an interest in works of art, in order to appear clever. He liked to work out his own ideas in his simple way, without a thought of results. From being a herd-boy, he was promoted to lead horses when ploughing, hoe turnips, and do other farm-work, by which he rose from twopence to fourpence a day. He might have advanced to be an able-bodied ploughman, but his tastes did not lie in the agricultural line. What he wished was, to be employed about a colliery, so as to be among bustle of wheels, gins, and pulleys. Accordingly, quitting farm-work, he got employment at Dewley Burn to drive a gin-horse, by which change he had another rise of twopence a day, his wages being now three shillings a week. In a short time, he went as gin-horse driver to the colliery of Black Callerton; and as this was two miles from the parental home, he walked that distance morning and evening. This walk, however, was nothing to George, who was getting to be a big stout boy, fond of rambling about after birds' nests, and keeping tame rabbits, and always taking a part in country sports. His next rise was to act as an assistant-fireman to his father at Dewley. Gladly he accepted this situation, for besides that he was allowed a shilling a day, he looked to being promoted to be engineman, which now, in his fourteenth year, was the height of his ambition. George did not long remain here. The coal-pit was wrought out and deserted, and the workmen and apparatus were removed to a colliery at Jolly's Close, a few miles distant. The Stephenson family removed with the others, and now occupied a cottage of only a single apartment, situated in a row of similar dwellings, with a run of water in front, and heaps of débris all around.

In this miserably confined cottage, there were accommodated the father and mother and six children, some of them pretty well grown up; and as all helped by their work, there was nothing like poverty in the household. George and his elder brother James were assistant-

firemen ; two younger boys performed some humble labour about the pit ; and two girls assisted their mother in household affairs. The total earnings of the father and sons amounted to from 35s. to 40s. a week. As this was equal to about £100 per annum, we are entitled to say that on that sum old Bob ought to have brought up his family respectably, and given them at least the elements of education. But in this as in thousands of cases, little else was thought of than to consume the whole weekly earnings in a coarse kind of plenty, leaving chance or the parish to provide for the future. No doubt, humble as it was, this was a most extravagant way of living, and it is obviously by such improvidence that many of the manual labouring-classes ever keep themselves on the brink of poverty. The only excuse we can find for Bob and Mabel is, that they did not know any better, and deprived of suitable house-accommodation, had perhaps no heart to aspire to a more economic mode of life. Nor should we fail to remember, that unless school-instruction is obtruded in some shape or other on colliery villages and rural hamlets, the residents can scarcely be blamed for their ignorance. Recent statutes and arrangements have probably done much to remedy this social defect among the Northumbrian colliers, and their children must in many respects be better looked to than was the fortune of their predecessors. From whatever cause, the want of education was a serious disadvantage to the young Stephensons. Not one of them was taught to read. George, at fifteen years of age, when working as assistant-fireman, and forming one of a family who were earning about a hundred a year, and paying no house-rent, did not know a letter. To one with much natural sagacity, and an ambition to improve in circumstances, we cannot easily conceive a more dreary condition. Let any one picture to himself the situation of a friendless lad, totally uneducated, living in a colliery village, and then try to conceive by what force of circumstances that lad was to attain to eminence in wealth and station, and as a benefactor to mankind. In vain we make the effort, yet we shall see by what simple means Providence brings out great results, which no man can possibly discover by the most penetrating foresight.

Every man, no matter how lowly his lot, may be said to have a choice of two paths. He may fall in with the multitude of those who seek immediate self-indulgence, and take no thought of the future : or shrinking from this too common routine, he may, in the face of untold difficulties, make a sacrifice, for the sake of moral and intellectual improvement, with which not unusually comes an improvement in circumstances. We are now called on to notice which of the two paths was taken by George Stephenson. He chose immediate sacrifice, and lived to thank God for inspiring him to do so. Let us see how he set about it, and how he carried it through. His duty consisted in attending to the furnace of one of those gigantic steam-engines which pumped water from a coal-pit. From

Dewley he went to Mid Mill, and after that to the colliery of Throckley-bridge, at which his wages were twelve shillings a week. He felt he was getting on. It was a proud moment for him when one Saturday evening he got his first twelve shillings. 'Now,' said he enthusiastically, 'I am a made man for life.'

While at this occupation he acquired a character for steadiness—that was a great point gained. The world is always groping about for steady men, and sometimes it is not easy getting hold of them. George was rigorously sober, and was never so happy as when he was at work, though it is also related of him that he took pleasure after work-hours in wrestling, putting or throwing the stone, and other feats of muscular skill. He possessed a powerful frame, and could lift heavy weights in a manner that was thought surprising. Rather a general favourite from his good-nature and dexterity at rustic sports, George likewise gave satisfaction to his employers, and, reputed as a clever, handy young man, was promoted to the situation of engineman or plugman at Newburn. From looking after a furnace, he had now to attend to the working of a steam-engine, and to watch that the pumps were kept properly working. It was a post of responsibility, and not without trouble. If the pumps went wrong, he had to descend the pit, and do his best to rectify them by plugging; that is, stuffing any hole or crevice to make them draw; and if the defect was beyond his power of remedy, his duty was to report it to the chief engineer. In these services George took immense delight. He was now in his element; could handle, and scour, and work about among pistons, cylinders, wheels, levers, pumps, and other mechanical contrivances, and regarded the entire engine under his charge with feelings of keen admiration and affection. One likes to hear of this, for there is always something pleasing in the idea that a youth is an enthusiast in the kind of labour to which he has addressed himself, for there are then good hopes of his success.

George was so fond of his engine that he was never tired looking at it, as it worked with regularity and almost with sublimity the enormous pumps. Stooping like a giant, down went the great lever or pump-handle; a moment's pause ensues, and then without an effort up is drawn the prodigious volume of water, which runs away like a small river. In the constant contemplation of this magnificent triumph of art, the mind of any one not lost to good-feeling, cannot fail to be elevated. At all events, George Stephenson experienced enviable sensations. Oh, that dear engine, how he did love it! to him, with its continuity and regularity of motion, it was like a living creature. As a mother fondles and dresses her child, so did George never tire fondling, dressing, and undressing his engine. It was not enough that he saw the outside of the mechanism. It became a kind of hobby with him to take her—a steam-engine is *her*—to pieces, and after cleaning and examining all the parts, to put her again into



working-order. Then, what joy, when the steam is let on, to see her begin to move—to come to life, as it were—and to commence her grand pumping operations.

When the engine was going in excellent trim, and nothing was wrong with the pumps, there was little to do. The mechanism went on of itself, and required a look only now and then. Being so far an easy job for the engineman, there was time to spare. By way of occupying these idle minutes and hours, George began to model miniature steam-engines in clay, in which he had already some experience. It was a mere amusement, but it helped to fix shapes and proportions in his memory. While so engaged, he was told of engines of a form and character he had never seen. They were not within reach, but were described in books. If he read these, he would learn all about them. Alas! George, though now eighteen years of age, was still ignorant of the alphabet. He clearly saw that unless he learned to read, he must inevitably stick where he was. The knowledge of past times, and much of the busy present, was shut out from him. With these convictions, it is not surprising that our hero resolved to learn to read—in fact, to put himself to school, and so remedy, if it could be remedied, the neglect on this score of old Bob, his father.

Having settled in his own mind that he would go to school, cost what it might, George found out a poor teacher, named Robin Cowens, in the village of Walbottle, who agreed to give him lessons in the evening at the rate of threepence a week, a fee which he cheerfully paid. By Robin he was advanced so far as to be able to write his own name, which he did for the first time when he was nineteen years of age. To improve his acquirements, he afterwards, in the winter of 1799, went to an evening-school, kept by Andrew Robertson, a Scotch dominie, in the village of Newburn. Here he was advanced in a regular way to penmanship and arithmetic. But as there was not much time for arithmetical study during the limited school-hours, George got questions in figures set on his slate, which next day he worked out while attending the engine. And that was all the education in the way of schooling he ever got. Very imperfect it was in quality and extent, but it admitted him within the portals of knowledge, and getting that length, he was enabled to pick up and learn as he went on. The next event in his life was his removal, in 1801, to the Dolly pit, at Callerton, where he received somewhat higher wages, a point of some importance, for at this time the cost of living was very high. Perhaps it was owing to this dearth in food that George fell upon the expedient of devoting his leisure hours in the evening to the making and mending of shoes. Some may think that the craft of shoemaking was quite out of his way, but we have known several instances of shepherds and ploughmen being makers and menders of shoes in a homely style for their families, and therefore the 'gentle craft' is not so very difficult to learn as



might be imagined. George Stephenson became a tolerable shoemaker, though he kept chiefly to cobbling or mending. If anything could have spurred him on, it was the desire to sole the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, and of these he is said to have made a 'capital job.' By means of his cobbling, he was able to save a guinea, which is recorded as being the nest-egg of his fortune. Of course, he never could have laid by so much as a guinea, had he, like most of his acquaintances, frequented public-houses and consumed quantities of beer. But no one ever saw him the worse of drink; and while others were soaking in taverns, or amusing themselves with cock-fighting and dog-fighting, he was at home, either trying to increase his sum of knowledge, or applying himself to some useful occupation which was in itself an amusement. His sobriety and industry had their reward. He was enabled to furnish a house decently, and to marry Fanny Henderson. The marriage was celebrated on the 28th November 1802, and the pair betook themselves to the neat home that had been prepared at Willington Ballast Quay, a place on the Tyne, about six miles from Newcastle.

Settling down as a married man, George continued to devote leisure hours to study or to some handicraft employment. From making and mending shoes, he proceeded to mend clocks, and became known among his neighbours as a wonderfully clever clock-doctor. It is said that he was led into this kind of employment by an accident. His chimney having gone on fire, the neighbours in putting it out deluged the house with water, and damaged the eight-day clock. Handy at machinery, and wishing to save money, George determined to set the clock to rights. He took it to pieces, cleaned it, reorganised it, and made it go as well as ever. There was a triumph! After this, he was often employed as a repairer of clocks, by which he added a little to his income. On 16th December 1803, was born his only son Robert, who lived to be at the head of the railway engineering profession. But before either George or his son could arrive at distinction, there was not a little to be done. As a brakesman, George had charge of the coal-lifting machinery at Willington, and subsequently at Killingworth, and in this department, as well as engineman, he gradually but surely gained the reputation of being an ingenious and trustworthy workman. At Killingworth, which is about seven miles north of Newcastle, he suffered the great misfortune of losing his wife. This sad blow fell upon him in 1804, with his son still an infant.

The next thing we hear of him is, that leaving his child in charge of a neighbour, he went by invitation to superintend an engine at some works near Montrose in Scotland, which journey, about a hundred and fifty miles, he performed on foot. Disagreeing after a short period with the owners, he trudged back to his home at Killingworth, bringing with him £28 as savings. One of the first things he did after his return was to succour his father, now an aged and

## GEORGE STEPHENSON.

blind man, whom, with his old mother, he placed in a comfortable cottage in his own neighbourhood. Again he followed the employment of brakesman at West Moor pit, and was continuing to save, when, in 1807, his small accumulations were in a moment wholly swept away. He was drawn for the militia, and every shilling he had saved was paid away for a substitute. To be thrust back into poverty in so hateful a manner almost upset his philosophy, and he strongly meditated emigrating to America. Fortunately, his spirits revived, and he held on his course. In addressing a society of young operatives many years afterwards, he referred as follows to this dark period in his life: 'Well do I remember the beginning of my career as an engineer, and the great perseverance that was required of me to get on. Not having served an apprenticeship, I had made up my mind to go to America, considering that no one in England would trust me to act as engineer. However, I was trusted in some small matters, and succeeded in giving satisfaction. Greater trusts were reposed in me, in which I also succeeded. Soon after, I commenced making the locomotive engine; and the results of my perseverance you have this day witnessed.'

It says much for Stephenson, that under pinching difficulties he did not only take care of his old parents, but gave his child as good an education as was in his power. The want of learning he had himself acutely felt, and this deficiency, if at all practicable, he wished to avert from his son. In one of his public speeches late in life, he observed: 'In the earlier period of my career, when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at nights, after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son.'

In 1810, an opportunity occurred for George Stephenson signalling himself. A badly-constructed steam-engine at Killingworth High pit could not do its work; one engineer after another tried to set it to rights, but all failed; and at last in despair they were glad to let 'Geordie' try his hand, though with his reputation for cleverness they did not expect him to succeed. To their mortification and astonishment, he was perfectly successful. He took the engine to pieces, rearranged it skilfully, and set it to work in the most effectual manner. Besides receiving a present of £10 for this useful service, he was placed on the footing of a regular engineer, and afterwards consulted in cases of defective pumping apparatus.

Although thus rising in public estimation, he still knew his deficiencies, and strove to improve by renewed evening studies. One of his acquaintances, named John Wigham, gave him some useful instructions in branches of arithmetic, of which he had an

imperfect knowledge, and the two together, with the aid of books, spent many pleasant evenings in getting an insight into chemistry and other departments of practical science. His steadiness was at times sorely tried by the solicitations of neighbours in his own rank 'to come and take a glass o' yill;' but resolutions to be temperate and to save for the sake of Robert's education, enabled him to withstand tempters of all kinds. By dint of such reserve, he was able to save a hundred guineas, which, in consequence of the demand for bullion during the French war, he sold to money-brokers for twenty-six shillings each. At intervals in his ordinary labour, he employed himself in building an oven and some additional rooms to his cottage, which he likewise rendered attractive by a garden cultured with his own hands.

The year 1812 marked Stephenson's rise to the position of a colliery engineer and planner of machinery for working pits and wheeling off coal. Proprietors and managers began to entertain a high idea of his qualities, which were obviously not those of a pretender. Referring to this period, when in 1835 he gave evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons on accidents in mines, he said: 'After making some improvements in the steam-engines above ground, I was then requested by the manager of the colliery to go underground along with him to see if any improvements could be made in the mines, by employing machinery as a substitute for manual labour and horse-power in bringing the coals out of the deeper workings of the mine. On my first going down the Killingworth pit, there was a steam-engine underground for the purpose of drawing water from a pit that was sunk at some distance from the first shaft. The Killingworth coal-field is considerably dislocated. After the colliery was opened, at a very short distance from the shaft, they met with one of those dislocations, or dikes as they are called. The coal was thrown down about forty yards [or abruptly lay at that much lower level]. Considerable time was spent in sinking another pit to this depth. And on my going down to examine the work, I proposed making the engine, which had been erected some time previously, to draw the coals up an inclined plane, which descended immediately from the place where it was fixed. A considerable change was accordingly made in the mode of working the colliery, not only in applying the machinery, but employing putters instead of horses in bringing the coals from the hewers; and by those changes the number of horses in the pit was reduced from about 100 to 15 or 16. During the time I was engaged in making these important alterations, I went round the workings in the pit with the viewer almost every time that he went into the mine—not only at Killingworth, but at Mountmoor, Derwentcreek, Southmoor, all which collieries belonged to Lord Ravensworth and his partners; and the whole of the machinery in all these collieries was put under my charge.'

## GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Leaving George engaged in these useful pursuits, which were intermingled with scientific studies with his son, when he came home from school at Newcastle, we may take a glance at the beginnings of railways and locomotives. It is certain there were railways of a rude kind in England as early as the commencement of the eighteenth century. The rails were at first of wood, then the wood was shod with slips of iron, and lastly, they were altogether rods or bars of iron. These old railways, which were better known by the name of tramways, were devised for the transit of coals from pits, the carriages being deep wooden wagons pulled by horses. Strangely enough, there was a railway of this kind across the fields from the coal-pits of Tranent to the small seaport Cockenzie, when the battle of Prestonpans was fought on the ground in 1745—which line of rails, honoured by having been the site of Cope's cannon, still exists. Wherever there were coal or iron mines, these tramways were introduced; nor could they fail to get into use, for a single horse could draw upon them a load that would have required twenty horses on a common highway.

The credit of inventing a carriage moved by steam is due to Richard Trevethick, a Cornish tin-miner, and a clever but somewhat eccentric person. He made a steam-carriage to run on common roads or rails in 1802, and exhibited it in the metropolis. Improving on this, he, in 1804, completed a locomotive to draw coal on the Merthyr-Tydvil Railway in South Wales. It did its work well, drawing wagons with ten tons of iron at the rate of five miles an hour; but it was an ill-constructed machine, and having gone out of order, it was deserted by its inventor, and no more was heard of locomotives for some years. Next came the invention of Mr Blenkinsop, who planned a locomotive for coal traction, which was used on a railway from Middleton Collieries to Leeds, and could haul as many as thirty loaded wagons at a speed of three and a quarter miles an hour. What long kept the invention in this backward state was the erroneous notion, that unless the locomotive had wheels with cogs to pull against cogs in the railway, it would slip, and not get forward; and it was not until this fanciful idea was got rid of that much good was done with locomotive power. We may conceive that for about twenty years subsequent to 1812, there were many geniuses at work contriving improved locomotives, and among these none thought more diligently or deeply than George Stephenson. After a variety of experiments, he was satisfied that there would be sufficient adhesion in the wheels to overcome any tendency to slip: teeth or cogs were accordingly dismissed. In July 1814, he was able to begin running his locomotive, called the *Blucher*, on the Killingworth Railway. It was still only a coal-drag, and at best a clumsy apparatus, but it hauled eight loaded wagons weighing thirty tons, at about four miles an hour. This was undoubtedly a success; the thing could be done; yet, as the cost of working was



about as great as that by horses, little was gained. There must be fresh trials. As by a flash of inspiration, Stephenson saw the leading defect and the method for curing it. The furnace wanted draught, which he gave by sending the waste steam into the chimney; and at once, by increased evolution of steam, the power of the engine was doubled or tripled. In 1815, he had a new locomotive at work, combining this and some minor improvements. Still, there was much to be done to perfect the machine. The cost of working was so considerable, that locomotive power did not meet with general approval; the fact was, that railways at this period were not so accurately finished as they now are, and smooth and easy running ought not to have been expected. It was only step by step that both rails and moving apparatus were brought to a comparatively perfect state.

At the Killingworth Colliery, Stephenson continued to plan his improvements, and also to advance in general knowledge in the society of his son, who, on leaving school in 1818, was placed as an apprentice to learn practically, underground, the business of a viewer of coal-mines; and in 1820 he went for a session of six months to the university of Edinburgh. The cost of this piece of education was £80, which the father could not well spare; but the prize for skill in mathematics which his son brought home with him at the end of the session was thought to be ample repayment. Acquiring a knowledge of railways, Robert was appointed to proceed to Columbia, South America, to superintend some railway operations. One day, previous to setting out, he dined with his father, and a young man named Dixon was of the party. An anecdote is related to shew the strong faith which George Stephenson at this time entertained regarding railway progress. 'Now, lads,' said he to the two young men after dinner, 'I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railways will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working-man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth.'

Stephenson's attention had frequently been drawn to the deplorable destruction of life in coal-mines by the explosion of inflammable air or fire-damp. As early as 1815, he devised a safety-lamp to guard against those accidents. As it was about the same period that Dr Clanny and Sir Humphry Davy invented their respective safety-lamps for the like purpose, it is not quite clear to whom the merit of



the discovery should be assigned—though Stephenson's claim has been strongly insisted on. As this is not the proper place for debating the point, and, besides, as the matter is of inferior importance, we pass on to what is of real moment—Stephenson's perfecting of the locomotive; for on that his fame properly rests. Pursuing schemes of this kind, after parting with his son, his advancement was in no small degree owing to certain services in which he was engaged on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a concern greatly promoted by Mr Edward Pease, a man of property and intelligence in the district. The engineering of this railway was given up to Stephenson, and in some respects it became a model for railway works—the gauge of four feet eight and a half inches, which is now usually followed, having here been adopted in a regular manner in imitation of the old tramways. Already, a manufactory of engines had been set up at Newcastle, in which George Stephenson was a partner, and from this establishment three locomotives were ordered by the directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company; for in their act of parliament they had taken power to employ steam in the traction of goods and passengers. The opening of this the first public railway took place on 27th September 1825, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators. A local newspaper records the event as follows: 'The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages, and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near 90 tons. The engine, with its load, arrived at Darlington, a distance of 8½ miles, in 65 minutes. The six wagons loaded with coals, intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and obtaining a fresh supply of water, and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in 3 hours and 7 minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly 12 miles.' The drawing of about 600 passengers, as there appear to have been in the train, at the rate of four miles an hour, was thought very marvellous. A month later, a regular passenger-coach, called the *Experiment*, was placed on the line; it was drawn by a horse in two hours. The haulage of coal only was effected by the locomotive. It was evident that the making of engines was still in its infancy. Stephenson, at his manufactory, continued to carry out improvements, in which he was assisted by his son, on his return from South America in 1827.

When the project of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was before parliament in 1825, George Stephenson, in the face of no little browbeating from ignorant and interested opponents, gave good evidence respecting the practicability and safety of drawing passenger-trains with locomotives, though still speaking diffidently

as to a speed of more than from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. Few things are more amusing than the real or affected incredulity of members of the legislature at this time as to railway transit, notwithstanding that the propulsion of coal-trains by locomotive power had been satisfactorily demonstrated. It is always, however, easy to find fault and to disbelieve; and the opposition which railways at first encountered, is no way singular. Stephenson's assertion during his examination before a committee of the House, that it would not be difficult to make a locomotive travel fifteen or twenty miles an hour, provoked one of the members to reply, that the engineer could only be fit for a lunatic asylum.

Parliamentary sanction once obtained, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company set to work upon their novel and important undertaking—novel, inasmuch as its scheme and magnitude exceeded all that had been previously attempted of a similar nature. Stephenson, who had already won a reputation, was appointed engineer, at £1000 a year, and a chief point determined on was, that the line should be as nearly as possible straight between the two towns. In the carrying out of this design, the series of 'engineering difficulties' was first encountered, the overcoming of which has called forth an amount of scientific knowledge, of invention, ingenuity, and mechanical hardihood unprecedented in the history of human labour. Hills were to be pierced or cut through, embankments raised, viaducts built, and four miles of watery and spongy bog, called Chat Moss, converted into a hardened road—all which was successfully effected.

The line being at length completed, the directors offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive that could be brought forward to compete in running on a certain day. It was stipulated that the engine should consume its own smoke; be not more than six tons in weight; and be able to draw twenty tons, including tender and water-tank, at ten miles an hour; be supported on springs, and rest on six wheels; must have two safety-valves; the pressure of steam should not exceed fifty pounds to the square inch; and the price of the engine was not to be above £550. Stephenson determined to compete, and built an engine called the *Rocket* for the purpose. The day of trial was the 8th of October 1829, when three engines were brought forward. Stephenson was there with his *Rocket*, Hackworth with the *Sanspareil*, and Braithwaite and Ericson with the *Novelty*. The test assigned was to run a distance of thirty miles at not less than ten miles an hour, backwards and forwards along a two-mile level near Rainhill, with a load three times the weight of the engine. The *Novelty*, after running twice along the level, was disabled by failure of the boiler-plates, and withdrawn. The *Sanspareil* traversed eight times at a speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour, when it was stopped by derangement of the machinery. The *Rocket* was the only one to stand the test and

satisfy the conditions. This engine travelled over the stipulated thirty miles in two hours and seven minutes nearly, with a speed at times of twenty-nine miles an hour, and at the slowest nearly twelve; in the latter case exceeding the advertised maximum; in the former, tripling it. Here was a result! An achievement so surprising, so unexpected, as to be almost incredible. Was it not a delusion?—had it been really accomplished?—and could it be done again?

The prize of £500 was at once awarded to the makers of the *Rocket*. Their engine was not only remarkable for its speed, but also for the contrivances by which that speed was attained. Most important among them was the introduction of tubes passing from end to end of the boiler, by means of which so great an additional surface was exposed to the radiant heat of the fire, that steam was generated much more rapidly, and a higher temperature maintained at a smaller expenditure of fuel than usual. The tubular boiler was indeed the grand fact of the experiment. Without tubes, steam could never have been produced with the rapidity and heat essential to quick locomotion. In more senses than one, the trial of the three locomotives in October 1829 marks an epoch. By burning coke instead of coal, the stipulated suppression of smoke was effected; the quantity consumed by the *Rocket* during the experiment was half a ton. The coke and water were carried in a tender attached to the engine.

On the 15th of September 1830 the railway was opened. The two great towns, with due regard to the importance of the event, made preparations for it with a spirit and liberality worthy of their wealth and enterprise. Members of the government, and distinguished individuals from various quarters, were invited to be present at the opening. On the memorable day, a train was formed of eight locomotives and twenty-eight carriages, in which were seated the eminent visitors and other persons present on the occasion, to the number of 600. The *Northumbrian*, one of the most powerful of the engines, took the lead, followed by the train, which, as it rolled proudly onwards, impressed all beholders with a grand idea of the energies of art, and of the power destined soon afterwards to effect the greatest of civil revolutions. At Parkfield, seventeen miles from Manchester, a halt was made to replenish the water-tanks, when the accident occurred by which Mr Huskisson lost his life, and tempered the triumph by a general sentiment of regret. The proceedings, however, though subdued, were carried out in accordance with the arrangements prescribed.

Business began the next day. The *Northumbrian* drew a train with 130 passengers from Liverpool to Manchester in one hour and fifty minutes; and before the close of the week, six trains daily were regularly running on the line. The surprise and excitement already created were further increased when one of the locomotives by itself travelled the thirty-one miles in less than an hour. Of the thirty

stage-coaches which had plied between the two towns, all but one went off the road very soon after the opening, and their 500 passengers multiplied at once into 1600. In December commenced the transport of goods and merchandise, and afforded further cause of astonishment; for a loaded train, weighing eighty tons, was drawn by the *Planet* engine at from twelve to sixteen miles an hour. In February 1831, the *Samson* accomplished a greater feat, having conveyed 164½ tons from Liverpool to Manchester in two hours and a half, including stoppages—as much work as could have been performed by seventy horses.

There are many who will remember the wonder and excitement created by these results in all parts of the kingdom. The facts could not be disputed. Neither the laws of nature nor science could be brought to accord with the views of those who saw in the new agencies the elements of downfall and decay. Even the Company had gone surprisingly astray in their calculations. Believing that the greater part of their business and of their revenue would be derived from the transport of heavy goods, they had set down £20,000 a year only as the estimated return from passenger traffic; and scarcely a week had passed before they became aware of the fact, as agreeable as it was unexpected, that passengers brought the greatest return. The whole number conveyed from the time of opening to the end of the year—three months and a half—was more than 71,000. This line, as is well known, now forms part of that vast system, the London and North-western Railway.

These successes placed George Stephenson in an eminent position in the engineering world. He was sought after for various undertakings; the business with which he was connected at Newcastle increased; and, in short, he was, as far as worldly consideration and circumstances are concerned, a 'made man.' His steadiness, perseverance, and skill had been acknowledged and rewarded. He and his son further perfected the locomotive, which he lived to see running at upwards of forty miles an hour. In 1837, he removed to Tapton Hall, a residence near Chesterfield, and in 1840, he intimated his design of retiring from his more active professional pursuits. He, however, did not subside into idleness or indifference; but gave time to various railway matters, and took pleasure in attending public meetings of mechanics' institutes. It was a great day for him the 18th of June 1844, when the first train came without break from London to Newcastle in the space of nine hours. At the festival on that day at Newcastle to signalise the event, all eyes were turned on old George Stephenson, when in reply to a complimentary speech of Mr Liddell, M.P., he gave the following brief but interesting account of his career.

'As the honourable member has referred to the engineering efforts of my early days, it may not be amiss if I say a few words to you on that subject, more especially for the encouragement of my



younger friends. Mr Liddell has told you that in my early days I worked at an engine on a coal-pit. I had then to work early and late, and my employment was a most laborious one. For about twenty years, I had often to rise to my labour at one and two o'clock in the morning, and worked until late at night. Time rolled on, and I had the happiness to make some improvements in engine-work. The company will be gratified when I tell them that the first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth Colliery. The owners were pleased with what I had done in the collieries; and I then proposed to make an engine to work upon the smooth rails. It was with Lord Ravensworth's money that my first locomotive was built. Yes, Lord Ravensworth and his partners were the first gentlemen to intrust me with money to make a locomotive. That was more than thirty years ago; and we first called it "My Lord." I then stated to some of my friends, now living, that those high velocities with which we are now so familiar would, sooner or later, be attained, and that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand; but nobody would believe me at that time. The engines could not perform the high velocities now reached, when they were first invented; but, by their superior construction, an immense speed is now capable of being obtained. In what has been done under my management, the merit is only in part my own. Throughout, I have been most ably seconded and assisted by my son. In the early period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I felt how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that I would put him to a good school. I determined that he should have as liberal a training as I could afford to give him. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labour was done. By this means I saved money, which I put by; and, in course of time, I was thus enabled to give my son a good education. While quite a boy, he assisted me, and became a companion to me. He got an appointment as under-viewer at Killingworth; and at nights, when we came home, we worked together at our engineering. I got leave from my employers to go from Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington for a like purpose; and I finished both railways. After that, I went to Liverpool to plan a line to Manchester. The directors of that undertaking thought ten miles an hour would be a maximum speed for the locomotive engine; and I pledged myself to attain that speed. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross on the concern! It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour; but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place

myself in the most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself, or even to make them understand my meaning. Some said: “He’s a foreigner.” “No,” others replied; “he’s mad.” But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased; great improvements were made in the locomotive; until to-day, a train which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to meet again many faces with which I am familiar, and which I am exceedingly pleased to see once more.’

Besides planning several railways after this period, and giving evidence respecting projects of this kind before parliamentary committees, Stephenson several times visited the continent to be consulted respecting lines of railway; on one of which occasions he had an interview, along with his friend Mr Sopwith, with the king of the Belgians. He likewise continued to be a prominent man at public demonstrations connected with the opening of railways; one of the latest of these festivities being at the opening of the Trent Valley line in June 1847, when he was complimented by Sir Robert Peel, and compared by him to Julius Agricola, the maker of Roman roads in Britain. George was now accustomed to the language of compliment from classes of men who formerly treated his theories with derision. In replying to Sir R. Peel’s flattering remarks, he could not refrain from noticing this change of sentiment. ‘When,’ he said, ‘I look back to the time when I first projected a locomotive railway in this neighbourhood, I cannot but feel astonished at the opinions which then prevailed. We were told, even by celebrated engineers, that it would be impossible ever to establish railways. Judge, then, how proud must now be the feelings of one who, foreseeing the results of railways, has risen from the lower ranks on their success! I may venture to make a reference to what the Right Honourable Baronet said relative to Julius Agricola and a direct line. If Julius Agricola laid down the most direct lines, it must be recollected that he had no heavy goods-trains to provide for, and gradients were of no consequence. The line that general took was probably very good for his troops, where the hills would serve to establish his watches; but such lines would be in no way applicable at the present day, where the road is covered with long goods-trains propelled by the locomotive. What we require now is, a road with such gradients that locomotives shall be able to carry the heaviest loads at the least expense. The Right Honourable Baronet will excuse me if I say, that to have a line that is direct is not the main thing. Had he studied the laws of practical mechanics as I have done, he would doubtless have regarded good gradients as one of the most important considerations in a railway.’ This last remark has

been amply verified. Railways are now made with gradients which would not formerly have been attempted; but the heavy expense incurred on account of fuel and tear and wear of machinery to overcome the ascents, forms a serious deduction from revenue.

At home, in the close of his days, George Stephenson occupied himself with his birds and other animals, for which he had a great fondness; nor did he take less pleasure in his garden and the rearing of flowers and vegetables. Occasionally, he visited the scenes of his youth among the collieries about Newcastle, at all times taking an interest in the welfare of the workmen, and never feeling ashamed of recognising old acquaintances. Though often invited to the houses of persons of distinction, he acknowledged he had no wish to figure in what he called fine company. It is said that he was beset by projectors of all kinds for the sake of his advice; and that the young likewise besought his counsel as to their proposed professional career, which he gave always cheerfully, except when these youthful aspirants were affectedly dressed, and put on airs contrary to George's notions of propriety. To a young applicant of this stamp, his candour was probably not very agreeable, but may have been salutary. 'I hope you will excuse me; I am a plain-spoken person, and I am sorry to see a nice-looking, and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I should not have been where I am now.'

With this love of simplicity, and universally respected, George Stephenson closed his useful career. He died 12th August 1848, aged 67. In the preceding sketch, we have touched merely on the chief incidents in his Biography, which we commend for perusal in either of the admirable works composed by Mr Smiles.\* The mantle of George Stephenson fell on his son, Robert; and how he added lustre to the family name is well known. Besides several great railway undertakings, of which he was engineer, he designed the High Level Bridge across the Tyne at Newcastle, the Conway and Britannia Tubular Bridges in North Wales, and that still more magnificent work of art, the Tubular Bridge, nearly two miles in length, across the St Lawrence at Montreal—in all which works, however, he was ably assisted by subordinates; nor should it be omitted that to William Fairbairn of Manchester is generally imputed the invention of the tubular system of bridge-building. In 1844, he entered parliament as member for Whitby. This distinguished son survived his father only eleven years. He died in 1859, aged 56, and was honoured with a public funeral and interment in Westminster Abbey. If the traveller by railway wishes to see a lasting monument to George and Robert Stephenson, he has only to look around!

\* *Life of George Stephenson*, by Samuel Smiles, 1 vol. 8vo. *Story of George Stephenson*, a lesser work for popular use.

## MAURICE AND GENEVIEVE,

### THE ORPHAN TWINS OF BEAUCE.



AS the traveller from Paris pursues his way southwards through the central part of France towards Orleans and the beautiful river Loire, he has occasion to pass across the great plain of Beauce. This is a wide tract of country, very level in surface, and being generally fertile, it is entirely under culture, and is plentifully dotted over with villages, in which reside the farmers and others who are engaged in rural occupations. In France there are few farmhouses standing by themselves surrounded by fields, as in England. Those who cultivate the soil reside, for the greater part, in dwellings clustered together in villages, where an agreeable society is formed among the general inhabitants.

The villages in the plain of Beauce are of this kind. Each is a little community of an industrious body of agriculturists, and the tradesmen required to supply their various wants. Every village has a church, an old gray edifice, whose turret may be seen for a great distance on the plain; and a number of these church towers, from being so conspicuous, form stations for telegraphs. The traveller, therefore, as he passes along, may occasionally observe the arms of a telegraph busily at work on a steeple, and in that way helping to convey intelligence across the country between Paris on the one hand, and Marseilles, on the borders of the Mediterranean, on the other.

Each church in this, as well as in other parts of France, is provided with a curé. These curés are a humble and diligent class of clergymen, labouring in their sacred vocation for a very small salary; and from their kindness of manner, as well as their serviceableness in giving advice, in cases of emergency, to the members of their flocks, they are very generally beloved in their respective neighbourhoods.

In Artenay, one of these peaceful and industrious villages, not many years ago, there lived a humble artisan, Jules Asselin. Jules was a journeyman wheelwright by profession; he made wheels for the cars which were employed by the farmers in carrying their produce to market in Orleans. These carriages would be thought



## MAURICE AND GENEVIEVE.

rude in construction by those who are acquainted with the fine large wagons of England ; because, besides being clumsy in fabric, they are frequently drawn only by cows or oxen, yoked in pairs by the forehead. Yet they carry large burdens of field produce, and answer very well for the wants of the people. Jules Asselin had regular employment in the making of wheels for these vehicles ; and as he was a sober, industrious, and tender-hearted man, fond of domestic happiness, it may be supposed that he was married, and dwelt in a cottage in the village.

It was a pleasure to see the small patch of green or meadow at Artenay, on the occasion of any summer or autumn festival. While the elder cottagers sat at their doors enjoying the sunshine and the scene of gaiety before them, the younger members of the rural community danced in groups on the village-green to the merry strains of a violin, played by a native musician. At these scenes of festivity, as is remarked by strangers passing through the country, everything is conducted with much decorum. The people are happy, and relieve the gloom that might creep upon their existence by a light-hearted gaiety ; a portion of every festival-day, in fine weather, being devoted to the dance and the gleesome song.

At one time mingling in such festivities with neighbours, Jules Asselin and his wife now principally looked on as spectators from the bench at their cottage door ; and their pleasure was greatly increased when their two children, Genevieve and Maurice, were old enough to play in the open air around them. These children were regarded with more than ordinary affection. They were twins, and, though differing in sex, bore a remarkable resemblance to each other in features, and also in dispositions.

‘How thankful to God should we be,’ said Jules Asselin one day to his wife Lisette, ‘that He has given us two such good and healthy children. What a blessing it is to a poor man to be spared seeing his infants pining and sickly, or, what is worse, possessed of bad tempers and dispositions !’

‘We should indeed be grateful,’ replied Madame Asselin. ‘I have never seen them a moment ill since they were babies, though I fear Maurice is scarcely robust enough for a working-man, which of course he must be. He, as well as his sister, however, are considered the most orderly children in the village ; and Monsieur, the curé, was only the other day observing to me, that their mutual attachment was quite charming—— But, dear Jules, I think you have suddenly looked melancholy. What is the matter?’

‘Nothing, Lisette ; I was only thinking’——

‘You were only thinking ! Well, tell me your thoughts. You know you should have no secrets from your little wife.’

‘Well, then, dear, a sort of feeling came over me ; I felt a little distressed as to what would come of these little creatures should Providence remove us from our present earthly scene.’

‘Oh, Jules, don’t talk so ; it makes me so very melancholy. You know we are both young yet, and I see nothing against our living many years. Let us hope the best at anyrate, and in the meantime do our duty. You remember what the good curé said one day in his sermon—what a great thing it is for a man to know, but how much greater to perform his duty ! And if any man does his duty to his family, I am sure you do. Come, cheer up, dear Jules.’

‘I will. It was a mere passing notion ; but now, that the thing occurs to my mind, I am resolved to do my best to give Maurice and Genevieve a good education. They shall go to school as soon as they are able to understand instruction, and I will take all the care I can to train them up at home. I will myself teach Maurice drawing and a love of art.’

‘Oh, delightful ! and I will teach Genevieve to sew and spin, and be a nice housewife. And how pleasant it will be to be all together in the winter evenings round the stove ; and perhaps we shall try to sing in parts the chanson, “When swallows return in early spring,” or “The tender Musette,” or some other pretty country song.’

Thus Jules Asselin and his wife Lisette would picture to themselves visions of domestic felicity ; and until the twins were nine years of age, everything went on according to their wishes. Who, however, can tell what a day may bring forth ? One morning Jules proceeded to his work as usual ; in the evening he lay stretched on his bed a lifeless corpse. A scene of joy was suddenly a scene of mourning. Poor Jules was killed by the overturning upon him of a carrier’s loaded wagon, the wheel of which he had been called on to repair. The accident was universally mourned throughout the district. All felt acutely the loss of so worthy a man, and were distressed for the fate of the unhappy Lisette and her interesting twin children.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come single. Lisette, a naturally impulsive being, was overwhelmed with the blow, and was in a situation which rendered it doubly afflicting. The shock was too great for her to bear. In three days she lay stretched a lifeless form beside her faithful Jules, and both were buried in one grave.

This second disaster still more excited the sympathy of the neighbours in favour of the twins, now orphans in helpless childhood. The master-wheelwright who had employed Jules, bound in some respects by duty, but still more by a benevolence of disposition, resolved that he would henceforth be a father to the orphans, and take them home to live with his own family—a species of adoption common enough in the villages of France, where the dwellers beneath their thatched roofs consider themselves as the natural guardians of the orphans left among them without home or support.

Briefly must five years be passed over, during which Maurice was instructed in his father’s trade, and his sister Genevieve made herself useful in all possible ways to the new parent beneath whose eye they

grew up lovingly together. But their protector, too, was taken from them by death; and the son who succeeded him in the workshop did not, alas! inherit with it his father's considerate tenderness for the poor twins. The boy he tasked beyond his strength, and exacted from the girl such humiliating drudgery, that even gratitude to their benefactor could not long reconcile them to slavery with his successor.

Abundance of employment could have been found for the orphans separately; but to live apart had become to them a thought more formidable than any extent of privation together. To work for weeks, perhaps, at distant farms, and leave Genevieve to the mercy of strangers, seemed to Maurice deserting both duty and happiness; while, if Genevieve plied her late mother's skill with some village sempstress, the idea of who would care for Maurice, make ready his simple meals, and keep in order his rustic wardrobe, would haunt her to a degree which made remaining asunder impossible.

Together, then, like two saplings from one parent stem, which the force of the blast but entwines more inseparably, did the orphans struggle on through increasing hardships, until a rich farmer, compassionating their condition, and moved by their rare attachment, once more opened to them a joint home, on terms which, since one roof was to shelter them, they were too much overjoyed even to inquire into.

Here, for two more happy years, the lad found on the extensive farm ample employment—now in his original vocation, making and mending the agricultural implements of the establishment, now as a willing sharer in the labours of the field; while the care of the poultry, and all the miscellaneous duties of a farm in France, lent robustness to the frame of his cheerful sister. A passing smile or shake of the hand through the day sufficed to lighten its toils to both; and to sit together over the fire, or on some sunny bank at its close, was an extent of happiness they never dreamt of exchanging.

But the 'course of true love'—even when hallowed, as here, by the sweetest ties of nature—seldom long 'runs smooth.' Harvest—in Beauce a season of peculiar activity and importance—was progressing amid the most strenuous exertions of old and young; and Maurice, always earliest and latest in the field, though not gifted with a robust, had yet an agile frame, was eagerly engaged in a sultry afternoon in placing before an impending storm, the crowning sheaf on an immensely high stalk, when one more vivid flash than ordinary of the lightning, which had long been playing along the unenclosed corn-fields, struck the exposed pinnacle to which the poor lad clung, and hurled him down, breathless and senseless among the pile of sheaves collected for a fresh stack below.

When the other workmen, many of them stunned by the same shock, gathered round their late fellow-labourer, they at first concluded him to be dead. A faint sigh undeceived them; but his eyes, when they opened, rolled vacantly round, and vainly did he attempt

to utter a word. By feeble signs he pointed to his head as the seat of some fatal injury, of which no external trace could, however, be descried ; but the effects of it were manifest in his limbs, which, on their attempting to raise him, bent utterly powerless beneath his weight, and he again fainted away.

It was a sad and sobered group who followed to the farm the wagon containing the well-nigh lifeless body of their light-hearted young comrade. But how powerless are words to describe the state of his sister, when the brother on whom she doted was brought home to her more dead than alive—how she suppressed the first burst of uncontrollable agony, to sit on the bed to which she had helped to lift him—his poor head resting on her bosom, her eyes fixed on her darling twin, in long and vain expectation of some sign of returning life !

Faint tokens came at last to reward her ; but the glance of the slowly-reviving one rolled wildly around, without resting on anything, till it met the fixed one of Genevieve, when a scarce perceptible smile crossed the pale lips of the sufferer. ‘He knows me !’ exclaimed the fond girl. ‘God has spared him to me, and will yet grant me to be the means of restoring him by my care and kindness. We were born together, and together I feel we must live or die !’

The well-known voice found its way to the inmost heart of poor Maurice ; fain would he have spoken a word of love and comfort in return, but his paralysed tongue refused its office. All he could do was to point, with a feeble hand, to his forehead, and express by faint signs, that there was the seat of the malady. The most skilful physician of the district, after an hour of unremitting attention, came to the conclusion that paralysis had, for the present, affected both the head and lower limbs, but that the favourable symptom of his being able to point to the former gave hopes that consciousness and reason would soon be fully restored.

And when, at the end of a week, the poor fellow stammered forth a few broken words, the first of which were ‘Genevieve’ and ‘sister,’ who can tell her joy to be thus called on by the companion of her birth. To think he would no longer be a breathing mass, without the power of expressing a thought or a feeling, seemed reward enough for all her nights and days of anxious watching by his side. Since he had begun to speak, he would, no doubt, soon regain the use of his limbs. His arms got daily stronger, and to the precious word ‘sister’ he would by degrees add the welcome ones ‘dear girl,’ ‘my help,’ ‘my comfort,’ and the yet more affecting request that she would ‘take pity on him.’

‘Oh yes, yes !’ she would eagerly answer ; ‘God will take pity on us, and let me make you well by dint of care and kindness.’ But if, as she thus spoke, she inadvertently kissed a little more fervently than usual the sick head which rested on her faithful bosom, the screams of the poor sufferer, and convulsive fits on the slightest



pressure, revealed the unchanged cause of his continued helplessness.

The doctor, once more summoned, pronounced the debility of the lower limbs all but hopeless; and the severe winter of 1823 was passed by the twins in a state more easily to be imagined than described. Genevieve devoted all its long nights, and every moment she could snatch from her work through the day, to the couch of the unfortunate cripple, who, though resigned to his own condition, yet prayed to be released by death from being a burden to all around him—to the sister especially whose youth and strength he was wasting, and whose every prospect in life he felt blighted by the calamity which had overtaken his own early career.

‘Do you wish *me* dead when you speak so, Maurice?’ she would sobbingly reply to these heart-rending lamentations. ‘Do you think *I* could stay upon earth if you go and leave me? I sometimes think I *am* going too, for my poor head throbs, and my limbs bend under me at times, almost like yours.’

‘I well believe it,’ the poor cripple would reply; ‘but it is all fatigue. You take no rest either by day or night!’

‘Oh, never mind that; God has given me strength to work, and the hope of seeing you at work again at your old trade keeps me up. Never lose heart, brother dear! You’ve seen the corn beat flat many a time and oft by the wind and rain, yet half a day’s brisk breeze and sunshine set it all up again finer than ever!’

These encouraging words from the most sensible, as well as most loving of sisters, had the effect of making the poor lad at times look forward to possible recovery; and to keep up his industrious habits and neatness of hand, he amused himself ere long in his chair with bits of ingenious workmanship; among others, a little model of a four-wheeled wagon on springs, in which it was his utmost ambition to be drawn by some of his comrades to church or the village green on the evening of a holiday, to witness, since he could not share in, the sports of his rustic neighbours.

His sister, who was in the secret, and had furnished all that was required for the construction of the pet model of a carriage, had her own views on the subject, which were, that it should be drawn by no one but herself. And, harnessed in what was to her a complete car of triumph, she was able, after repeated trials, to fulfil her brother’s darling wish, that he should attend, on Easter Sunday, the parish church of Artenay, about a mile distant from the farm. The only difficulty (at least in the eyes of the delighted girl) was, how to get her brother—unable to endure, without agony, the slightest jolt—over the roughly-paved village street leading to the church; but so completely had her devoted conduct won on her fellow-servants and their master, that the whole distance (a considerable one) was found by dawn on the eventful day so thickly covered with straw, as to obviate the slightest injury to the invalid. From nine in the

morning the church path was lined with inhabitants of the village thronging to sympathise with the happy girl, who, though declining to yield to any one the honour of drawing her brother—a task which she accomplished with a skill and gentleness none other could have shewn—was yet astonished and bewildered by the admiring looks and congratulations pressed on her by her kind-hearted neighbours.

The part, however, of the whole scene which went straight to her heart, and touched it most deeply, was the distinction publicly conferred on her by the worthy curé himself, who, pointing her out to his parishioners as a pattern of Christian charity and sisterly affection, and bestowing on the interesting pair his warmest benediction, said to her in a voice of paternal kindness: ‘Take courage, my daughter; God approves of and protects you.’

It was agreeable to poor Genevieve to have these words of commendation and hope addressed to her; not that she required such prompting to do her duty, but because they assured her that her conduct was worthy of esteem. Her sisterly affection was therefore strengthened by the sympathy expressed by the curé, and she felt herself repaid for her days and nights of toil and anxiety. How much more, however, was she repaid by the tearful glance of the brother for whom she had suffered so much; and by his fervent prayers that she might be rewarded by Him who had put it into her heart so to befriend him! One result only she felt could fulfil such a petition, and something whispered to her it would not be denied. But spring had passed away without any marked amendment in the patient’s condition. May had come, and well-nigh gone, and with it the hope that fine weather might do something for the invalid; and, resigned at length to his fate, the young paralytic bade adieu for life to all idea of regaining the use of his limbs.

One evening when, as usual, his indefatigable sister had drawn him to the scene of rural festivity beneath the old elms at the entrance of the village, he was accosted by an old soldier lately come on a visit to a relation in the place, who, after closely questioning Maurice regarding his infirmity, gave him in return the important information, that, in consequence of a splinter from a shell at the battle of Eylau, he had himself been two years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, and subject to spasms in the head, which had nearly bereft him of reason. Of the various remedies prescribed, none, he added, had the slightest success, till sea-bathing, persevered in for a whole summer—plunging in head foremost, and allowing the natural *douche* afforded by the successive waves to play freely, as long as strength permitted, on the affected part—had at length effected a cure. ‘I was carried to the sea-side in a half-dying state,’ said the old corporal, ‘in a litter lent me by my colonel. At the end of a fortnight, strength and appetite began to return, and with them my spirits and hopes of a complete recovery, which took place in the course of three months after. At first I could only

walk on two crutches, then I threw one away, and on the 3d of September (a day I shall never forget) I walked, without so much as a stick, a good half mile from the town to visit a couple of old friends. Back I came, still on foot, to finish my course of the baths ; and within three weeks after, I was on the top of a coach for my own country as hale and hearty as you see me before you at this moment.'

'And where, on earth, are these precious baths to be had?' asked the cripple with eager interest.

'At a place called Boulogne, a seaport town, some two hundred and fifty miles from hence.'

'Two hundred and fifty miles ! If I must go so far to be cured, I am pretty sure of remaining ill to my dying day.'

'Try and get conveyed there, my good fellow,' said the kindly veteran, 'and I'll be answerable for your entire recovery.'

'What ! to get back my poor legs and return to my trade, and be able to gain my own bread and help my sister ! No, no !—such happiness is not for me !' exclaimed the desponding lad.

'There, now, my young friend, you are losing hope. You are like many people who cannot believe in any cure till they see it performed. Why be so confident in disbelieving the efficacy of sea-bathing ? I have known many a poor sickly being braced up by it besides myself. I am no doctor ; but you are young, and I can see no reason why you may not get rid of this feebleness, which is perhaps only a sort of disorder of the nerves—a thing bad enough, no doubt. Come, come, cheer up, Maurice ; I was, I tell you, radically cured at fifty. Why give way to despair ?'

'But you don't consider the impossibility of my going in any sort of carriage, even the smoothest voiture, when I faint dead away, or go into fits at the slightest jolt. No, no !—it is the will of God that I should remain a cripple to my life's end, and I only pray He may be pleased to shorten it for my own sake and that of others.'

During this conversation Genevieve was an attentive listener ; and had the speakers been less engrossed, they must have read on her countenance the lines of deep determination. She took aside the old soldier, to obtain from him the minutest particulars about the wonder-working baths, their proper season, and precise distance, and the easiest and least expensive route by which they might be reached ; and no sooner was her plan matured, than she hastened to put it in execution.

The affectionate girl, overlooking all possible difficulties, had actually resolved to draw her brother in his little cart all the way from the centre of France to Boulogne. It was while sitting beside Maurice, and beholding his infirmities, that she had come to this resolution ; and her emotions found vent in tears. Having explained her plans, Maurice was satisfied. Both hearts were full, and a long embrace gave vent to feelings unutterable in words.

Genevieve, as may be observed from these traits of character, was

not a girl to be turned from her purpose. Possessed of a strong and decisive mind—despising all thoughts of self in a case of such emergency, trusting in God and her own good intentions—she hastened, as we have said, to put her plans in practice.

Genevieve had made up her mind to start on her toilsome pilgrimage on the 3d of June, the birthday of the twins, on which they had never missed visiting for religious exercises the little chapel of St Genevieve, situated a league from where they lived, on the road to Tours. Early on the morning of this anniversary—the sun already shining out cheerily on the plain of Beauce, and the road lined on each side with shady trees—the heroic Genevieve drew her brother along with the apparatus she had prepared for the purpose.

Let us pause a moment to describe this remarkable means of conveyance. It was not without such precautions as her simple wisdom could suggest, or her slender purse afford, that Genevieve had arranged her paraphernalia for the journey. The low carriage, somewhat rude in construction, and mounted on four wheels, was sheltered overhead by a species of canopy, under which Maurice, helpless in his lameness, could recline as on a bed. A leathern strap, a gift from the village saddler, was provided as a harness of draught, when the difficulties of the road rendered such an addition to the ordinary hand-rope necessary. A change of light easy shoes replaced on her feet the clumsy *sabôts*, or wooden shoes of the country, and a gleaner's ample straw-hat served to ward off the scorching rays of the sun. While Maurice was dressed in his Sunday suit, Genevieve prudently retained her working attire; but a small bundle, which otherwise would have told tales, containing her holiday dress, to be assumed on arriving at their place of destination, was disposed as a pillow in the carriage.

Thus provided for the journey, they proceeded along the road towards the chapel, Genevieve, in her speed at the outset, finding vent for her highly-excited feelings.

'Dear Genevieve, not so fast! not so fast! You'll be out of breath before we reach the chapel; you'll kill yourself with the exertion.'

'True, dear brother! I was forgetting that we have *some* way to go. I will be more cautious in future; and you must tell me when you would like to rest.'

Suiting her pace to the words, and looking ever round to inquire if her brother felt the least inconvenience, the twins arrived about seven o'clock in the chapel, Maurice nowise fatigued, and Genevieve, heated and tired as she was, but too happy to find herself thus far on her road. Having drawn her brother's vehicle under the porch of the little rustic shrine, and listened devoutly to the matin service performed by a gray-headed chaplain, Maurice observed his sister to remain prostrate, engaged in praying with extraordinary fervour, while big tears coursed each other down her cheeks. Her feelings being relieved, and her resolution strengthened by these acts of



devotion, she addressed herself to her task. The road northwards across the plain of Beauce was taken. The journey was begun.

Fain would we follow in all its interesting details the itinerary (unexampled perhaps in the world's history) of the twin travellers, from the very centre of France to one of its furthest extremities ; but a few only of its leading incidents must suffice to give an idea of the whole.

Along the planted sides of the great high-roads and the level plains, their progress, though slow, was steady : halting for the heat of the day under the trees at the entrance of some hamlet, which afforded the needful supplies ; while at nightfall, the humblest decent shelter their slender means could command was sought and generally obtained. To avoid large paved villages, and yet more formidable populous towns, was often a tax on the maiden's ingenuity ; yet never, save once (at Etampes), was she compelled—by the impossibility of elsewhere crossing two intersecting streams—to consign to strangers' hands her precious charge, and have her brother carried on a handbarrow from one end to the other of the town.

From hence her forward path was beset with new and unforeseen obstacles. The district is now opened up by a railway between Paris and Orleans ; but there was no such convenience at this time, and if there had, how should the poor twins have been able to pay for its use ? They were therefore compelled to take the ordinary route, which abounds in steep hills, up which the strongest horses find difficulty in dragging their customary loads. No wonder, then, if Genevieve well-nigh sunk under hers. Her feet had become so blistered that she was forced to leave off shoes ; and being constantly obliged to stop and take breath, she made but little way : yet, after every such halt, the agony of her brother in witnessing her distress would make her resume her task with a cheerful smile.

It was not till after twelve days' weary march, during which she had to climb the hills of Arpajou, Long Jumeau, and Bourg la Reine, that they arrived at the village of petit Mont Rouge, near Paris, where they found in the hostess, the widow of an artillery officer killed at Waterloo, an almost maternal friend. The good woman burst into tears on witnessing one of her own sex so dutifully yet painfully employed—lavished on both travellers the kindest attentions—procured for poor Genevieve (whose chest the strap had begun cruelly to lacerate) a new and more comfortable one—and insisted on her taking a few days' rest ; while the misgivings of her brother regarding a delay, the cause of which was carefully concealed from him, were obviated by the kind landlady's positive refusal to make the slightest inroad on their slender stock of coin. On parting, she embraced, with mingled admiration and regard, the recruited wayfarer, and assured her of the ultimate success of her enterprise, which could only she said, have been dictated by express suggestion from on high.

Cheered by this friendly farewell, Genevieve once more donned her harness—avoided, as directed, the city of Paris, by keeping the line of the new boulevard and Champ de Mars—crossed the Seine in a boat, and, late at night, arrived at St Denis, where a less hospitable reception, alas ! awaited the poor travellers. A party of gay young sporting men from town, dining in the hotel, chose to consider Genevieve as an adventuress, and her brother as an impostor, and insulted them accordingly ; and while the innocent girl, choking with indignant surprise, was equally unwilling and unable to reply, Maurice, writhing on his seat from inability to chastise such insolence, exclaimed : ‘ Miscreants that you are ! the best proof that I am a cripple is my not having the power to punish you as you deserve.’

This burst of honest feeling only provoked fresh insults from the giddy crew, to escape from whom Genevieve, in spite of her fatigue, insisted on removing her dear invalid from the inhospitable shelter of the inn to one beneath the canopy of heaven, where the tired girl laid herself down at her brother's feet, her head resting on his knees, and their hands twined together like the branches of the old plane-tree above them ; and the fine serene midsummer night was passed by both in peace and safety.

The only other untoward incident which marked the remaining journey was a thunder-storm in the forest of L'Isle Adam, which brought back on the poor sufferer from a similar visitation a return of his frightful convulsion fits. During its continuance, the poor girl—holding her brother's head on her bosom, her hand fast held over his eyes to shield them from the lightning, sheltering him from the rain, as best she might, with her own body—put up the most piteous prayers to Heaven that she might not thus far have led him only to fall a victim to a second catastrophe—adding the natural, and in her case almost pardonable wish, that if the blow were again to fall, it might in death unite them !

Her fears were not, happily, realised : the storm passed off, leaving the wayfarers unscathed. A three days' fever, however, occasioned by alarm and neglect of her own soaked garments, detained them at their evening's quarters ; and Beauvais, the half-way house of their arduous journey, lay yet a good way beyond.

It was reached at last after twenty-two days' march, during which three of the five gold pieces so carefully husbanded had melted away. Fresh courage and economy then became necessary to save the high-minded twins from the humiliation of asking alms ; and volumes might be written on the hardships, and difficulties, and privations of the remaining half of the pilgrimage. The country in the neighbourhood of Boulogne being hilly, Genevieve found the draught of the carriage more toilsome than it had been for a week before. In England, probably, under such circumstances, she would have received some assistance from empty return vehicles, but in France there is little general traffic on the public roads. A heavy diligence

under the charge of a heartless conducteur, or a heavily-laden carrier's cart, are almost the only vehicles bound for long journeys which are met with, and from these she had nothing to expect.

As the poor girl drew her car up the last ascent towards Boulogne, she became giddy with fatigue and mental emotion. In a few minutes she was told she would see the wide open sea, with perhaps the white cliffs of Angleterre in the distance.

'Oh, how delightful it will be, Maurice ; I will open the canopy of the car to let you have the first glimpse of the sea, which neither of us have ever seen before.'

And when she reached the brow of the eminence, there surely was the sea stretched out, a vast sheet of water, with the white cliffs of England faintly pictured on the horizon. Boulogne, also, with its lofty church spire, was seen in a hollow bay on the coast—the goal of long-cherished hopes. The sensations of the pair on beholding the scene mock description. Maurice, though little less delighted at an event which seemed to him scarce short of a miracle, would have urged on his sister a halt ; but, then, to pause within reach of her object was impossible, and with quickened step she gained the gates of the town. Her first inquiry was how to reach the baths, and the way by which she was directed to them lay along the shore ; when the grand and novel spectacle of the gently-undulating ocean recalled to the twins the wide-waving cornfields of their native country.

Beneath the shade of an overhanging rock they encountered a group of elegant ladies of different nations awaiting the proper time of tide for repairing to the baths. All gazed with interest on the cripple and his conductress ; and when, in answer to their inquiries from what village in the neighbourhood the kind girl was bringing him, he took her by the hand, and, with the eloquence of gratitude, told whence they came, and what she had done for him, the farm-girl of Artenay appeared in their eyes as an angel come down from heaven, whom they felt half tempted to worship, and whom they carried in triumph, sounding her praises to all they met, to the bathing establishment.

Its worthy proprietor received the orphans with all his native goodness of heart, thanked Heaven that they were thrown upon his benevolence, and immediately entered on its active exercise, by consigning Maurice, with as many recommendations as if he had been a sovereign prince, to the skill and attention of two of his most experienced bathing-men.

The twins were established in commodious lodgings, and loaded by the awakened interest of the bathers with everything necessary for their comfort. After ten or twelve dips, a degree of irritability began to be felt in the feet of the patient, which quickly ascending to the knees, called forth the doctor's most favourable prognostics. And how did the heart of Genevieve leap responsive to the happy

omen! how thankful did she feel for her own courage and perseverance! And how did her fond brother pour out to her his mingled joy and gratitude, when, by degrees, he could move this or that portion of his crippled limbs, and at length—happy day for both—was able to mount, like his friend the old soldier, a couple of crutches. His first use of them, it may be believed, was towards his sister: and never did mother more fondly hail the tottering efforts of her first-born, than Genevieve, receding playfully to lure him on, and crying, ‘Courage, brother! a few steps more!’ received him at length in her outstretched arms, mingling tears and caresses with fresh thanksgivings for so blissful a consummation.

Boulogne is pre-eminent among the seaports of France for its fine stretch of sands, which are the daily resort of bathers, many of whom come from Paris and other parts of the interior, as well as English from the opposite coast. These sands were a favourite resort of the twins. Carrying a seat almost to the edge of the waves, Genevieve led her brother to it, and here he inhaled every day the refreshing breezes which played along the surface of the ocean. At other times she would move with him to a sheltered spot inland, where he could have the benefit of milk procured from a farm dairy, and a change of atmosphere.

With these attentions, and an unremitting attendance at the baths, where the salt-water douche continued to prove of the greatest efficacy, Maurice gradually gained strength. At first he could walk on his crutches only a few steps, then a greater distance, and after awhile he accomplished a mile and sometimes two miles. He was now able to perambulate the streets, and to be amused with the shops; in these excursions leaning on his sister’s arm, and occasionally resting when a seat presented itself. In their walks through the town, Maurice and Genevieve found themselves the objects of respectful interest. Their mutual affection had become generally known, and what Genevieve had done for her brother was a theme of universal praise. In their rambles through the town, therefore, they were frequently addressed by name, while many would point them out in passing, and say, ‘There go the twins of Beauce.’

When September was past, and the sea-bathing season over, the cure of Maurice was so far completed that he talked of returning homeward, and for that purpose modestly asked the worthy bath-keeper to advance him a small sum, to be faithfully repaid out of his own and his sister’s first earnings. This loan, however, was not necessary. The day before that fixed on for their departure, a deputation from the youth of every rank in Boulogne waited on Genevieve Asselin, inviting her to receive on the morrow, at a civic feast, the tribute so richly earned by her sisterly devotion. The poor girl thought it a dream when thus summoned to enjoy honours reserved in her simple ideas for persons of rank alone; and could scarce comprehend when assured that it was the very obscurity of



her station which enhanced her merit, and made her worthy of being thus honoured.

Next day six young ladies came in two carriages to conduct the twins to the spot called Tivoli, in the upper town, where preparations had been made for a fête in commemoration of the purest and most persevering virtue. There the simple timid girl of Beauce, in the garb she had brought from her native village, was crowned with white roses, and at the end of the banquet presented by the spokeswoman of the young women of Boulogne with a purse containing fifty gold pieces, as a willing contribution from sisters of her own sex, justly proud of one who had reflected upon it such unfading lustre.

How the unconscious heroine blushed and resisted ; how the sum—one she had never so much as dreamed of possessing—was forced upon her ; how she honourably flew to discharge with it her debt at the baths ; but, thanks to their owner's liberality, brought it undiminished away—may be left to the reader's fancy. He may be pleased, however, to learn, that by the physician's advice Maurice exchanged his intended walk home for an inside seat beside his sister in the diligence, on the top of which he insisted on fastening his beloved wagon ; that a few days were spent in seeing Paris, which they had once so painfully passed, and in visiting the kind hostess of Mont Rouge, who had acted towards them the Samaritan's part ; and that, availing themselves of a return-vehicle for Orleans, they reached it late on a Saturday night.

About the hour of ten next morning, just as its inhabitants were proceeding to church, Maurice appeared, now drawing, in his turn, up the street leading to the church, his blushing sister, half-smothered with the flowers showered upon her by the whole closely following population of her native village.

The good priest, apprised of their happy return, caused the brother to lead his sister to the foot of the altar, and founding on this living text a most affecting exhortation to Christian charity and fraternal love, and again blessing the maid he held out as a pattern to all around, alluded, in a voice faltering with emotion, to his former words of encouragement, asking, 'Said I not truly, daughter, that the God who approved would protect you?'





## PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER.\*

**A**T the beginning of the present century, and during the consulate of Bonaparte, few young men of fortune made so brilliant an appearance amidst the learned and accomplished society of Paris as Charles Veramont Count de Charney. This gentleman, a type of many of his class, possessed natural powers of mind of no mean order; he spoke and wrote various languages, and was acquainted with most of the ordinary branches of knowledge. So far, his talents might be called enviable; while his fortune and station afforded him the most favourable opportunity of surrounding himself with all that could gratify his taste or desires. What, then, was wanting to render Charney happy in himself and with the world? His moral perceptions had been deadened. To a coarse mind, forgetful of everything but transitory indulgences, this would perhaps have been no source of immediate disquietude; but Charney's was

\* This simple narrative is an abridgment and adaptation from the French of X. B. Saintine. The original, in the compass of a volume, has been exceedingly popular in France, where it is considered by the well-disposed as a valuable auxiliary in the cause of religion and morals, and, from its style, likely to influence minds who would turn away from formal treatises of natural theology.

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not a coarse mind. He was fond of reasoning with the subtlety of a scholar on subjects of an aspiring kind—on the meaning of the universe of which he formed an atom—on creation and providence ; and, blinded by prejudice, all his reasonings ended in difficulty, doubt, scepticism. He saw not, because his heart was untouched, that, reason as we will, all things—all design, order, beauty, wisdom, goodness—must ultimately be traced to one great First Cause—that all moral attributes and excellences are dependent from the throne of God.

With a mind groping in the wrong direction for something whereon to repose, it is not wonderful that Charney was dissatisfied. There was nothing on which his affections could be satisfactorily placed. The world was to him a sort of wilderness, in which he discovered nothing to love, admire, or venerate. Wrapped up in his own self-sufficiency, he esteemed no one. Heaven spread her bounties around : they were enjoyed, but not with a thankful heart.

Incapable of making private friends, Charney affected to take an interest in the welfare of an entire people—so much easier is it for a man to be a patriot than a philanthropist. Under the impression that the system of government at the time was detrimental to public welfare, he enrolled himself as a member of a secret society, whose object was to subvert the existing order of things. The particulars of the conspiracy are of little consequence ; it is enough that the projects of the association occupied Charney during the greater part of the years 1803 and 1804, and were finally discovered by the police, who extinguished them with little difficulty. These were times when no great ceremony was employed in seizing and confining persons accused of political offences. Bonaparte was not a man to be trifled with. The leaders of the conspiracy were quietly removed from their homes, condemned almost without a trial, and separated from each other. In the eighty-six departments of France there were many prisons.

It was in the fortress of Fénestrelle that Charles Veramont Count de Charney was incarcerated, being accused of an attempt to overthrow the government, and substitute anarchy and disorder. Let us behold him the tenant of one rude chamber, with no attendant but his jailer, instead of the luxurious master of a princely mansion ! Yet he was supplied with all necessaries. It was the weight of his own thoughts which appeared insupportable. However, there was no escape from them, for all correspondence with the world was forbidden ; and he was not allowed to retain books, pens, or paper. The chamber which he occupied was situated at the back of the citadel, in a little building raised upon the ruins of the old fortifications, now rendered useless by modern inventions. The four walls, newly whitewashed, left not even a trace of any former occupant ; a table of just sufficient size for him to eat from ; one chair, which, standing singly, seemed to warn him that he must not hope for a

companion ; a chest, that contained his linen and clothes ; a little cupboard of worm-eaten wood, painted white, with which contrasted strangely a costly mahogany dressing-case inlaid with silver, and which was the only remnant of his past splendour ; a narrow but clean bed ; and a pair of blue linen curtains, that seemed hung at his window in mockery, for through its thick bars, or from the high wall which rose about ten feet beyond it, he neither feared the impertinence of curious eyes, nor the overpowering rays of the sun. Such was the furniture of his prison-chamber. The rest of his world was confined to a short stone staircase, which, turning sharply round, led to a little paved yard, that had formerly been one of the outworks of the citadel. And here it was that for two hours a day he was permitted to walk. This even was a privilege ; for, from this little enclosure, he could behold the summits of the Alps, which lay behind his prison, though not the rocks and forests with which they were studded. Alas ! once returned to his chamber, his horizon was bounded by the dull wall of masonry that separated him from the sublime and picturesque scenery which might have relieved the tedium of the day. At the extremity of the wall was a little window, breaking alone its uniformity ; and here, from time to time, Charney fancied that he recognised a melancholy figure.

This was his world—where his demon of THOUGHT still possessed him ; and here, by ITS dictation, he wrote the most terrible sentences on the wall, near to the sacred keepsakes of his mother and sister ! By turns he directed his mind to the merest trifles—manufactured whistles, boxes, and little open baskets of fruit stones—made miniature ships of walnut shells, and plaited straw for amusement. To vary his occupations, he engraved a thousand fantastic designs upon his table ; houses upon houses, fish upon the trees, men taller than the steeples, boats upon the roofs, carriages in the middle of the water, and dwarf pyramids by the side of gigantic flies ! Perhaps, however, the greatest interest this victim of ennui experienced, was the curiosity he felt concerning the figure he sometimes saw at the little window to which we before alluded. At first he took the stranger for a spy, placed there to watch his movements ; and then he fancied he was one of his enemies enjoying the sight of his degradation—for Charney was the most suspicious of mortals. When at last he questioned the jailer, the poor man only deceived him, though unintentionally.

‘He is one of my own countrymen, an Italian,’ said he ; ‘a good Christian, for I find him often at prayers.’

Charney asked, ‘Why is he imprisoned?’

‘Because he tried to assassinate General Bonaparte,’ returned the jailer.

‘Is he, then, a patriot?’

‘Oh no ; but he lost his son in the war in Germany, and that maddened him. He has but one child left—his daughter.’



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‘Oh, then it was in a transport of passion and selfishness?’ replied Charney. And then he continued, ‘Pray, how does this bold conspirator amuse himself here?’

‘He catches insects,’ said Ludovic the jailer with a smile.

Charney could no longer detest, he only despised him, as he answered: ‘What a fool he must be!’

‘Why, count, is he a fool? He has been longer a prisoner than you have, yet already you have become a master in the art of carving on wood.’

Notwithstanding the irony of this expression, Charney betook himself to his old occupations; and in such wearying puerilities passed an entire winter. Happily for him a new source of interest was opening.

It was a beautiful morning in spring, when Charney, as usual, paced the little courtyard. He walked slowly, as if thus he could increase the actual space which lay before him. He counted the paving stones one by one, doubtless to prove if his former calculations of this important matter were correct. With eyes bent to the ground, he perceived an unusual appearance between two of the stones. It was but a very little hillock of earth open at the top. Stooping down, he lightly raised some of the particles of soil, and now saw a little blade of vegetation which had scarcely yet escaped from a seed, which had been dropped probably by a bird, or wafted thither by the wind. He would have crushed it with his foot, but at that instant a soft breeze brought to him the odour of honeysuckle and seringa, as if to ask pity for the poor plant, and whisper that it also would perhaps some day have fragrance to bestow! Another idea also stayed his movement. How had this tender blade, so fragile that a touch would break it—how had this tender blade been able to raise itself, and throw from it the hard dry earth almost cemented to the stones by the pressure of his own feet? Interested by the circumstance, again he stooped to examine the infant plant.

He perceived a sort of soft coating, which, folding itself over the young leaves, preserved them from injury, while they pierced the crust of earth and burst into the air and sunshine. Ah! said he to himself, this is the secret. It derives from nature this principle of strength, just as birds, before they are hatched, are provided with beaks to break the egg-shell. Poor prisoner! thou at least in thy captivity dost possess an instrument for thine own liberation. He looked at it for a few moments, but thought no more of crushing it.

The next afternoon, while walking, again, from sheer absence of mind, he nearly stepped upon the little plant. Yet he paused instinctively, surprised himself at the interest it awakened. He found that it had grown in the four-and-twenty hours, and that, having basked in the sunshine, it had lost the sickly paleness he

had noticed the previous day. He reflected on the strange power this feeble stem possessed of nourishing itself, and acquiring the various colours assigned to its different parts. 'Yes,' thought he, 'its leaves will of course be of a different shade from the stem; and its flowers, I wonder what colour they will be? How is it that, fed from the same source, one imbibes blue, and another scarlet? They will so shew themselves, however; for, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder there is in the world, matter certainly obeys regular, though blind laws. Very blind,' he repeated to himself; 'if I needed another proof, here is one. These great lobes, which helped the plant to burst through the earth, are now quite useless; but still they hang heavily upon it, and exhaust its sap!'

While the count thus reasoned, the evening drew on; and though it was spring-time, the nights were cold. As the sun sank, the lobes he had been watching rose slowly before his eyes, and as if to justify themselves in his opinion, drew nearer to each other, enclosing the tender leaves, folding their soft wings over the plant, and thus protecting it from cold, or the attack of insects! Charney understood this silent answer all the better from perceiving that the outer coating had been eaten the preceding night by the slugs, whose silver trail still remained upon the surface.

This strange dialogue, carried on by thought on one side, and action on the other, could not rest here; for Charney was too much accustomed to dispute, to yield his opinion at once to a good reason. 'It is all very well,' said he to himself; 'as it often happens, several fortunate accidents have combined to favour this little plant. Armed at first with a lever to raise up the earth, and a shield to defend it from injury, there was a double chance of its existence; but for these, the germ would have been stifled, as doubtless myriads of the same species are, which nature having imperfectly formed, are unable to preserve themselves, or perpetuate their kind. Who can know the number of these unfinished productions? Bah! there is nothing in all I have noticed but a lucky chance.'

Count Charney, nature has still an answer to all your arguments. Be patient, and perhaps you will discover that this frail production was providentially placed in the courtyard of your prison for a useful purpose. You are right in thinking that these protecting wings will soon be insufficient for the purpose; but then they will wither and fall, no longer wanted. For when the north wind shall blow from the Alps damp fogs and flakes of snow, the new leaves still in the bud shall find there a safe asylum, a dwelling prepared for them, impervious to the air, cemented with gum and resin, which, increasing according to their growth, will only open in genial weather; and when returning sunshine calls them forth, they press together, thus borrowing and lending fraternal support, and find themselves provided with a downy covering to protect them from atmospheric

changes. Be sure, wherever danger increases, the care of Providence is redoubled.

The prisoner still watched the changes of the plant. Again he argued, and again it had a ready answer. 'Of what use is this down upon the stem?' said Charney.

The next morning he saw that the down was covered with a light hoar-frost, which had thus been held at a distance from the tender bark!

'At all events, it will not be wanted in the summer,' continued the count; and when warm weather came, behold the plant was stripped of its first mantle, and its fresh branches were free from a covering no longer necessary. 'But a storm may come, and the wind will scatter, and the hail will tear thy tender leaves.'

The wind blew, and the young plant, too weak to wrestle with it, bent to the earth, and so found safety. It hailed; and now, by a new manœuvre, the leaves arose, and pressing together for mutual protection around the stem, presented a solid mass to the blows of the enemy: in union they found strength; and though the plant sustained some slight injury, it came out of the conflict still strong, and ready to open to the sunbeams, which soon healed its wounds!

'Has Chance intelligence?' asked Charney; 'can it join spirit to matter?' From attempting to discover some of the properties of this humble plant, and watching over its progress towards maturity, he unconsciously learned to love it; and *it was the first thing which he loved*, for his heart was at length touched. One day he had watched it longer even than usual, and surprised himself in a reverie beside it. His thoughts were calmer and sweeter than any he had experienced for a long time. Presently, on raising his head, he perceived at the window we before noticed the stranger, who evidently was watching him, and whom Charney had called in derision the *fly-catcher*. At first he blushed, as if the other had known his thoughts; and then he smiled, for he no longer despised him. What room was there for contempt? Was not his own mind absorbed in a very similar manner? 'Who knows,' said he, 'this Italian may have discovered in a fly things as worthy of being examined as I have in my plant.'

On re-entering his chamber, the first object which struck him was a sentence he had written on his wall about two months before—it ran thus:

'Chance is the parent of creation.'

He took a piece of charcoal, and wrote beneath it—'Perhaps!'

Charney chalked no more upon the wall, and only carved upon his table representations of flowers and leaves. His hours of exercise he passed almost entirely by the side of his plant, watching its growth, and studying its changes; and often, when returned to his chamber, he continued to gaze on it through the grated window. It had now, indeed, become his favourite occupation—the only resource

of a prisoner! Will he tire of it as he had done of every other amusement? We shall see.

One morning, while looking at the plant from his window, he saw, or fancied, that the jailer, in crossing the courtyard with hurried strides, brushed so close to the stem that he almost crushed it. Charney trembled from head to foot. When Ludovic brought him his breakfast, he set about offering his petition, which was, that he would have the goodness to walk carefully, and spare the only ornament of the yard. But simple as the request may appear, he scarcely knew how to begin. Perhaps the regulations for cleaning the prison might be so rigid, that destruction must await the little thing; and if so, how great was the favour he had to ask! At last, however, mustering up courage to speak of such a trifle, he begged Ludovic—who, though the warden of a prison, and sometimes rough in manner, was not by any means a hard-hearted man—to spare the plant in which he had begun to take such a friendly interest.

‘Why, as for your wallflower’——began Ludovic.

‘Is it then a wallflower?’ interrupted the count.

‘Oh, I don’t know, I am sure; but all such things seem to me more or less wallflowers. But this I will say, that you are rather late in recommending it to my care. Why, I should have put my foot upon it long ago, had I not seen that you were interested in it.’

‘Yes, I do feel an interest,’ said Charney, in a confused manner.

‘Hush, hush,’ returned the other, winking his eye with a comical expression; ‘people must have something to care about, and prisoners have no choice. Why, I have known great people, clever people—for they don’t send fools here—amuse themselves at little cost. One catches flies—no great harm in that; another’—and here he winked again—‘carves with his penknife all sorts of monstrous things upon his table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture. Some make friends of birds, and some of mice. Now, so much do I respect these fancies, that I have sent away our cat, though my wife doted on her, for fear of her killing them. Perhaps she might not have injured them, but I would not run any risk; I should have been a villain if I had; for all the cats in the world are not worth the bird or mouse of a prisoner.’

‘It was very good of you,’ replied Charney, feeling himself humbled at being thought capable of such childish tastes. ‘But this plant is for me something more than an amusement.’

‘Well, what matters it? If it reminds you of the tree under which you prattled to your mother in your childhood, so much the better. The superintendent has not spoken about it, and as for me, I shut my eyes to things I don’t wish to see. If it should grow to be a tree, and so be able to help you over the wall, it will be another affair; but we have no need to think of that yet a while,’ he added with a laugh; ‘though, I am sure, I wish you the free use of your



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legs with all my heart ; but this must happen according to order. If you were to try to escape'——

'What would you do?'

'Do! Why, it should be over my body ; I would shoot you myself, or tell the sentinel to fire, with as little remorse as if you were a rabbit. But touch a leaf of your wallflower! No, I have not a heart for that. I have always considered that man unworthy of the dignity of being a jailer, who would crush a spider that a prisoner had become attached to ; it is a wicked action—a crime. Talking of spiders,' continued Ludovic, 'I'll tell you a story about a prisoner who was let out at last by the help of the spiders.'

'By the help of the spiders !' exclaimed Charney with astonishment.

'Yes,' replied the jailer ; 'it is about ten years ago ; Quatremer Disjonval was his name. He was a Frenchman, like you, though he had employment in Holland, and sided with the Dutch when they revolted. For this he was put into prison, where he stayed eight years, without having even then a prospect of being released—for I heard all about him, count, from a prisoner we had here before you came—and who formed an acquaintance with the spiders ; though, luckily, Bonaparte gave him the use of his legs again, without waiting so long for it as his friend had done. Well, this poor Disjonval having nothing to amuse himself with during these eight long years, took to watching the spiders ; and at last, from their actions, he could tell what the weather would be for ten, twelve, or fourteen days to come. Above all, he noticed that they only spun their large wheel-like webs in fine weather, or when fine clear weather was setting in ; whereas, when wet and cold were coming, they retreated clean out of sight. Now, when the troops of the Republic were in Holland, in December 1794, a sudden and unexpected thaw so altered the plans of the generals, that they seriously thought of withdrawing the army, and accepting the money that the Dutch would have willingly paid to be free of them. But Disjonval, who thought any masters would be better than his present ones, hoped, beyond all things, that the French would be victorious ; and knowing that only the weather was against them, watched his friendly spiders with redoubled interest. To his joy, he discovered that a frost was coming ; a frost which would render the rivers and canals able to bear the weight of the baggage and artillery. He contrived to have a letter conveyed to the commander-in-chief, assuring him that a frost would set in within fourteen days ; he, either believing what he wished, or really putting faith in a prisoner's experience, maintained his ground ; and when, at the end of twelve days, every river was frozen over, Disjonval no doubt felt that, if the French gained the day, he deserved his freedom at their hands. And he had it too ; for when they entered Utrecht in triumph, one of the first orders issued was for the liberation of Quatremer

Disjonval. This is a fact, count ; though I heard it said that afterwards he continued his affection for the spiders, and wrote about them too. Ah, it is a curious thing how much such insects know, or at least how much they do, that we can't at all understand ! They must be Heaven-taught, too, for they do not even seem to teach one another.'

Charney was touched by this recital, for well could he enter into every feeling of Disjonval ; and his heart was softened by Ludovic's attention to his plant. Yet, now that he began to respect his jailer, his vanity urged him the more to give some reason for the interest he took in such a trifle. 'My dear, good Ludovic,' said he, 'I thank you for your kind consideration ; but I must repeat to you that this little plant is to me more than an amusement. I am studying its physiology ;' and as he saw that the man listened without understanding, he added, 'besides, the species to which it belongs possesses, I think, medicinal properties which are most valuable in certain attacks of illness to which I am subject !' He had descended to a species of falsehood. But, alas ! this had seemed to him less humiliating than to acknowledge himself pleased with a trifle.

'Well, count,' said Ludovic, preparing to leave the room, 'if your plant, or its kind, has rendered you so much service, I think you might have shewn your gratitude by watering it sometimes. Poor PICCIOLA !\* poor little thing ! it would have perished of thirst if I had not taken care of it. But adieu, adieu.'

'One instant, my kind Ludovic,' exclaimed Charney, more and more surprised at discovering the character of the man ; 'is it possible that you have been thus thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet never mentioned your goodness to me ? I entreat you accept this little present as an earnest of my gratitude, though it is impossible I can ever repay you ;' and he presented a little silver-gilt cup which belonged to his dressing-case. Ludovic took it in his hand, examining it with some curiosity.

'Repay me for what, Signor Count ? Flowers only ask a little water, so we can let them drink without being ruined at a tavern,' and he replaced the cup in the dressing-case.

The count moved nearer, and extended his hand ; but Ludovic drew back in a respectful manner, exclaiming : 'No, no ; a man only gives his hand to a friend and an equal.'

'Then, Ludovic, be you my friend.'

'No, no ; that would not do,' replied the jailer ; 'one should have a little foresight in this world. If we were to be *friends*, and you were to try to escape, how should I have the heart to cry "Fire !" to the soldiers ? No ; I am your keeper, your jailer, and most humble servant.'

\* Picciola—pronounced Pitchi-ola—is an Italian word signifying poor little thing.  
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And now that Charney has learned another lesson—the lesson that *good* as well as evil is woven in that strange tangled texture, human nature—we must hurry over some of the succeeding events, and relate but briefly how he was attacked by illness, and how his rough friend Ludovic tended him through it. The reader must, however, remember, that in making his urgent, but, as it proved, most unnecessary supplications for his plant, the count had even descended to something like a falsehood; for he had said that he thought the plant possessed medicinal properties, a declaration which the honest jailer called to mind when he beheld his charge suffering from the delirium of fever. It is true the medical attendant of the prison had been called in; but whatever his judgment might be, his skill seemed unavailing. Charney was apparently in extreme danger, when, amidst the wildest ravings, he passionately exclaimed: ‘Picciola—Picciola!’ In an instant Ludovic concluded that it was for curing this disorder the plant was famed; but how to apply it was the question. Yet the thing must be tried; so, after a consultation with his wife, it was determined to cut some of the leaves, and make a decoction of them. Bitter—nauseous was the draught (probably a great recommendation in Ludovic’s opinion); but, administered at the crisis by means of which nature was working her cure, it had all the credit. Yet to describe Charney’s horror at the discovery of the mutilation to which his Picciola had been subjected, is impossible; but he felt it was the punishment of his falsehood; and so, as a medicine, it worked a moral change, if not a physical one! Neither may we describe very accurately how, before his attack of illness, Charney erected what he called ‘the palace of his mistress.’ He had been frightened one day by beholding the house-dog pass through the yard, for he feared that a lash of his tail might injure the beloved Picciola. Yes, Picciola was now her name, the title bestowed on her by the kind-hearted Ludovic, who was called her godfather. Although the nights were cold, and his allowance of firewood at all times insufficient, yet Charney cheerfully robbed himself day by day of some portion of his little store, till, with the aid of cords which he carefully spun from his linen, he erected a defence around the plant.

By the physician’s orders the count had now permission to walk in the courtyard whenever he pleased, though he was still too weak to take much advantage of the favour. Perhaps, however, there was something in his convalescent state favourable to contemplation; certain it is that he revelled in it more than ever. There was little to break in upon his reveries; the only event the solitary could bring to mind was, that he had once seen a second figure at the window where he had before noticed the entomologist. As for Ludovic, he might be a little more communicative; but he was in no degree more complying than his office lawfully permitted. Charney was anxious to procure pens and paper, that he might note

down the observations he was daily making on his plant ; but these were obstinately refused, as against orders.

‘Why not write to the superintendent for permission?’ said Ludovic. ‘I dare not, and will not give them you.’

‘Never,’ exclaimed the count, ‘will I ask him to grant me a favour.’

‘As you please,’ returned Ludovic coldly, singing one of his native Italian airs as he left the chamber of his prisoner.

Too proud to humble himself to the governor, Charney was still unwilling to abandon his design. With the aid of his razor, he formed a pen of a toothpick ; his ink was made from soot dissolved in water, and mixed in a gilt scent-bottle ; and instead of paper, he wrote on his cambric handkerchief. Picciola was now in flower, and among the phenomena she revealed to him, he observed that the flower turned towards the sun, following the orb in its course, the better to absorb its rays ; or when, veiled by clouds which threatened rain, the sun was no longer visible, Picciola bent down her petals, as mariners fold their sails, to prepare for the coming storm. ‘Is heat so necessary to her?’ thought Charney ; ‘and why? Does she fear even the passing shadow which seems so refreshing? But why do I ask? I know she will explain her reasons.’ He who had almost denied a God began to have faith in a flower !

Picciola had already proved a physician ; and on an emergency she might serve for a barometer. Now she fulfilled the uses of a watch !

By dint of watching and observing, Charney remarked that her perfume varied at different periods of the day. At first he thought that such a notion must be a delusion of the imagination ; but repeated trials proved to him its reality. At last he could declare the hour of the day with certainty, simply from inhaling the odour of his plant. Picciola was now in full blossom ; and, thanks to Ludovic, who assisted the prisoner to construct a seat in the courtyard, the invalid could enjoy the society of his favourite for hours at a time. It sometimes happened that, towards the close of day, he sunk into a waking dream—a reverie—in which the imagination, triumphing over the body, carried him to distant and most different scenes. Once he thought himself in his old mansion ; it was the night of a festival—the noise of a hundred carriages rattled in his ear, and the gleam of torches flashed in his eye. Presently the orchestra sounded, and the fête began. The brilliant light of chandeliers flooded the ball-room, where jewels gleamed and feathers waved upon the fairest forms. There was the haughty Tallien and the beautiful Recamier ; and Josephine the consul’s wife, who, from her goodness and grace, often passed for the loveliest of the three. Others were, beside them, adorned with every aid which taste and dress could lend to youth and beauty. But it was not one of these that, in Charney’s reverie, riveted his attention. He distinguished a



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young girl simply attired in white ; her native grace and faint blush were her only ornaments ; and as he gazed upon her the other figures faded from his view. Presently they were alone, and as in thought he approached her more nearly, he observed that in her dark hair she wore a flower—the flower of his prison ! Involuntarily he extended his arms to clasp her, but in an instant she faded from his view—the flower and the girl losing themselves in one another. The walls of his mansion grew dim ; the lights were gradually extinguished ; till, reason dethroning fancy, the prisoner opened his eyes ! Behold, he was still on his bench, the sun was setting, and Picciola before him.

Often he dreamed thus ; but always the young girl with the flower—Picciola personified—was the prominent figure of his charming vision. He knew it was no memory of the past ; could it be a revelation of the future ? He cared not to inquire ; he only felt that it was happiness to cherish the beloved image. It was something to occupy his heart as well as his mind ; a being to understand and answer him, to smile with and love him, to exist but in the breath of his life—his love. He spoke to her in imagination, and closed his eyes to behold her. The two were one—the one was double !

Thus the captive of Fénestrelle, after his graver studies, tasted the richest elixir ; entering more and more into that region of poesy, from which man returns, like the bee from the bosom of flowers, perfumed and loaded with honey. He had now a double existence, the real and the ideal, the one the remainder of the other ; without which, man tastes but half the blessings lavished on him by the Creator ! Now Charney's time was divided between Picciola the flower and Picciola the fair girl. After reason and labour came joy and love !

Charney became daily more and more absorbed in the contemplation of his flower, his silent teacher and companion. But his eyes were unable to follow the regular but minute and mysterious changes of its nature. He was one day more than commonly depressed in spirits, and at the same time angry with himself for yielding to his feelings, when Ludovic brought him a powerful microscope, the loan of the stranger at the window, with which the latter had been accustomed to examine his insects, and by the aid of which he had numbered eight thousand divisions in the cornea of a fly ! Charney trembled with joy. The most minute particles of his plant were now revealed to his sight, magnified a hundred-fold. Now did he believe himself on the high road to the most wonderful discoveries. He had before examined the outer covering of his flower, and he is prepared to find that the brilliant colour of the petals, their graceful form and purple spots, and the bands, as soft to the eye as velvet, which complete the outline, are not there only to gladden the sight with their beauty, but that they also serve

to collect or disperse the sun's rays according to the wants of the flower. Now he perceives that these bright and glossy particles are unquestionably a glandulous mass of the absorbing vessels, endowed with a mysterious power to respire air, light, and moisture for the nourishment of the seed ; for without light there would be no colour ; without air and heat, no life ! Moisture, heat, and light ! of these the vegetable world is composed, and to these must its atoms return when they die !

During these hours of study and delight, Charney, unknown to himself, had two spectators of his actions ; these were Girhardi and his daughter, who watched him with intense and kindly interest.

The daughter was one of those rare beings presented now and then to the world, as if to shew that nature *can* surpass a poet's dreams. Educated entirely by her father, the motherless girl was devoted to him ; for though her beauty, her virtue, and her acquirements had won for her many lovers, her heart, however tender, had never been deeply touched. She seemed to have no thought, but her one grief—her father's imprisonment. She felt that her place was not among the happy, but where she could dry a tear or call up a smile ; and to do this was her pride and triumph. Until recently, such had been her only thoughts ; but since she had seen Charney, she had learned to take an interest in, and feel compassion for, him. Like her father, he was a prisoner, which alone was enough to awaken her sympathy ; but the love he bore to his plant—the only thing to which his heart clung—gave birth to feelings of the deepest pity. It is true that the commanding person of the count might have had some weight in prepossessing her in his favour ; though assuredly, had she met him in the hour of his prosperity, she would not have distinguished him for such qualities. In her ignorance of human life, she classed misfortune among the virtues ; and this was the charm which had kindled her heart's warm sympathy.

One morning Girhardi, not content with waving his hand from the window by way of salutation, beckoned Charney to approach as near as possible, and modulating his voice, as if in great fear that some one else would hear him, exclaimed, ' I have good news for you, sir.' ' And I,' replied Charney, ' have my best thanks to offer for your goodness in lending me the microscope ;' and, perhaps, in his life Charney had never before felt so deep a sense of obligation.

' Do not give me any thanks,' returned Girhardi ; ' the thought was Teresa's, my daughter's.'

' You have a daughter, then ; and they permit you to see her ?'

' Yes ; and I thank God that they do, for my poor child is an angel of goodness. Do you know, my dear sir, she has taken a great interest in you ; first when you were ill, and ever since in watching the attention you bestow on your flower. Surely you must have seen her sometimes at the window ?'

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'Is it possible ; was it your daughter ?'

'Yes indeed ; but in speaking of her I forget the news I have to give you. The emperor is going to Milan, where he will be crowned king of Italy.'

'What emperor ?'

'Why, General Bonaparte to be sure. Did you not know that the first consul has assumed the title of Emperor—the Emperor Napoleon—and having conquered Italy, he is going to Milan to be crowned king of that country ?'

'King of Italy !' exclaimed Charney ; 'but what then ; he will be more than ever your master and mine. As for the microscope,' continued Charney, who thought much more of his Picciola than this great event, and who knew not what was to follow—'as for the microscope, I am afraid I have already kept it too long ; you are depriving yourself of it. Perhaps at some future time you will lend it to me again ?'

'I can do without it ; I have others,' replied the kind old man, guessing from Charney's tone how unwilling he was to part with it. 'Keep it, keep it as a remembrancer of your fellow-captive, who, believe me, feels a deep interest in you.'

Charney strove for words to express his gratitude ; but the other interrupted him, saying, 'Let me finish what I had to tell. They say that at the approaching coronation many pardons will be granted. Have you any friends who now can speak for you ?'

Charney shook his head mournfully as he replied, 'I have no friends.'

'No friends !' echoed the old man with a look of compassion ; 'have you, then, doubted and suspected your fellow-creatures, for friendship surely exists for those who believe in it ? Well, well, if you have not, I have friends whom adversity even has not shaken ; and perhaps they may succeed for you, though they have failed for me.'

'I will ask nothing of General Bonaparte,' replied the count in a tone which betrayed his rooted hate and rancour.

'Hush !—speak lower—I think some one is coming—but no ;' and after a moment's silence, the Italian continued in a manner so touching, that reproach was softened as if falling from the lips of a father. 'Dear friend, you are still angry, though I should have thought that the studies you have now for months pursued, would have extinguished in your heart the hatred which God condemns, and which causes so much misery in the world. The perfume of your flower should have taught you charity. I have more cause to complain of Bonaparte than you have, for my son died in his service.'

'And it was his death you strove to revenge ?' replied Charney.

'I see that you, too, have heard that falsehood,' said the old man, raising his eyes to heaven, as if appealing to the Almighty. 'It is

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true that in my first moments of agony, when the people were rending the air with their acclamations of joy for victory, my cries of despair were heard in an interval. I was arrested, and unfortunately a knife was found upon me. Informers, who lived by perjury, made it appear that I had designs on the life of Bonaparte; and he who was only a bereaved father, mourning in his first agony, they treated as an assassin. I can believe that the emperor was deceived; and were he so very bad a man, remember he might have put us both to death. Should he restore me to liberty, he will but repair an error, though I shall bless him for his mercy. For myself, I can endure captivity, for I have faith in Providence, and resign myself to the will of God; but my misfortune weighs heavily on Teresa—though we both suffer less from being together—and for her sake I would indeed wish to be free. Surely you, too, have some being who loves you, who suffers for you, and for whose happiness, if not for your own, you will sacrifice this false pride? Come, let my friends do what they can for you.’

Charney smiled bitterly. ‘No wife, nor daughter, nor friend, weeps for me!’ said he; ‘no human being sighs for my return, for I have no longer gold to bestow. What should I do in the world, where really I was no happier than I am here? But could I find there friends and happiness, and recover fortune, I would still repeat “No” a thousand times, if I must first humble myself to the power I struggled to overthrow!’

‘Think again.’

‘I never will address as emperor him who was my equal.’

‘I implore you not to sacrifice the future to this false pride, which is vanity, not patriotism. But hark! now some one is indeed coming—adieu!’ and Girhardi moved from the window.

‘Thanks, thanks for the microscope!’ cried Charney, before the other had quite disappeared.

At that moment the hinges of the gate creaked, and Ludovic entered the courtyard. He brought with him the provisions for the day; but perceiving that Charney was deep in thought, he did not address him, though he slightly rattled the plates, as if to remind him that dinner was ready; while he silently saluted my lord and my lady, as he was accustomed to call the man and the plant!

‘The microscope is mine!’ thought Charney; ‘but how have I deserved the kindness of this benevolent stranger?’ Then seeing Ludovic cross the yard, his thoughts turned to him, as he mentally exclaimed: ‘Even this man has won my esteem; under his rough exterior, what a noble and generous heart there beats!’ But while he pondered, he thought another voice replied: ‘It is misfortune which has taught you to estimate a kindness. What have these two men done? One has watered your plant unknown to you; the other has procured you the means of examining it more narrowly.’



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‘But,’ returned Charney, still arguing with himself, ‘the dictates of the heart are more true than those of the reason; and my heart tells me that theirs has been no common generosity.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the voice, ‘but it is because this generosity has been exercised towards you that you do it justice. If Picciola had not existed, these two men would still have been despised. One would have remained in your eyes an old fool, given up to the most contemptible trifling; and the other a coarse, and sordid, and vulgar creature. Encased in your own selfishness, *you* never loved before; and now it is because you love Picciola that you understand the love of others; it is through her they have been drawn to you!’

And Charney looked by turns at his plant and his microscope. Napoleon, emperor of France, and king of Italy! The one half of this terrible title had formerly induced him to become a furious conspirator, but now its magnificence scarcely dwelt in his mind for a moment. He thought less of the triumphs of an emperor and a king, than of an insect which wheeled with threatening buzz around his flower!

Provided with the microscope, now his own, Charney pursued his examinations with avidity; and were we writing a botanical work, instead of a narrative, we should be tempted to follow his discoveries step by step. But this may not be; though our story illustrates a *truth*. It is enough that, like one who stumbles in the dark, and consequently has often to retrace his steps, one theory was often overthrown by another in the mind of Count Charney. Yet nature was his teacher—the plant, and the bird, and the bee; the sun, and the wind, and the shower! His present enthusiasm compensated for his past ignorance; and though he called to mind but vaguely the system of Linnæus, it was after the careful and soul-thrilling examinations which revealed to him the nuptials of the flowers, that he first perceived, however dimly, the chain which binds the universe. His eyes wandered, the microscope was laid aside, and the philosopher sunk on his rustic bench overpowered by his emotions.

‘Picciola,’ he exclaimed, ‘I had once the whole world in which to wander; I had friends without number, or at least such as usurped that title; and, above all, I was surrounded by men of science in every department; but none of these instructed me as thou hast done; and none of the self-styled friends conferred on me the good offices which I have received from thee; and in this narrow courtyard, studying only thee, I have thought, and felt, and observed more than in all my previous life. Thou hast been a light in the darkness, a companion to relieve my solitude, a book which has seemed to me more wondrous than every other, for it has convinced me of my ignorance, and humbled my pride: it has convinced me that science, like virtue, can only be acquired by humility; and that to rise we must first descend: it has shewn me that the first rail of

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this mighty ladder is buried in the earth, and that by this we must begin to climb. It is a book written in characters of light, though in a language so mysterious, that we should be lost in awe and wonder were not every word a consolation. The world thou hast opened to my view is that of thought—of the Creator, of Heaven, of the Eternal. It is the law of love which rules the universe; which regulates the attraction of an atom, and the path of the planets; which links a flower to the stars, and binds in one chain the insect which burrows in the earth, to haughty man who raises his brow to heaven, seeking there—his Creator!’ The agitation of Charney increased as the struggle in his heart continued; but he murmured again, ‘Oh God! oh God! prejudice has dulled my reason, and sophistry has hardened my heart! I cannot hear THEE yet, but I will call upon THEE; I cannot see, but I will seek THEE!’

Returned to his chamber, he read upon the wall, ‘God is but a word.’ He added, ‘Is not this word the one which explains the enigma of the universe?’

Alas! there was still doubt in the expression; but for this proud spirit to doubt, was to know itself half-conquered; and to Picciola he still turned to teach him a creed, and convince him of a God!

In contemplating and questioning the page of nature which was opened to him, time passed quickly away; and when exhausted by deep thought, he indulged in those reveries in which the fair girl floated before his eyes, linked in a mysterious manner with his beloved Picciola. Not only the outward events, the changes and progress of his plant, were chronicled on the cambric, but the inner world of poesy, the life of his day-dreams, was interpreted there, though perchance vaguely; for language has its limits, and cannot always reach to thought.

Once, however, his vision was painful; for suddenly the young girl became pale, as if by the finger of death. She stretched her arms towards him, but he was chained to the spot; an unseen obstacle interposed, and the dreamer awoke with a cry of agony. Strange, that another cry echoed his own, and that in the voice of a woman! Happy was he to find his anguish but a dream; himself upon the rustic bench, and Picciola blooming beside him; yet he felt that the shadow of evil was upon him. Honest Ludovic came running to the spot. ‘Oh, count,’ said he, ‘you are taken ill again, I fear; but never mind, Madame Picciola and I will cure you.’

‘I am not ill,’ replied Charney, scarcely yet recovered from his emotion. ‘Who told you so?’

‘Why Mademoiselle Teresa, the fly-catcher’s daughter; she saw you from the window, heard you scream, and ran to send me to your assistance.’

Charney was touched; he remembered the interest the young Italian had taken in his illness, and it was to her thoughtfulness

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he was indebted for the precious microscope. He felt himself all at once overpowered with gratitude ; and strangely mingling the ideal of his dream with the figure he had once or twice seen at the window, he remembered that the latter had no flower in her hair. Not without some self-reproach, not without a trembling hesitation, did he gather one of the flowers from Picciola. 'Formerly,' murmured he, 'I lavished gold and jewels on worthless women and false friends, without a feeling of regret ; but oh, if a gift be valued in proportion as the giver prizes it, never, I swear, have I bestowed anything so precious as the flower which I borrow from thee, Picciola !' Placing it in Ludovic's hand, he continued ; 'Give this from me to the old man's daughter. Tell her that I thank her from my heart for the interest she takes in me, and that the poor and imprisoned Count de Charney possesses nothing of more value to offer for her acceptance.'

Ludovic took the flower with an air of stupefaction ; for he had been so accustomed to consider the prisoner's love for his plant as all-engrossing, that he could not understand how Mademoiselle Teresa's slight service had deserved what he knew was the most munificent return. 'Well,' said he, after a moment, 'they can now judge from the specimen what a sweet thing my god-daughter is !'

Charney pursued his examinations, and every day some new wonders were developed. Picciola was in the height of her beauty ; not less than thirty flowers graced her stem, and numerous buds had still to open, when, one morning approaching her with the joy of a lover, and yet with the gravity of a man about seriously to study, he started on perceiving that his beloved Picciola was beginning to droop. He supplied water to the plant with his most tender care ; still she drooped the next day also. Something was wrong. On examining minutely into the cause of the illness, he learned, what he ought to have already looked for, that the stem, pressed between the edges of the two stones through which it had struggled into existence, was too slender to maintain the circulation in the plant. The stem must be set free from this tightening pressure, or death will be the consequence. Charney saw all this, and knew but one means to save the companion of his imprisonment. Alas ! how could he save her ? The stones must be broken or removed, and dare he hope that this indulgence would be granted ? He waited impatiently for the next appearance of Ludovic, and communicated to him the disaster, with a humble request that he would furnish him with tools to release the plant from its bondage.

'Impossible,' answered the jailer ; 'you must apply to the superintendent.'

'Never,' cried Charney impetuously.

'As you like ; but I think this pride is somewhat out of place. I shall speak to him about it, I tell you.'

‘I forbid you,’ replied the count.

‘*You* forbid me—how amusing! Do you suppose I am to be ordered by you? But never mind; let her die if you like; it is nothing to me. Good-morning.’

‘Stay,’ returned the count, ‘would the superintendent understand this favour—the only one I will ever ask?’

‘Understand! Why not? Isn’t he a man? Cannot he understand, like me, that you love your plant? Besides, I’ll tell him that it’s good for fever—for all sorts of sickness; and he’s not strong; he suffers terribly from rheumatism. Well, well, you’re a scholar; now prove it; write him a letter, not too long—pretty phrases.’

Charney still hesitated, but Ludovic made a sign of Picciola dying. The other gave a faint token of assent, and Ludovic went away.

In a few minutes afterwards, an official, half-civil half-military, appeared with pen and ink, and a single sheet of paper bearing the superintendent’s stamp. He remained present while Charney wrote his request; then reading it, he sealed and took the letter away.

Reader, do you rejoice at the changed heart, or do you despise our noble count for thus conquering his pride to save a drooping flower? If the latter, you understand not the crushing influence of captivity on the haughtiest spirit; you imagine not the one strong love of a desolate heart, which perhaps saved the mind from madness or idiocy. The weakness of which you accuse him, was the very necessity of his mind, impelled by love and gratitude. Would that such holy springs were always near to bend the proud spirit!

Three hours dragged slowly away, and no answer came to the petition. Charney’s agitation and anxiety were extreme. He could not eat. He tried to persuade himself that a favourable answer must arrive; that it would be impossible to refuse so simple a request. Yet, alas! concession might be too late; Picciola was dying! Evening came, and no relief to his anxiety; night, and Charney could not close his eyes.

The next morning brought the brief answer, that ‘the pavement of a prison-yard was one of its walls, and must be inviolable!’

And so Picciola must die? Her odours no longer proclaim the hour truly; she is like a watch whose springs are disordered; she cannot entirely turn to the sun, but droops her flowers, as a young girl would close her dying eyes, rather than meet the gaze of the lover she parts from with anguish! And Charney is in his chamber writing with care and diligence on one of his finest handkerchiefs!

His task completed, the handkerchief was carefully folded; then returning to the courtyard, and passing Picciola with the murmured



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exclamation, 'I will save thee!' he attached the little packet to a cord which he found suspended from Girhardi's window. In an instant it was drawn up.

Yes! Charney had humbled his pride yet more: to save Picciola he had addressed a petition to Napoleon! And Teresa Girhardi, the voluntary denizen of a prison, had undertaken to be the bearer, although Charney knew not at the time *who* was the messenger her father had promised to find. Few were her preparations, for every minute was precious; and, mounted on horseback, accompanied by a guide, in less than an hour she had left the walls of Fénestrelle. It was evening when they arrived at Turin; but, alas! the first news which greeted her was, that the emperor had set out for Alessandria. His visit had made a fête-day, and the people were too busy and elated to answer her anxious questions very readily; yet her resolution was instantly taken to follow at all hazards. Here, however, the guide learning that the distance to Alessandria was at least equal to double that which they had already traversed, refused to accompany her a step further; and leaving her, as he said, to a night's repose at a little inn, he coolly bade her good-evening, as he should set out on his return the first thing in the morning. Although, for a moment, almost paralysed with the sense of her desolation, the noble-hearted Teresa faltered not in her resolution. She could hear of no conveyance till the morrow, but it was torture to think of losing the night in inactivity.

Seated in the chimney-corner enjoying their supper were a couple, man and wife, who were evidently travelling with merchandise. It is true Teresa had just heard the order given to feed their mules, which were sent to the stable; it is true she heard their expressions of delight at being housed after their journey; yet on their assistance she built all her hopes.

'Pardon my question,' said she in a trembling voice to the woman; 'but what road do you take when you leave Turin?'

'The road to Alessandria, my dear!'

'To Alessandria! It is my good angel which has led you hither.'

'Your good angel, then,' replied the woman, 'has led us through a very bad road.'

'What is it you mean?' said the man, addressing Teresa.

'Most urgent business calls me to Alessandria. Will you take me?'

'It is impossible,' said the woman.

'I will pay you well,' continued Teresa; 'I will give you ten francs.'

'I don't know how we can do it,' replied the man; 'the seat is so narrow, it will hardly hold three; though you are not very large, to be sure. But we are only going to Revigano, which is but half way to Alessandria.'

'Well, well, take me so far; but we must set out this instant.'

‘This instant ! What an idea : we cannot start till the morning.’

‘I will pay you double the sum.’

The husband looked at his wife, but she shook her head, exclaiming, ‘The poor beasts ; it would kill them !’

‘But the twenty francs,’ murmured he.

And the thought of twenty francs had so much weight, that before the clock struck eleven, Teresa found herself in the cart seated between the worthy pair.

In her impatience, winged horses would scarcely have contented her ; but the slow pace of the mules, with their bells jingling in measured time at every step, seemed insupportable. ‘My good man, make them go a little faster,’ said she.

‘My dear child,’ replied he, ‘I do not like spending the night in counting the stars any more than you ; but I am carrying earthenware to Revigano, and if the mules trot, they will break it all to pieces.’

‘Earthenware ! oh !’ groaned Teresa, while the tears streamed down her cheeks ; ‘but at least you can make them go a little quicker?’

‘Not much.’

And so was performed the half of her journey. The seller of earthenware put her down on the roadside at the break of day, wishing her safe at her journey’s end.

‘Tell me, sir,’ said Teresa to the first person she met, ‘how I can procure a conveyance to Alessandria?’

‘I do not think you will find one,’ replied the stranger ; ‘the emperor reviews the troops at Marengo to-day, and every carriage, every place, has been engaged these three days.’

To another she put the same question. ‘You love the French, do you ? that accursed race !’ was the answer he gave between his set teeth.

At last she got a ride for a mile or two, till one whose place had been engaged was taken up. And so, by degrees, she found herself on foot among the crowd of sight-seekers who thronged to Marengo.

A magnificent throne, surrounded with tricoloured flags, had been erected on a hill which overlooked almost the spot where, five years before, the battle of Marengo had been fought ; and here the conqueror had determined to review his victorious troops. The aides-de-camp, covered with their glittering orders, passed rapidly to and fro ; the trumpet and the drum sounded ; banners floated in the breeze, and the plumes in the helmets waved. Napoleon was at the head of his guards ; Josephine, surrounded by her ladies, was seated on the throne, with an officer by her side, deputed to explain to her the military evolutions. Interested as the empress was, she yet observed some slight disturbance near her ; and on inquiring the cause, was told that a young woman, at the risk of being trampled down by the horses, had, under cover of the smoke, made

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her way across the line, and was earnestly beseeching permission to present a petition to her majesty.

What was the result of the interview will by and by be seen.

Over the dreary prison of Fénestrelle a yet darker cloud seemed to hover. Charney counted the minutes, and, unconscious who the messenger really was, sometimes blamed his tardiness, sometimes his own folly in daring to hope. The fourth day arrived; Picciola was at the point of death; and Girhardi came no more to the window, though from his room could be heard mingled prayers and sobs. The proud Charney hung despairingly over his plant. For her he had humbled himself to the dust, and yet was he to lose the charm of his life, the sole object of his love! Ludovic crossed the courtyard. Since the prisoner's affliction, the jailer had resumed his harsh deportment; for, as he dared not act, he would not speak kindly.

'Ludovic, what have I done to you?' exclaimed Charney in his wretchedness.

'Done! nothing at all,' replied the other.

'Well, then,' continued the count, seizing his hand, 'save her now. Yes, the superintendent has no need to know it. Bring me some earth in a box—but for a moment will the stones be removed. We will transplant her.'

'Don't touch me,' replied Ludovic roughly, drawing away his hand. 'Deuce take your flower, she has worked nothing but mischief. To begin with yourself, you're going to fall ill again, I know. You had better boil her down into drink, and have done with her.'

Charney looked unutterable indignation.

'However,' pursued Ludovic, 'if it only affected yourself, it would be but your own affair; but the poor fly-catcher, he'll never see his daughter again, that is certain.'

'His daughter!' exclaimed Charney in astonishment.

'Yes, his daughter. You may whip the horses, but who can tell where the carriage will roll? You may fling a dagger, but who can tell whom it shall wound? They've found out that you have written to the emperor—through the guide, I suppose.'

'His daughter,' repeated Charney, deaf to all else.

'Why, did you suppose your message would go by telegraph?'

Charney buried his face in his hands.

'Well, they've found it out,' repeated the jailer; 'and it is a good thing I had no suspicion. But she is not to be admitted to see her father again: they told him so yesterday. But your dinner is getting cold.'

The count threw himself on his bench. For a moment he thought of at once destroying Picciola, instead of watching her lingering death; but his heart failed him; and he dwelt on the generous girl who had devoted herself to his cause, and whose punishment, and

that of her good father, would be so heavy. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'if they would but open again to thee these prison gates, how willingly would I purchase the favour by sacrificing the half of my life! Blessings on you, ye noble pair!'

In less than half an hour two officers presented themselves in the courtyard, accompanied by the superintendent of the prison, who requested Charney to return with them to his chamber. The superintendent was a bald-headed man, with thick gray moustaches. A scar, which divided his left eyebrow, and descended to his lip, did not greatly improve his countenance; but in his own estimation he was a person of great consequence, and on the present occasion he assumed more than an ordinary degree of dignity and severity. He began the conversation by requesting to know if Charney had any complaint to make with regard to his treatment in the fortress of Fénestrelle. The prisoner replied in the negative. 'You know, sir,' continued the great man, 'that in your illness every attention was paid to you. If you did not choose to follow the doctor's advice, it was not his fault, nor mine; and since then, I have accorded you the unusual favour of walking when you pleased in the courtyard.'

Charney bowed and thanked him.

'However,' said the superintendent, with the air of a man whose feelings had been wounded, 'you have infringed the rules of the fortress; you have injured me in the opinion of the governor of Piedmont, who doubts my vigilance, since you have succeeded in sending a petition to the emperor.'

'He has received it, then?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What says he?' and the prisoner trembled with hope.

'What says he! Why, that for thus transgressing orders, you are to be conveyed to a room in the old bastion, which you are not to quit for a month.'

'But the emperor,' exclaimed Charney, striving to wrestle with the cruel reality which thus dispelled his hopes—'what says his majesty?'

'The emperor does not concern himself with such trifles,' replied the superintendent, seating himself as he spoke in the only chair. 'But this is not all; your means of communication discovered, it is natural to suppose your correspondence has extended further. Have you written to any one besides his majesty?'

Charney deigned not to answer.

'This visit has been ordered,' continued the superintendent; 'but before my officers commence their examinations, have you any confession to make? It may be to your advantage afterwards.'

The prisoner was still silent.

'Do your duty, gentlemen.'

The officers first looked up the chimney, and then proceeded to



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rip open the mattress of the bed ; then they examined the person of the count, and the lining of his clothes, while the superintendent walked up and down the room, striking every plank with his cane, to discover, if he could, a receptacle for important documents, or the means of escape. But nothing could they find except a little bottle containing a dark liquid ; this was, of course, the prisoner's ink. There remained the dressing-case to be examined, and when they asked for the key, he dropped rather than gave it. The rage of the superintendent had now conquered all his politeness ; and when, after opening the dressing-case, the officers exclaimed : ' We have got them, we have got them,' his delight was evident. From the false bottom they drew the cambric handkerchiefs, closely written over ; and of course they were considered as the most important proofs of a conspiracy. When Charney beheld his precious archives thus profaned, he rose from the chair into which he had sunk, and extended his arm to seize them ; but though his mouth was open, words he had none. These signs of emotion only convinced the superintendent of the importance of their prize, and by his orders the handkerchiefs, bottle, and toothpick were packed up. A report of their proceedings was drawn out, and Charney was requested to sign it : by a gesture he refused, and his refusal was added to the list of his transgressions. Only a lover who is losing the portrait and letters of an adored mistress whom he has lost for ever, can understand Charney's deep anguish. To save Picciola he had compromised his pride ; almost his honour ; he had broken the heart of an old man, and blighted the existence of his daughter ; and that which alone could reconcile him to life is ruthlessly snatched away with all its fond memorials.

Yet deeper agony was reserved for him. In following the superintendent and his satellites across the courtyard, on their way to the old bastion, they approached the dying Picciola ; and the ire of the great man, already at fever-heat from Charney's contemptuous silence, was yet increased by the sight of the props and defence placed round the plant.

' What is all this ? ' said he to Ludovic, who came at his call. ' Is this the way you watch your prisoners ? '

' That, captain,' replied the jailer with hesitation, drawing his pipe from his mouth with one hand, while with the other he made a military salutation—' that is the plant I told you of, which is good for gout and other illness.'

' Don't talk such trash to me,' returned the superintendent ; ' if these gentlemen had their will, I suppose they would turn the fortress into a garden or menagerie. But come, tear it up, and sweep all this away.'

Ludovic looked at the plant, at Charney, and then at the captain, and murmured some words of excuse.

' Hold your tongue, and do as I order you,' thundered the captain.

Ludovic took off his coat, his cap, and rubbed his hands, as if thus to gain courage. Then he took away the matting, and made himself very busy in tearing it up and scattering it about the yard. One by one he plucked up the sticks and palings which supported the stem, and broke them singly across his knee. A stranger would have thought that his love for Picciola was changed to hatred, and that thus he was executing vengeance.

Meanwhile Charney stood motionless, gazing at Picciola as if to protect her with his eyes. The day had been cool, and the plant was refreshed; it seemed as if she had gained strength but to die the harder. And what now should fill the void in the prisoner's heart? what now should chase the evil spirits that had possessed him? who now should teach him holy lessons of wisdom, and instruct him to look up 'through nature to nature's God?' Must his sweet day-dreams never return? must he live his old life of apathy and disbelief? No, death at once would be preferable. At that moment the old man approached the window, and Charney almost expected that, maddened at being deprived of his daughter, he came to triumph at the misery of him who had been the cause. But when he looked up, and their eyes met; when he beheld the trembling hands of Girhardi stretched through the bars of his prison, as if imploring mercy for the plant, Charney's heart smote him bitterly for his evil thought, and, rising at the wand of sympathy, a tear rolled down his cheek—the first he had shed since childhood!

'Take away this bench,' cried the superintendent to the loitering Ludovic; and slowly as he worked, its supports were at last removed. Nothing now remained but Picciola in the midst of the ruins.

'Why kill it? it is dying,' exclaimed Ludovic, once more risking the captain's anger by his supplication.

The great man only answered by a smile of irony.

'Let *me* do it,' cried Charney passionately, on whose brow large drops of agony had gathered.

'I forbid it;' and the captain stretched his cane between Count Charney and the jailer.

At that moment two strangers entered the courtyard. At the noise of their footsteps, Ludovic turned his head and relinquished his hold of Picciola. Charney and he shewed emotions of surprise. The strangers were an aid-de-camp of General Menon and a page of the empress! The former presented a letter from the governor of Turin to the superintendent, who, as he read, testified every sign of astonishment. After a third perusal of the paper, and with a suddenly assumed air of courtousness, he approached Charney, and placed it in his hands. With a trembling voice the prisoner read as follows:

'His majesty, the emperor-king, commands me to make known his consent to the petition of Monsieur Charney relative to the

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plant which grows in the courtyard of Fénestrelle. The stones which incommode it are to be removed. You will be pleased to see that this order is executed, and will communicate with the prisoner on the subject.'

'Long live the emperor!' cried Ludovic.

'Long live the emperor!' murmured another voice, which seemed to come from the wall.

'There is a postscript from the empress,' whispered the page; and Charney read on the margin:

'I recommend Monsieur de Charney especially to your kind offices. I shall be obliged by your doing all you can to render the position of the prisoner as little painful as possible.

JOSEPHINE.'

'Long live the empress!' shouted Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and remained some moments gazing on the paper mute and motionless.

Although Charney was permitted to retain his accustomed chamber, and the superintendent was even so far calmed as to send very often his complimentary inquiries after Picciola, he still thought himself justified in transmitting the handkerchiefs he had seized to the nearest authorities; who, however, not being able, as they said, 'to obtain the key of the correspondence,' despatched them to the minister of police at Paris, to be by him examined and deciphered. Charney, meanwhile, was supplied with writing materials, and resumed his studies with avidity. But, alas! Girhardi was no longer to be seen at the window; for the superintendent, not daring to act harshly by Charney, had vented his spite on Girhardi for the share he had taken in the transaction, by removing him to a distant part of the fortress. Charney would really have been happy could he have forgotten that this tried friend was suffering for him.

Events, however, were hurrying on. Charney ventured to solicit the favour of a work on botany; and the next day came a package of books on the subject, with a note from the governor, observing that, 'as her majesty was a great botanist, she would probably be pleased to learn the name of the flower in which she was so greatly interested.'

'And must I study all these,' exclaimed Charney with a smile, 'to compel my flower to tell me her name?'

But with what exquisite sensations did he once more turn the leaves of a book, and gaze on printed characters? Nevertheless, the authors differed so greatly in their systems of classification, that after a week's laborious research, he gave up his task in despair. Nor was this the worst; for, in questioning the very last flower that Picciola bore, examining it petal by petal, it fell to pieces in his hand, thus destroying his hope of preserving the seed.

‘Her name is Picciola!’ exclaimed Charney in grief and anger; ‘and she shall have no other—Picciola, the prisoner’s friend, companion, and teacher.’ As he spoke, there fell from one of the books a slip of paper, which contained these words: ‘Hope, and tell your neighbour to hope, for God does not forget you.’

The writing was that of a woman, and Charney could not doubt it was placed there by Teresa. ‘Tell your neighbour to hope.’ ‘Poor girl!’ thought he, she dare not name her father, and is unconscious that we no longer meet.’

The very next morning Ludovic entered his chamber with a countenance radiant with joy, and informed him that the apartment next to his was to be occupied by Girhardi, and that they were to share the courtyard between them! And the next moment his *friend* stood before him. For an instant they looked at each other, as if doubting the reality of their meeting, till Charney exclaimed: ‘Who has done this?’

‘My daughter, undoubtedly,’ replied the old man; ‘every happiness I derive through her.’

Charney again pressed Girhardi’s hand, and drawing forth the slip of paper, presented it to him.

‘It is hers, it is hers; and behold the hope is realised!’

Charney involuntarily stretched forth his hand to recover the paper; but he saw that the old man trembled with emotion, that he read it letter by letter, and covered it with kisses. He felt that, precious as it was, it no longer belonged to himself. Our egotist was learning gratitude and generosity!

Their first thoughts, their first discourse, were of Teresa; but they were lost in conjecture as to where she could be, and how she had obtained such influence. After a while, the old man looked up, and read the sentences which the philosopher had inscribed on his wall. Two of them had already been modified; a third ran thus: ‘Men exist on the earth near to each other, but without a connecting-link. For the body, this world is a crowded arena, where one is battled with and bruised on all sides; but for the heart it is a desert!’

Girhardi added: ‘If one is without a friend!’

The captives were indeed *friends*, and they had no secrets from each other. Girhardi confessed *his* early errors, which had been the opposite extreme to those of his companion. Yes, the benevolent old man had once been the morose superstitious bigot; but this is not the place for his story; nor may we repeat those holy conferences which completed the change Picciola had begun. But *she* was still the book, Charney the pupil, and Girhardi the teacher.

‘My friend,’ said Charney to the old man, as they were seated on the bench together, ‘you who have made insects your study, tell me, do they present as many wonders to your view as I have found in Picciola?’



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‘Perhaps yet more,’ replied Girhardi; ‘for methinks you are only half acquainted with your plant, unless you know the nature of the little beings which so often visit her, and fly and buzz around her. By the examination of these creatures we discover some of the hidden springs, the secret laws, which connect the insect and the flower, as they are bound to the rest of the universe.’ While he spoke, a butterfly of gorgeous colours, as if to verify his words, alighted on a sprig of Picciola, shaking its wings in a peculiar manner. Girhardi paused.

‘Of what are you thinking?’ said Charney.

‘I am thinking,’ returned the other, ‘that Picciola herself will help to answer your former question. Behold this butterfly, she has just deposited the hope of her posterity on one of the branches.’

Charney gazed with attention, and beheld the gay insect fly away, after having hardened the eggs with a sort of gummy juice, which caused them to adhere firmly to the tender bark.

‘Think you,’ continued Girhardi, ‘that all this happens by chance? Believe it not. Nature, which is God, provides a different sort of plant for every different sort of insect. Every vegetable thing has its guests to lodge and to feed! This butterfly, you know, was itself at first a caterpillar, and in that state was nourished by the juices of such a plant as this; but though, since her transformation, in her winged state she has roved from flower to flower, now that the hour of maternity approaches, she forgets her wandering habits, and returns to the plant which nourished herself in a former state. And yet she cannot remember her parent, and will never see her offspring; for the butterfly’s purpose is accomplished—it will shortly die. It cannot be a recollection of the plant which prompts the action, for its appearance is very different from that it bore in the spring. Who has given the insect this knowledge? Observe, too, the branch which it has chosen; it is one of the oldest and strongest—one not likely to be destroyed by the frost of winter, nor broken by the wind.’

‘But,’ said Charney, ‘is this always so? Are you sure that it is not your imagination which sees order in mere chance?’

‘Silence, sceptic,’ replied Girhardi with a faint smile; ‘have patience, and Picciola herself shall instruct you. When the spring comes, and the first young leaves begin to open, the insect will burst from its shell; then, but not till then, not till the proper food is within its reach. Of course you know that different trees burst into foliage at different periods; and in the same manner the eggs of different insects open at different times. Were it otherwise, there would indeed be distress and confusion. Were the insects to arrive first, there would be no food; and were the leaves full grown before the arrival of the caterpillars, they would be too hard to be separated by their tender jaws. But Nature provides all things aright—the plant to the insect, the insect to the plant.’

‘Picciola! Picciola!’ murmured Charney, ‘what new wonders hast thou to shew me?’

‘They are infinite,’ continued the old man; ‘imagination is exhausted in attempting to conceive the variety, yet exactness, of the means employed to continue the existence of different creatures. The telescope conveys to us an idea—faint and imperfect though it be—of the vastness of creation; the microscope shews us that the particles of matter are, in their minuteness, equally incomprehensible. Think of the cable of a spider—let us call it so—being composed of a hundred threads; and these, doubtless, are again as divisible. Look at others of the insect tribe, how curiously their bodies are provided and protected—some with a scaly armour to protect them from injury; a net-work to defend their eyes—so fine, that neither a thorn, nor the sting of an enemy, could deprive them of sight: creatures of prey have nimble feet to chase their victims, and strong jaws to devour them, or to hollow out the earth for a dwelling, in which they place their booty or deposit their eggs. Again, how many are provided with a poisoned sting with which to defend themselves from their enemies. Ah, the more close our examinations, the more clearly do we perceive that every living thing is formed according to its wants and circumstances; so wondrously perfect, that man—supposing, for an instant, he had the power of creation—must injure, did he dare to alter, the merest trifle; so wondrously perfect, that man is awed by the very thought and contemplation of such infinite wisdom. Man, who is sent naked into the world, incapable of flying like the bird, of running like the stag, of creeping like the serpent; without the means of defence among enemies armed with claws and stings; without protection from the inclemency of the seasons among animals clothed in wool, or scales, or furs; without shelter, when each has its nest, or its shell, its den, or its hole. Yet to him the lion gives up its dwelling, and he robs the bear of its skin to make his first garments; he plucks the horn from the bull, and this is his first weapon; and he digs the ground beneath his feet to seek instruments of future power. Already, with the sinew of an animal and the bough of a tree, he makes a bow; and the eagle which, seeing his feebleness, thinks him at first a sure and easy prey, is struck to the earth only to furnish him with a plume for his head-dress. Among the animal creation, it is man alone who could exist on such conditions. But man has the spiritual gift of intelligence, which enables him to do these things; to take a lesson from the nautilus, ere he constructs his first frail bark; or to find that science only reveals the geometrical precision with which the bees work.’

‘But, my teacher,’ interrupted Charney, ‘it seems to me that the inferior animals are more perfect than we, and ought to excite our envy.’

‘No; for man alone is endowed with memory, foresight, the

## PICCIOLA, OR THE PRISON-FLOWER.

knowledge of right and wrong, the power of contemplation ; and for him alone is there the provision of a future state. Such as the lower animals are they have ever been ; if they are created perfect, it is because for them there is no higher destiny. From the beginning of the world, the beavers have built their dwellings on the same plan ; caterpillars and spiders have spun their webs in the same fashion ; and the ant-lions have traced, without compasses, circles and arches. One universal law has governed all ; man alone is permitted to exercise free-will, and therefore for man alone can virtue or vice exist. The world, too, is his to traverse from pole to pole ; he pitches his tent in the desert, or builds a city on the banks of a fertilising river ; he can dwell among the snows of the Alps, or beneath the sun of the tropics ; he bends the material laws to his purpose, yet receives a lesson from the insect or the flower. Oh yes,' he cried ; 'believe what Newton says—"the universe is one perfect whole ; all is harmony ; all the evidence of one Almighty Will. Our feeble minds cannot grasp it at once, but we know from the perfection of parts that it is so!" Oh that proud man would learn from the flower, and the bee, and the butterfly !'

At that moment a letter was brought to Girhardi. It was from Teresa, and ran thus : 'Is it not a happiness that they permit us to correspond ? Kiss this letter a thousand times, for I have done so, and thus transmit my kisses to you. Will it not be delightful to exchange our thoughts ? But if they should permit me to see you again ! Oh, pause here, my father ; pause, and bless General Menon, to whom we owe so much. Father, I come to see you soon, in a day or two ; and—and—oh, pray for fortitude to bear the good tidings—I come to lead you to your home—to take you from captivity !'

Yet his joy was moderated by the thought that Charney would again be solitary.

She came. Charney heard her step in the next room ; he conjectured what her person could be—he could not picture it. Yet he trembled with apprehension : the polished courtier grew bashful and awkward as a school-boy. The introduction was appointed to take place in the presence of Picciola, and the father and daughter were seated on the bench when Charney approached. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes with which they had been mutually connected, there was restraint in their meeting ; and in the beautiful face of the young Italian, Charney at first persuaded himself there was nothing but indifference to be read. Her noble conduct had only proceeded from a love of adventure and obedience to her father's commands. He half regretted that he had seen her, since her presence dispelled the dim and shadowy thoughts he so long had nourished. But whilst they were seated on the bench, Girhardi gazing at his daughter, and Charney uttering some cold and unmeaning phrases, Teresa turned suddenly to her father, by which means there escaped

from the folds of her dress a locket, which she wore suspended round her neck. Charney perceived at a glance that a lock of her father's white hair was on one side, and on the other, carefully preserved beneath the crystal, a withered flower. It was that he had sent her by Ludovic !

A cloud seemed to pass away from before the eyes of Charney. In Teresa he recognised Picciola, *the fair girl* of his dreams, with the flower resting on her heart, not in her hair. He could but murmur some words of rejoicing ; but the ice was broken, and they understood how much they had mutually thought of each other. She listened to his history from his own lips ; and when he came to the recital of all he endured when Picciola was about to be sacrificed, Teresa exclaimed with tenderness, ' Dear Picciola, thou belongest to me also, for I have contributed to thy deliverance ! ' And Charney thanked her in his heart for this adoption ; for he felt it established more than ever a holy communion between them.

Willingly would Charney have sacrificed for ever liberty, fortune, and the world, could he have prolonged the happiness he experienced during the three days which passed before the necessary forms for Girhardi's liberation were completed. But, in proportion to this happiness, must be the pang of separation ; and now he dared to ask himself the bold question, ' Was it possible that Teresa loved him ? ' No ; he would not dare so to misinterpret her tenderness, her pity, her generosity ; and he tried to believe that he rejoiced ; that it would have been an additional pang to think he had ruffled the serenity of her heart. ' But I,' he exclaimed—' I will love her for ever, and substitute this exquisite reality for all my unsatisfying dreams.' This love, however, must be cherished in secret ; for it would be a crime to impart it. They were about to be separated for ever ; she to return to the world, doubtless to marry ; and he to remain in his prison alone with Picciola, and her memory. He tried to assume coldness of manner, but his haggard countenance betrayed him ; while Teresa, equally conscious and equally generous, willing to endure all, so that his peace of mind were not injured, assumed a gaiety of manner that ill accorded with the scene. Modesty and timidity, also, conspired to make her conceal her emotions. Yet there are moments when the heart will speak its language without control ; and that of their parting was one. But few and broken ejaculations were heard, though Teresa's last words were, stretching out her arms to the plant, ' I call Picciola for my witness ! '

Happiness must be tasted and lost to be appreciated ; and so Charney felt. Never had he so appreciated the father's wisdom and the daughter's excellence, as now that they were no longer beside him. Yet memory was sweet, and his former demon of *thought* was exorcised for ever.

One day, when Charney least expected it, the doors of his prison



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were thrown open. The persons who had been appointed to examine the handkerchiefs had carried them to the emperor. After looking at them for a while, he exclaimed scornfully, 'This Charney is a fool, but no longer a dangerous one; he may make an excellent botanist, but I have no fear of another conspiracy.' At Josephine's entreaty his pardon was granted.

And now it was Charney's turn to quit the gloomy fortress of Fénestrelle, but not alone. No; Picciola, transplanted into a large box, was carried away in triumph. Picciola, to whom he owed every happiness; Picciola, who had saved him from madness, who had taught him the consolations of belief; Picciola, to whom he was indebted for friendship and love; Picciola, who had restored him to liberty!

Now, too, Ludovic, stifling his emotion, extended his rough hand to the count, his *friend*; for he was no longer the jailer. Charney shook it with emotion, exclaiming, 'We shall meet again.' 'God bless you! Adieu, Count! adieu, Picciola!'

Six months afterwards, a splendid carriage stopped at the state prison of Fénestrelle. A traveller descended, and asked for Ludovic Ritti. A lady leant upon his arm; they were the Count and Countess Charney. Once again they visited the prison-chamber. Of all the sentences of despair and unbelief which had soiled its white walls, only one remained. It ran thus: 'Science, wit, beauty, youth, and fortune, cannot confer happiness!' Teresa added—'Without love!'

Charney came to request Ludovic to attend a fête which he designed to give at the christening of his first child, whose birth was expected towards the close of that year; and to beseech that he would quit Fénestrelle for ever, and take up his abode with him. The jailer inquired after Picciola, and learned that she was placed close to the count's private study, that he watered and tended her himself, and forbade a servant to touch her.

Ludovic arrived at the count's splendid chateau a few days before the christening. Almost the first thought of the honest fellow was to visit his old friend the prison-flower; but, alas! amid the emotions of love and happiness which had ushered the yet more dearly loved one into the world, Picciola had been forgotten, and was now fading to decay. Her mission had been happily fulfilled.



## ABYSSINIA AND THEODORE.

**T**HE country known to Europeans as Abyssinia, but by its inhabitants styled Itiopia, consists of the southern or mountainous portion of the 'Ethiopia' of the ancients. It is the region which, under that name, powerfully engaged the interest of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; when it was confounded with the realm of Prester John, a fabled Christian king of Central Asia, of

whom strange reports had been promulgated by Rubruquis and Marco Polo. The first detailed and trustworthy account of Abyssinia was published by our countryman, Bruce, and was for years the subject of animated discussions. It contained so many marvels, that by the critical eighteenth century the traveller was pronounced unworthy of belief. Subsequent reports have removed the incredulity, but have scarcely detracted from the wonder, which Bruce's narrative was calculated to inspire. That the ignorance of the arts of civilised life, and the savage practices prevailing in Abyssinia, should exist along with a profession of Christianity, and a social system not much inferior to our own, must still be classed among the most extraordinary and perplexing of social phenomena.

Abyssinia consists of a mass of lofty table-lands, lying between  $8^{\circ}$  and  $16^{\circ}$  N. lat., and between  $34^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$  E. long. It has the Egyptian pashalic of Sennaär on the north-west and west; the Red Sea, from which it is separated by a low and arid tract varying from twenty to three hundred miles in breadth, on the north-east and east; districts inhabited by Galla tribes on the south; and on the south-west, and partly on the west, regions almost unknown to Europeans—vast forests only tenanted by wild beasts, and hot plains inhabited by negro races. Numerous half-savage tribes, mostly nomadic, of which the Adaiel, the Areyo, and Azobo Gallas, the Tal-tals, the Danakil, and the Shohos are the chief, occupy the low ground extending on the east, between the table-land and the sea. The coast of the Red Sea is claimed by Turkey; and Turkey has possession of the port of Massowah, the natural outlet for the trade of Northern Abyssinia. The whole country may conveniently be considered as divided into Northern Abyssinia, consisting of the kingdoms of Amhara and Tigré; Shoa, or Southern Abyssinia; and the Galla country, which lies between the two former, and consists of provinces which warlike tribes of Mohammedan Gallas have wrested from the Abyssinians. The table-lands are intersected by deep valleys, the beds of rivers or of mountain-torrents, and crowned by mountains, often of fantastic shape, varying in height from 4000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Of the three plateaus of which Abyssinia consists, the first is formed by abrupt and high mountains, springing out of the low district adjoining the Red Sea. This is the plain of Baharnegash; it lies west of the Taranta Mountains, and extends to the river Mareb, which, rising in the Taranta Mountains, follows a north-westerly course through Abyssinia, and then running far to the north, shares the fate of most Abyssinian rivers, and loses itself in the sands. Beyond the Mareb, at a higher elevation, is the Tigré plateau, stretching to the south-west to the valley of the Tacazzé, the course of which for a considerable distance is nearly parallel to that of the Mareb. From the western bank of the Tacazzé spring the mountains of Simyen, the loftiest in Abyssinia,

and beyond them lies the highest table-land of Abyssinia—the plateau of Amhara—which has a mean elevation of 8000 feet above the sea. From that the country descends to the unknown regions on the west. Previous to the rise of Theodore, the first and the second plateaus together formed the feudal kingdom of Tigré; the third comprised the kingdom of Amhara, to whose sovereign both Tigré and the southern kingdom of Shoa, though substantially independent, owed allegiance and paid tribute. The valleys which intersect the table-lands are numerous, and many of them extensive. Some of them look like rents in the ground, having almost perpendicular rocky sides; the principal are the beds of the larger rivers. Of the rivers, the greatest number are mere torrents produced by the rains, which lose themselves in the sand, and have scarcely any existence in dry weather. Even streams so considerable as the Tacazzé and the Mareb in the dry season shrink at many points to the dimensions of rivulets, feebly trickling between wide belts of sand bordered with thick jungle. A few of the rivers, when swollen by the rains, make their way to the Red Sea, but the larger streams, however circuitous their course, almost all finally join the great river of Abyssinia—the Blue Nile, by the Abyssinians called Abaï or Bahr-el-Azrek. The Tacazzé, on the Sennaär frontier, unites with the Atbara, which, thus reinforced, runs northward to join the Nile, considerably below the junction of the Blue with the White River. Sir Samuel Baker has shewn that to the Atbara and the Blue Nile, which roll down immense volumes of water during the rains, are due the annual inundations in Egypt; and that from these rivers, and especially the former, are derived the deposits of soil which have formed the delta of Egypt, and upon which the banks of the Nile depend for their fertility. The Blue River was erroneously conceived by Bruce to be the main stream of the Nile. To investigate its sources was the main object of his journey into Abyssinia; in finding them he flattered himself that he had discovered what has been termed the ‘secret of history’—that he had unveiled the most attractive of geographical mysteries. The river has its sources in two mountains in the south of Northern Abyssinia, at a height of 10,000 feet above the sea, not far from the great lake of Tzana; running northward for a short distance, it bends to the east, and passes through this lake; then turning to the south, it makes a semicircular sweep around Gojam, the most southern of the Amhara provinces, afterwards flowing north to join the White River at Khartoum in Sennaär. It is not navigable within the limits of Abyssinia—this country has not a single navigable river; but its stream is deep and rapid enough to form an excellent defensive frontier for Abyssinia against the Gallas who live on its southern bank. Besides the Taranta range, facing the coast nearly parallel to the Red Sea, the most noticeable mountains are the Lasta, Lamalmon, and Simyen ranges, which, though not continuous, form a series running through Abyssinia north-east and south-west.



# ABYSSINIA AND THEODORE.



Map of Abyssinia.

A great part of the mountains are of granite, slate, or gneiss ; but the formation of the country is very complex, extending from the first to the last degree of the geological scale. A number of extinct volcanoes have been noted, and the country abounds in traces of volcanic action. Mineral and hot springs are found in many districts, to which, and to the intercession of the saints to whom they are consecrated, the people attribute high curative virtue. It is believed that there is great mineral wealth ; there certainly are, in whatever quantities, coal, iron, copper, lead, antimony, and also silver and gold. There are abundant deposits of sulphur ; and in the country of the Tal-tals, to the south-east of Tigré, about fifty miles from Amphila Bay, there is an extensive plain of salt. The supply of salt appears inexhaustible, but the Tal-tals make the working of it dangerous ; the journey to the interior, through a roadless country in which every petty chief levies tribute from the trader, is difficult and costly ; and when it reaches Amhara and the Galla countries, the salt has become so valuable that little bars of it form the currency—the small change—in common use.

In the physical features of the country, the strange and the terrible predominate over the beautiful ; but the great plains and the valleys present a smiling aspect ; a rich soil and a fine climate support a splendid vegetation, and provide for the husbandman an ample return for his labour. The valleys are especially fertile : two crops, and in some districts three crops, can be produced in the year. Besides most of our cereal and green crops, grains are cultivated which are unknown to Europe. The principal are teff, from the seed of which—not larger than a pin's head—is made the bread which is held in most esteem ; and dagousha, from which is made the black bread in common use among the poorer people. On the table-lands, immense pastures afford grazing for herds of cattle—the rearing of which, and the cultivation of cereals, are the chief industries of Abyssinia. Cotton, however, is grown in some of the western districts ; coffee, which grows wild in the same districts, is in some places cultivated ; the vine, too, which would flourish in most parts, is to a small extent cultivated, though the people prefer to the juice of the grape a coarser and more stimulating beverage. Rice and the sugar-cane are found wild. The date, the orange, the lemon, and the pomegranate are among the indigenous fruit-trees. With the varieties of temperature prevailing at different altitudes, this country might produce almost every article of human consumption ; but the Abyssinian, though a sensualist, is content to live like his fathers ; his laziness is too strong for his love of accumulation ; the circumstances of the country have long been unfavourable to settled industry, and he only strives to make the simple provision necessary to life and enjoyment. Living as they do, a population of four or five millions manage to subsist upon a small fraction of the cultivable land. They possess most of the domestic animals of Europe, the

breeds being in some cases peculiar. The horses, strong and active, are much prized by the soldiers, but the ox is used for tillage, and the mule is preferred for bearing burdens. Among wild animals, the most dreaded is the hyena. Protected by superstition, it is as bold as it is fierce : it hovers round encampments, sometimes even enters houses, and, like the dogs at Constantinople, is the scavenger of the towns. The elephant and rhinoceros are found in the low grounds; there are crocodiles and hippopotami in the rivers; and besides the wild-boar and the buffalo, lions, panthers, and leopards are not unfrequent in some of the provinces. A country so extensive, and of such various elevation, must possess every variety of climate; but the high grounds are always healthful and invigorating, and many districts cannot be surpassed in point of climate by any region of the world. The valleys are malarious and afflicted with fevers, especially after the rains, which last from June to September.

Northern Abyssinia may be considered as divided by the Tacazzé into two countries—Tigré and Amhara; the people of Tigré, who live to the east of that river, differing in language, and, to some extent, in dress, customs, and national character from the inhabitants of the other parts of Abyssinia. The language of Tigré is a dialect of the Geez, the ancient Ethiopic, which is akin to, if not an old form of the Arabic—and is the language of religion throughout Abyssinia, and of such literature as Abyssinia possesses. In Amhara, and also in Shoa, the Amharic is spoken. It appears to be distinct from the Geez, though many words have crept into it from the latter. The Amharic is the court language, and also the language of commerce. It is now the written speech of the country, the Geez characters being used with some additions. A third language, the Agow, perfectly distinct from the two already mentioned, is spoken in Lasta, a mountainous province in the south of Tigré, and to some extent among the poorer classes in most parts of Abyssinia; while the Galla speech has been adopted in some of the districts near the Galla country. Though in other matters than language differences exist, not only between Tigré and Amhara, but between the provinces of which either is composed, these are in no case important. A description of any part of Abyssinia is approximately true of the whole; and in spite of all the circumstances tending to separation, in spite of the divisions which have prevailed during the present century, the Christian Abyssinians deem themselves one nation.

Generally speaking, they have features of the Caucasian type, resembling the Arabs. They are rather above than below the middle height. In complexion, they vary greatly—some are jet black, others nearly white, while the majority are brown or of a light copper or nut colour. Particular colours predominate in certain districts, but there is uniformity of colour in no district, and scarcely in any family. Both men and women are usually well formed; strikingly handsome figures are common among both sexes. In general, the

women of the better classes have very handsome shapes in youth, and remarkably pretty feet. The ordinary male dress consists of tight cotton trousers, coming down to three or four inches above the knee ; a large belt of cotton worn around the body ; and a sort of mantle, called a *quarry*, also of cotton, usually put on so as to cover the left arm, leaving the right arm free. The quarry, the principal garment, is a double cloth of white cotton, about nine feet wide by seven and a half long, with a red border five or six inches deep at the lower end. The belt varies in length, with the fineness of the material used, from fifteen to sixty yards ; and is about a yard wide. Fashion has its vagaries in Abyssinia as elsewhere, chiefly appearing in the length of the trousers and in the mode of wearing the quarry. The quarry is worn in as many different ways as the Highland plaid ; and the *dandies* of the towns are partial to trousers reaching half-way down the calf of the leg. The dress of young girls is somewhat slight, consisting of a piece of cotton cloth extending from the waist to near the knee, with the end of it—or sometimes another cloth—thrown over the left shoulder, the right arm and breast being left bare. Married women wear a loose shirt which reaches to the feet, with sleeves fitting tight at the wrists, and a quarry such as is worn by the men. No head-covering is worn, except by the priests, who are distinguished by the use of a white turban. Men and women tress or plait the hair—a work of time and art—plastering it thickly with butter. In this state they sustain no inconvenience from exposing their heads to the sun. Tattooing is practised, but chiefly by the women, who have the arms, the breast, often nearly the whole body, covered with fantastic devices ; the operators are old women—almost the only professors of the fine arts now to be found in Abyssinia. Silver ornaments are worn in great profusion by the ladies—chains round the neck, which often support a silver case containing a talisman ; strings of amulets, massive bracelets and armlets, and bangles at the ankles. The men, except on state occasions, are content with a few strings of amulets, a ring or two, and the blue cord which every Christian Abyssinian carries round the neck as a mark of his Christianity. The women stain their hands and feet with henna, and darken their eyelids with antimony. Only great ladies and a few of the elderly chiefs wear shoes in Tigré. Their use is somewhat more common in the Amhara country.

In one or two of the towns, where the influence of the Portuguese was strongest, the houses of the better classes are square and flat roofed ; but the ordinary Abyssinian house is circular, and has a conical roof. The use of mortar, which the Portuguese introduced, is now entirely unknown ; the houses are built of rough stones, plastered with mud, the roof consisting of sticks or boughs of trees thatched with straw ; even the best are seldom completely air or water tight. Ordinary huts consist of a single room, in which all



the members of a family, and their guests, live and sleep, together with the fowls, goats, cattle, or other live-stock which may belong to them; chiefs and wealthy people often divide the hut rudely into a suite of rooms. In the chief apartment of a good house, the floor is thickly strewed with grass, which in time emits odours intolerable to unaccustomed nostrils; a low table, near which the family and their guests seat themselves on the grass at meal-times, is almost the only furniture. In the better houses there are separate places for sleeping; but the bed is simply a wooden bench, covered with a skin or mat; sometimes there is a wooden pillow, such as may be seen in Egyptian hieroglyphics, with a cavity rudely shaped to hold the neck, so as to save the well-greased tresses from derangement; and the cloth which has been belted round the body during the day serves for bed-clothing during the night. An Abyssinian town is simply a collection of several hundred or thousand mud hovels; it is usually situated near a highway frequented by merchants—if the name of highway can be given to a mere track made by travellers, often overgrown with thorns. Its only public buildings, the churches, are as simple in construction as the private dwellings; it has no shops, and scarcely any tradesmen—none who are not either foreigners or outcasts. In the larger towns there is usually a Greek silversmith or two. There is a despised and dreaded caste of hereditary blacksmiths; and mason-work and thatching are often undertaken by the Jews. With these slight exceptions, the division of labour is unknown in the country, and every household must grind its own corn, make its own beer, and practise every trade of which it needs the benefit. Nothing can be had for money except at one of the markets held at stated intervals. Strictly speaking, there is no money—every transaction is pure barter; but the German crown of Maria Theresa supplies the place of a native coinage. Cotton cloths in Tigré, and bars of salt in the other parts of Abyssinia, are used as small change. Adowa and Axum are the chief towns of Tigré; Gondar and Kurata in Amhara were, before the rise of Theodore, the principal places in Abyssinia; Ankobar is the capital of Shoa.

Though Christianity is the religion of the country, there are not a few Mohammedans of Abyssinian race; and among them are found the merchants who carry on the trade between the sea-coast and Abyssinia and the countries adjacent to it: in every town there is a Mohammedan quarter. In general, all the older towns are sanctuaries—cities of refuge—a provision which, while it draws to them a multitude of lawless vagabonds, casts a needful protection over the trader. There are Jews—called Falashas—as well as Mohammedans in Abyssinia, but they, unlike their co-religionists in other countries, have nothing to do with trade; they are small farmers or humble handicraftsmen, and live apart in villages of their own.

The domestic relations in Abyssinia in some respects differ from those prevalent in Europe; they are differently constituted, too,

and much more liable to be dissolved. By the rules of the church, marriage by the sacrament is indissoluble; but this sort of marriage scarcely now occurs except—and that rarely—between persons who have already lived happily together in the married state. A civil marriage is constituted by agreement between the bridegroom and the father or guardian of the bride; and if either party so wishes, it may be dissolved at any time. The custom of the country does not require a man to have only one wife at a time; in general, men of wealth have as many wives as they can get and can manage to keep; and it does not appear that the position of a second wife is in any respect worse or less respectable than that of a first. This perhaps arises from the sacramental marriage being regarded as the only real marriage, and from the facilities for slipping out of the ordinary marriage-knot. It often happens that a man continues to support a wife after he has—so to speak—divorced her and taken another, she living in a hut contiguous to his own. Marriages take place at a very early age; girls are commonly given in marriage at twelve; not unfrequently betrothed at eight or nine. A negotiation with the father of the bride always precedes a marriage; the father declares the amount of the dowry, the other party the value of his possessions; and if the explanations on these points prove satisfactory, the negotiation seldom fails to be successful. The ceremony takes place after an interval of three or four months—during which the betrothed are not allowed to see each other. On the appointed day the bridegroom comes with his friends, all riding on mules, armed with guns, swords, and lances, dressed in fine clothes—clothes, arms, and mules being often lent by some great man for the occasion. They enact a sham-fight near the house of the bride; on their entering it, they and the bride's friends range themselves on opposite sides of the house, and the war-dance is performed; after which the man expresses his willingness to marry the girl; the arrangement with the father is formally announced; a priest, if there be one present, gives some seasonable advice; and by-and-by the girl is handed over to one of the bridegroom's party, and carried away upon a mule. On the dissolution of a marriage, the woman gets back her property, and the children are divided; the boys are usually given to the father, the girls to the mother; but there seems to be no invariable rule; and the division of the property and children cannot always be effected, even in Abyssinia, without appealing to the law. Until lately, women were never secluded after marriage; in general, they still go about with perfect freedom; but polygamy is bearing its natural fruit, and some of the great chiefs in Amhara now adopt the harem. The hatred and ill-will subsisting between brothers and sisters of the half-blood has been remarked upon by several travellers.

Children are circumcised on the eighth day: a male child is baptised on the fortieth day after birth, a female child on the eightieth;

and if the father neglects to have the baptism performed on the proper day, he has to undergo a heavy penance. A house in which a birth has taken place is regarded as unclean, and the purifications prescribed by the law of Moses are scrupulously gone through. The priest purifies the house, on the tenth day if the child be male, on the twentieth, if it be female, by sprinkling it with holy water: until that is done, the father must not enter the house; he has to satisfy his parental longing with an occasional look at the infant through the window. Scarcely any attempt at education is made; the sons and sometimes the daughters of great men, however, and those intended for the priesthood, are taught to read, and made to commit to memory portions of the Scripture, chiefly of the Psalms, but these are in a dead language, and are apt to be soon forgotten.

In the Abyssinian calendar, the greater part of the year (Mr Mansfield Parkyns says two-thirds of it) is set apart for fasting; feast-days, however, are also very numerous; and both fasts and feasts are religiously observed. The fasting involves more than the mere abstinence from animal food; like the Mohammedans during the Ramadan, the Abyssinians are required not to eat or drink on a fast-day till late in the afternoon. Fortunately, the climate is one in which life can be comfortably supported on bread and water, and the severity of the fasts does not seem to act unfavourably upon health. Out of the period of fasting, all classes place their chief delight, and spend the greater part of their time, in eating and drinking: they are an exceedingly social and hospitable people, and love to make merry with their friends, or with the wayfarer who has claimed the shelter of their roof.

Water, during the dry season, is scarce and bad; it often has to be brought from a distance; many places have none except the impure *quasi*-fluid which is got by digging in the sandy torrent-bed. The Abyssinians are not partial to it. They have a strong though sour beer, which they make from the dagousha grain. Their favourite drink is *tej* (in Tigré called *meze*), a harsh but stimulating liquor produced by fermentation out of honey. Honey in this country is exceedingly plentiful and exceedingly good, and it is chiefly valued as the raw material of *tej*. The profusion of food and drink at the tables of the chiefs, and the large number of followers and daily guests whom they entertain, reminded Mr Plowden of the customs of our Saxon ancestors; and the resemblance between the two, he tells us, does not stop at this. 'The gates are open in the evening to all who demand food and shelter in the name of friendship and religion; rich and poor are seated at one table; in the house of a great chief, public singers chant the legends of their heroes, or receive guerdon for reciting impromptu stanzas in praise of their host and his guests; nor does the frequent intoxication weaken the likeness.' Besides the numerous feast-days appointed by the church, almost every event of life affords an excuse for excessive eating and

drinking : there are great feasts at every wedding ; and at a certain time after the burial of a relative, even the poorest people are expected to hold a feast (which often lasts for days), and to furnish to their friends without stint the limited list of Abyssinian delicacies. The priests and scribes encourage these banquets, and, indeed, almost live upon them—often foremost in the revel, drinking to intoxication, leading in the song and dance, without losing self-respect, or compromising their sacred character. The materials of a grand banquet are simple : a good supply of cakes made of teff wheat, or dagousha meal, the finest sorts being put uppermost in the basket, so as to fall to the share of the chief guests, who are served first ; an abundance of raw beef ; and, after the eating is over, *tej ad libitum*. The cow, several species of the gazelle or antelope, and, in some districts, the spayed goat, are the only animals which are eaten raw, and they are always eaten raw ; but for the *broundo*, or raw-beef feast, it may be said that the cow alone is in demand. The animal is slaughtered with some ceremony, being thrown down with its head to the east, and having its throat cut in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; it is flayed almost before the death-struggle is over ; and as fast as the skin is drawn away, busy hands cut off the eligible bits, which are instantly served to the guests, while still warm and quivering. The guest, supplied with a strip of beef, holding one end of it in his mouth, the other in his left hand, cuts bits off with his *shotel* (a curved knife not unlike a sickle) ; or attentive servants cram him with large morsels as fast as, or faster than, he can swallow them. All are supplied with the most careful hospitality, and all eat with voracity until appetite is fairly exhausted. Then, and not till then, it is allowable to drink, and the drinking goes on until the greater number are helplessly intoxicated. One who seems to have made himself quite at home in Abyssinia says that the raw beef is ‘far tenderer than the most tender joint that has been hung a week in England ;’ and certainly neither the rawness nor the quantity taken seems to do much harm, unless the former be responsible for the prevalence of tapeworm. The mode of killing now practised is much less cruel than that described by Bruce as customary at the date of his visit to Abyssinia. Bruce’s story about the ‘live steak,’ which on one occasion he saw cut out of a cow, had not a small share in arousing incredulity about his descriptions ; but Mr Mansfield Parkyns believes it to be true. He tells us that he repeatedly heard that it is not uncommon among the Gallas, when on a journey, to cut steaks out of a cow, and then, covering the wound with the hide, to lay on a plaster of mud—exactly Bruce’s statement ; and also that the same thing is occasionally done by Abyssinians.

In general, only the principal parts of a cow are eaten raw ; the remainder is cooked ; as is also the flesh of bulls and oxen (though they are not in favour), of sheep, goats, and the other animals which the Abyssinians are at liberty to eat. Repulsive to us as is their



fondness for raw beef, they are exceedingly particular as to what they eat ; they shrink from eating the flesh of many animals which Europeans use. It is enough to say that they observe with great strictness the whole of the Mosaic ordinances about food. The commandment to abstain from blood, however, is not complied with to the letter—the importance of eating the broundo while it is warm overcoming the religious scruple.

The people are commonly of very pleasing manners, remarkably intelligent, quick of apprehension, and subtle of speech, though somewhat given to ceremony ; exceedingly polite ; studious to use agreeable phrases and make a favourable impression, deeming no offence so shameful as a deficiency in tact or temper. There is great freedom in the intercourse of persons of different ranks, though the politeness of a superior may savour of condescension, and that of an inferior of servility. The chiefs, indeed, keep up much state, and have a multitude of officers, with sounding names, about their houses. It is often difficult to get admission to them, but, this excepted, they do not stand upon their rank. At feasts and other gatherings, high and low meet and talk nearly upon a footing of equality. Vanity and boastfulness are the besetting sins which somewhat mar an Abyssinian's good manners. He is vain both of himself and of his country ; he despises all who are not his countrymen, and delights in nothing so much as in bragging of his own beauty, cleverness, bravery, and great deeds. But it is not until the powerful tej has done its work—excepting some occasions appropriate for such boasting—that the Abyssinian discloses these weaknesses. It almost follows, from what has been said, that the Abyssinians are very deceitful and treacherous ; and though social and hospitable in the highest degree, they are greedy and grasping while profuse. They are constantly making gifts, hoping to receive something more valuable in return ; they ask without scruple for any article that takes their fancy, though not without intending to give an equivalent ; if the return gift be not sufficient, it is sent back with polite messages, but from an equal, any ultimate deficiency of value may be recovered at law, as if a debt. Their own interest—that is, the convenience of the moment—is the grand motive of their actions ; they, more especially the chiefs, shrink from no crime at its prompting. But they are not wantonly cruel.

The morality of the Abyssinians is very low ; they would be ashamed of getting into a passion, and horror-struck at having broken any observance of their religion ; but for scarcely anything besides do they seem to feel the stings of conscience. Theft, though punished, is not considered dishonourable ; highway robbery, being practised upon the Mohammedan merchants, is almost regarded as meritorious. Sensual pleasures of every sort are indulged in without scruple or shame ; the women resent the imputation of being virtuous as a reflection on their good looks ; nevertheless, appearances are

considered, and conversation is seldom coarse. The relations between parent and child are kind and affectionate; the tie of blood-relationship, though not strong enough to keep relatives from injuring one another, unites them for defence in times of danger, or for revenge. To revenge the death of a blood-relation is felt as a sacred duty.

The Abyssinians are very superstitious; believing in the efficacy of amulets and talismans; in omens, charms, and fortune-tellers; in the influence of the evil eye; and in diabolical, or *quasi*-diabolical, possession. A superstition exists in which the last is united with a belief precisely similar to the belief in were-wolves which prevailed in Europe in the middle ages, and which in parts of France is still not extinct—the wolf being replaced by the hyena.

Christianity was introduced into Abyssinia about the year 330 by Frumentius, a Tyrian, who, after having gained great influence at the Abyssinian court, had himself consecrated bishop (*abouna*) of Abyssinia by Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria. The Abyssinian Church has remained in communion with the Coptic, and holds substantially the same tenets with the latter; the *abouna* is always a Copt, and is appointed by the Alexandrian patriarch. When or how the Jewish observances which are now practised, regulating almost every part of social life, were introduced, is entirely matter of speculation. It is not improbable—since they have been found among races which could not have been subject to Jewish influence, for example, the South-Sea Islanders—that they were the old-established usage of the country, and on the introduction of Christianity, derived a fresh vitality from the sanction given them by the Mosaic Scriptures. Besides the Coptic *abouna*, there is a native head of the church, who used to be appointed by the emperor, and is called the *tchegee*. The number of the priests, and of the *deftaras*, or scribes, is very great; their influence over the people almost unbounded. There are monks, whose monasteries are generally on some mountain-top; there are recluses, who live in mountain caverns or in the depths of the forest. For the laity, piety consists in obedience to the church—strict observance of the saints' days and prescribed fasts, and regularity at confession; to a man who had no confessor, and deliberately broke the rules about fasting, the church would refuse Christian burial. Laymen seldom know any part of the Scriptures except the Psalms; only the priests are allowed to read the gospels; and the church service, which consists of recitations of Scripture, is conducted in Geez—to the laity, an unknown tongue. The priests are in general very ignorant; they possess what learning there is in the country, but their literature is chiefly made up of lives of saints and monkish legends. It might be thought that ignorance would at anyrate exclude controversy, but fierce dissensions prevail, chiefly upon the subject of the unction of Jesus Christ. The church is in profession monophysite, believing that Christ had only one nature—namely,

the divine. Priests are allowed to marry once—that is, to make a civil marriage; but occasionally they have more wives than one; and even monks are not expected to practise celibacy. In the churches, as in so many other things, a Jewish model seems to be followed: they are built on high places, and surrounded by groves; in form they are round: there is an outer circle, an inner circle, and in the centre a holy of holies, in which the ark is kept, and which only the priests may enter. Images are not used, but the walls are adorned with rude pictures illustrative of the lives of the saints. The saints, and above all the Virgin Mary, receive profound adoration; their intercession is more trusted in than that of Christ; the people bow reverently before their pictures. At certain churches, miracles are not unfrequent. Every church is a sanctuary, often, too, the parish attached to it; and this, in practice, adds considerably to the influence of the clergy. The Mohammedans and the Jews are allowed the most complete toleration. Christians of foreign churches, though unmolested, are regarded with suspicion on account of the unscrupulous attempts at proselytism made in former times by the Roman Catholic Church.

In theory, the whole of Abyssinia, before the downfall of the old line of emperors, which occurred about a century ago, and even afterwards, formed one kingdom; the monarch, called *negus* or *hatsé*, had despotic powers; to him belonged all the land of the country, the appointment of the governors of provinces, the final decision in matters of litigation. Though the crown was hereditary, when it became vacant, the choice of the prince who should succeed seems to have been exercised by the great chiefs and by the army. The country was divided into provinces, the rulers of which owed feudal service to the emperor, and were bound to contribute part of their revenues to his exchequer. Governors usually enjoyed the title of *dejajmatch*. The provinces, again, were subdivided into districts, the governors of which owed feudal service and paid a tax to the *dejajmatch*. Long before the downfall of the emperors, the country to the east of the Tacazzé, now called Tigré after the dominant province, had been subject to the control of a single *dejajmatch*; Shoa also had fallen from time to time under the government of a single ruler. The emperor's affairs were managed by the *ras*, or head of his household; and the governors of provinces seem to have originally been officers of the household, which consisted of numerous functionaries, and was subject to a rigid ceremonial.

The Abyssinians have no police; they possess in the *Feth-Negust* a code of laws, ecclesiastical, civil, and criminal, but it is written in Geez, and only a few learned among the priests now know anything of its contents. Law is thus simplified to the will of the judge; whether crimes are punished or not, depends upon the activity of the persons injured and their friends. The *Feth-Negust* is said to have been compiled in the early ages of the church, and to be founded

upon the code of Justinian ; but many of the provisions respecting crime resemble those in the law of Moses. The chiefs, from the ruler of a village upwards, are the judges. The judge of first resort is the chief to whom the defendant or accused party is immediately subject ; from him to his superiors there is a series of appeals which, while the empire lasted, only ended at the sovereign. In this is implied that all classes are equal before the law ; and foreigners are treated precisely on the same footing as natives. Each chief appears before his immediate superior in support of his judgment, and in old times it was a common sight to see the governor of a province defending his decision before the emperor, and a peasant attacking it with the utmost freedom of speech. The people delight in litigation, and though there are men who make a trade of advocacy, they are fond of pleading their own causes. The first step in every cause, civil and criminal, is to require both parties to find security. A litigant who cannot give security is chained by the wrist to a servant of the chief ; but even in the case of murder the bail is easily found, and the defaulting of the principal is almost unheard of. Flogging is the common punishment of the lighter offences ; it is administered with great severity, but is not considered degrading ; for the more serious offences, the culprit loses a hand and a foot, or is mutilated in his eyes, nose, or ears. Death is rarely inflicted unless for political offences. In the case of murder, it lies with the relatives to choose between a sum of money and the life of the murderer ; if they will not take money, one of them puts the murderer to death with the same kind of weapon, and in the same way in which the crime was committed. As regards personal injuries, in general the old rule, ‘An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ prevails ; but the person wronged has the alternative of taking a money payment ; and as the chief, in all such cases, including murder, gets the same amount as the prosecutor, he has an interest in advising the acceptance of the milder of the alternatives. A great part of a chief’s income is got out of litigation. In the villages, a great deal of litigation is saved and ill-will ended, by the elders—the more experienced and trusted of the inhabitants—who form a sort of court of conciliation, deciding disputes upon the understanding that their decision shall be final. But they never interfere when there has been bloodshed.

#### HISTORY.

Upon the lineage of the Abyssinians, conjecture has been much divided. They possess, in the Chronicle of Axum—called *Kirbir Zanaguste*, or the Glory of the Kings—annals extending from their first sovereign, Arwè the Serpent, to Menilek, the son of Solomon by the queen of Sheba, and from him downward to Christian times ; but this is undoubtedly a monkish compilation, made with the help



of the Septuagint version of the Bible. Though they now call themselves Itiopawians, the name of Ethiopian is of Greek origin, and was not applied to the people of any particular region, but to all races of a dark colour. The name by which they are known to Europe is of Arabic origin, derived from *habesch*, a mixture, and signifies that they are a mixed people. By themselves it has never been used. But the Arabic name, with the fact that a language cognate with the Arabic is spoken in the districts nearest the Red Sea—an entirely distinct language prevailing in the other parts of Abyssinia—suggests that they have sprung out of the union with a native African race of a people of the same origin as the Arabs. The latter probably were adventurers from the opposite coast of the Red Sea. But it should be said that in Dr Livingstone's opinion the prevailing features of the tribes of Eastern Africa in general are of the Jewish type; and that Jewish and Arab rites and customs are found throughout this part of Africa. When it is considered that the Agows are shewn by language, physiognomy, and character to be of distinct origin, and that there appears to have been, at some time, a numerous settlement of Jews, it is evident that the Abyssinians are truly a mixed people. The Jews, who live apart from, and do not intermarry with other Abyssinians, believe that their ancestors came into the country in the time of Rehoboam; but it is probable that they came much later. There is no reason for thinking that, like the Nubians, the Abyssinians once enjoyed a civilisation and a mastery of the mechanical arts which they do not now possess. Monuments and architectural remains are found at Axum in the interior of Tigré, at Adulis, Pamphile, and other places on the coast; but they are shewn by inscriptions to have been the work of the Egyptian Ptolemies, who subdued both shores of the Red Sea, and for a time established their dominion at Axum.

Ancient history tells us scarcely anything of Abyssinia; in the Greek writers, as in the Scriptures, the references to Ethiopia are vague and full of marvel. Axum, the ancient capital, was unknown to Herodotus, and even to Strabo. The armies of the Ptolemies must have penetrated into the interior; but Seneca has some prodigious fables about the country; and at the introduction of Christianity, little more was known of it than that there existed a monarchy, of which Axum was the seat. Even after this, when occasional intercourse with the Abyssinian monarchs was kept up by the Roman emperors of the East, the information about Abyssinia and its people brought to Europe was exceedingly slight and vague. The gap which foreign accounts have left might be filled from the Chronicle of Axum already referred to; but this work is of hardly any historical value, one of its principal objects being to deduce the descent of the Abyssinian monarchs from Menilek, son of Solomon and the queen of Sheba. For the modern history of the country, also, we are mainly dependent upon native sources. The Abyssinians

possess a series of manuscript annals coming down to recent times. Of these, ample accounts will be found in the works of Bruce and Salt; they are a dreary and uninteresting record, and in great part of questionable authority.

From an inscription found at Adulis, it has been inferred that, during the reign of Aizana and Saizana, about the middle of the fourth century, the Abyssinian monarchs were masters of part of Arabia, and ruled the country westward from the Red Sea to the junction of the Atbara with the Nile. Less than two centuries after—about the year 522—the Abyssinian king Elesbaan, an able and warlike prince, encouraged and assisted by the Roman emperor Justinian, overthrew the kingdom of the Homerites in Arabia, and gained the complete control of the Arabian Gulf. His conquests were short-lived; before the century ended, the Persians had recovered the command of the gulf, and gained possession of the principal ports on either side of it, and ever after the navigation remained closed against the Abyssinians. In 960, a breach was made in the succession of the monarchs who claimed to be descended from Menilek, and a queen named Judith or Goudit, said to be of the Jewish stock, appears as sovereign of Northern Abyssinia. Her descendants occupied the throne of Northern Abyssinia till 1286, when a monk, Tecla Haimanout, one of the most revered of Abyssinian saints, induced the reigning monarch to retire in favour of Icon Amlac, the representative of the old royal line who was then reigning in Shoa. Hard pressed at times by the Mohammedans of Arabia, and by the savage tribes who now dwelt upon their borders, and troubled within with constant rebellions, the Abyssinians were nevertheless able, under this monarch and his successors during the next two centuries, to maintain their Christianity and their independence. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Portuguese opened up communications with Abyssinia; and, about 1535, they saved the Abyssinian state from the greatest danger which has threatened it in historic times. The aid of a small Portuguese force, commanded by Stephen de Gama, delivered the Abyssinians from an invasion of the Adaiel, who, under Mohammed Gragné, a monster of cruelty, but an able leader, had overrun the greater part of the country.

The Portuguese missions had for their main object to induce the Abyssinian monarchs to submit to the Church of Rome. At first they had no success. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits made a convert of the negus, Zadenghel, but by the majority of the Abyssinians the foreign religion was still regarded with the utmost aversion. In 1626, Socinios or Segued, the successor of Zadenghel, being a zealous Roman Catholic, gave to Mendez, the head of the Jesuit mission, the charge of the religious affairs of the country, and Mendez attempted, by the powers of the state, to make Roman Catholics of the people. His high-handed courses nearly drove the whole country into rebellion. At last even Socinios

grew tired of them. In 1631 he granted his subjects liberty of worship; in the following year, he resigned his crown to his son Facilidas, who at once ordered the missionaries to quit the kingdom. As they would not go, Facilidas was preparing to sell them to the Turks; but warned of his intention, Mendez and his associates sought refuge with a rebel chief in Tigré, who sold them to the pacha of Souakim. In 1638 all the clergy of the Roman profession remaining in Abyssinia were barbarously murdered.

From this time onward the history of Abyssinia tells a tale of divisions and decay. The central power, now established at Gondar, always growing weaker, was losing the control of the powerful feudatories—who at length became semi-independent, and were constantly at war with one another or with their sovereign. It found itself unable to cope with the Gallas, who were encroaching on the southern provinces. The Galla tribes are said to have made their appearance in Abyssinia about the middle of the sixteenth century. They were then pagans; those of them nearest to the Abyssinians have since become zealous Mohammedans. A stalwart and an intelligent race, delighting in war, the Gallas, but for feuds which, generation after generation, have divided their tribes, must long since have been masters of the whole of Abyssinia. Early in the eighteenth century, Yassous, the Abyssinian monarch, unable to resist them, was fain to make friends with them, and married one of their princesses. The peace and ease which he thus secured for himself were, however, dearly purchased; the match excited the horror of his subjects, and alienated them from the royal house. Under his son Joas, a weak prince—who carried partiality for his mother's people so far as to make the Galla speech the language of the court—a serious rebellion broke out. Michael Suhul, the ruler of Tigré, came to the aid of Joas, and subdued the rebels; but his success made him his sovereign's master. Finding that Joas was intriguing with the Gallas against him, Michael put him to death; and setting up a member of the royal line as nominal sovereign, exercised all the powers of sovereignty under the title of *Ras*, or prime minister. Thus ended in 1769 the rule of the reputed descendants of Menilek. After that, up to the time of Theodore, though there was always a nominal emperor, he was powerless and neglected, and the real sovereign was the *Ras*. *Ras* Michael did not hold his position long; he was defeated by the Gallas, and forced to withdraw to Tigré; and after an interval of confusion, a Galla chief named Gouxa reigned in his stead. Gouxa, acknowledged as *Ras* by the nominal monarch, propitiated the church by a profession of Christianity, and by subtlety or force made good his sovereignty over the whole of the kingdom of Amhara, except the province of Gojam in the south, where the native rulers were a constant source of trouble to him and to his successors. He transmitted his power to his descendants; his grandson, *Ras* Ali, was reigning in Amhara

when the career of Theodore began. The southern kingdom of Shoa, and the kingdom of Tigré, continued subject to native rulers, who from time to time were forced to acknowledge the feudal superiority of the Ras. In 1831, however, an Amhara chief, Oubié, the ruler of Simyen, made himself master of the kingdom of Tigré. Oubié was still ruling in Tigré and Simyen, Sahela Selassié was king in Shoa—both in some measure acknowledging the sovereignty of Ras Ali—Gosho Birru, the native prince, was still in rebellion in Gojam, when the exploits of Theodore began to excite the expectation of his countrymen. There was still a titular sovereign at Gondar, but in the reports sent about this time to Europe by travellers and diplomatic agents he is scarcely ever mentioned. As to the *de facto* sovereigns, war had been the occupation of their lives; they seemed firmly seated in power, but rebellion was always smouldering in some of their provinces, and bursting out whenever favouring circumstances arose. Ras Ali tried to govern by policy rather than force, but he had passed a life full of troubles; it was seldom that he was not in the field, making trial of strength with Oubié, or putting down the turbulent and ambitious among his minor vassals; while in Gojam, the able *dejajmatch*, Gosho, found constant occupation for a portion of his army. Each of the rulers holding his place by military strength, the whole country bristled with soldiers, who were feared and hated by the peasantry on whose industry they lived, petted and pampered by their chiefs. A common soldier of known valour was welcomed by great chiefs as an adherent. It is said that the French conscript fancied that he carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The Abyssinian soldier might hope—among this vain people almost every one did hope—to become a governor of many villages, to gain the rank of a *dejajmatch*, even to fill the place of Ras Ali himself. The circumstances of the country were eminently calculated to excite the ambition and develop the powers of a man of courage and ability.

The man destined to be classed among the meteors of history, to draw upon his country the eyes of Europe with a strange and painful interest in his character and fortunes, was born in 1820 in Kuara, one of the Amhara provinces situate near the Sennaär frontier, and was of a decayed though noble family. The father of Kassa or Kassai—so he was named—Hailu Weleda Georgis, was reputed a descendant of the royal line of Menilek. In the days of Kassai's greatness, it was dangerous to express a doubt of his mother being sprung from the same royal stock. It appears certain, however, that the father was poor and undistinguished, and that, after his death, the mother, pressed by want, was fain to gain a living by selling *kosso* (the native remedy for tape-worm). Kassai was placed in a monastery near Tschelgar, a place somewhat to the south-west of Gondar; and he must have received there as good an education as the country afforded, for in after-days



he shewed a very intimate knowledge of parts of the Scripture, and a large acquaintance with Abyssinian history. A rebel chief named Marou violated the sanctuary of the monastery, burning the houses, and killing or mutilating most of the pupils ; but Kassai escaped, and made his way to an uncle who had prospered as a soldier, and was governor of Dembea and some neighbouring provinces. The uncle, the Dejj Comfu, like other men of his rank, was always plotting rebellion, and kept a multitude of men under arms. In his household Kassai imbibed a passion for warfare, and by his early daring won favour and admiration. At Comfu's death, two of his sons contested the succession to his governorship, and the chief of Gojam, Goshu Birru, profiting by their dissensions, overran the provinces which were in dispute, inflicting fire and sword impartially upon the partisans of either claimant. Kassai, who had sided with the elder brother, had to conceal himself for some time in the hut of a peasant at Sarago in Alava. It is stated that, years afterwards, when he returned a dejjmatch, to suppress a rebellion in this district, he rewarded his preserver with the chiefship of Sarago, besides a present of money, cattle, and slaves. Having made good his escape, he took to the highway, gathered a small band, and became the terror of the lowlands on the western border, the scourge of the Mohammedan merchants who used the road between Wochnee and Matemmah. Returning to his native district in Kuara, his fame, which had preceded him, gathered round him a multitude of the disaffected and the ambitious ; he soon became so powerful and so troublesome as to excite the alarm of the Waizero Menin, the mother of Ras Ali, to whom the western provinces were nominally subject. Menin sent her troops against him, but he always either eluded or defeated them. Finally, she went herself with a great army to crush him ; but with scarce a tenth of her forces he completely defeated her. This added immensely to his consequence ; the soldiers, always ready to side with the successful, in great numbers left other leaders to follow his standard ; almost at once he rose to the level of a chief of the first class. New victories were gained by him over the troops of Ras Ali—to whom, however, he was always protesting his fidelity and attachment. It being difficult to overcome him, it was necessary to conciliate him, and for peace' sake the Ras gave him his daughter, Tawavitch, in marriage, and appointed him dejjmatch of the provinces near Sennaïr of which he was already master. It is proper to state that no two accounts of his early career altogether agree ; some authorities state that soon after his uncle's death he received from Menin the governorship of Kuara. It has been said that the marriage with Tawavitch ('she is beautiful') was planned by Menin as a means of compassing his death. If it was, the design miscarried. The hope that it would attach him to the interest of Ras Ali was also to be disappointed. Between Kassai and his Galla wife there sprang up

a passionate and absorbing affection, such as is uncommon anywhere, and very rare in Abyssinia; and the wife, devoted only to her husband's interest, instead of acting as peacemaker between him and her father, gave the spur to his ambition when it flagged, and was ever encouraging in him the purpose of attaining to the supreme authority.

It would seem that Kassai, from his youth, believed himself born to great destinies—that he was early fired with the ambition of becoming supreme among his countrymen, rolling back the tide of Mohammedan invasion, and reviving the old greatness of the Ethiopian empire. But he had the prudence to conceal his design until it was ripe for execution. ‘On several occasions,’ says Mr Plowden, ‘when it was confidently reported that he had rebelled, he baffled his accusers by suddenly appearing in the Ras’s camp, and following him to war in Gojam with about a third of his forces; thus quite winning his heart.’ In Kuara, after his marriage, he occupied himself in disciplining his soldiers, now and then allowing them to breathe their valour in expeditions into the neighbouring Turkish territory. In one of these his army was badly beaten by a force of Turkish irregulars, and himself severely wounded. It is said that as he returned disheartened, he sought comfort from Queen Menin, and got back an insulting message; and that then the daughter of Ras Ali vowed she would leave him if he did not run all hazards for revenge. When he recovered from his wound he proclaimed his independence. The dejajmatch Gosho of Gojam, the father of the rebel chief, was defeated by him and slain. A large army—far outnumbering his troops—sent against him by Ras Ali, under his ablest commanders, was also completely routed; most of the chiefs fell in the battle, and many of the soldiers went over to his service. Taking heart from his success, he formed the daring resolution of going to attack Ras Ali; by forced marches he arrived near the Ras’s camp in Gojam, and although the Ras had a dangerous superiority in cavalry, he gave him battle in the plains. In the battle, fought at Djisella in 1853, Kassai was again victorious. Ras Ali, fleeing from the field with a handful of horsemen, took refuge among the Gallas; and the battle of Djisella left Kassai master of the kingdom of Amhara. There was no one even to dispute his authority except Gosho Birru, the chief of Gojam, and he was nearly at the last extremity, having for five years been besieged by Ras Ali in his mountain-fort of Soma. Oubié of Tigré, though he had long aspired to the sovereignty of Abyssinia, was timid, and was getting old; he was cowed by the military reputation of Kassai; now he only wanted to be let alone.

A good many months elapsed before Kassai appeared disposed to try conclusions with Oubié; then he made some demands upon him, accompanied with menaces, and marched towards the frontier of Tigré. Oubié yielded everything; and his opponent, probably doubtful of his strength, made peace, and marched southward against Gosho Birru, who, released from his long confinement at Soma, was

now at the head of an army. He defeated Gosho Birru, and made him prisoner. Returning from this campaign, with his army considerably increased, he declared war against Oubié, charging him with having encouraged Gosho Birru. Making forced marches, he came suddenly upon his enemy, and at Deraskié, in February 1855, defeated his army, making prisoners of his sons, himself, and many of his chiefs. Resistance was at once at an end; Oubié's fortresses were surrendered to him, the chiefs submitted to him, most of the soldiers joined his standard. And forthwith, in a church at Adowa, which Oubié had built for his own coronation, Kassai was by the Abouna Salama crowned as Negus (king of the kings) of Ethiopia, under the name of Theodoros. An old tradition, known to every one in Abyssinia, had foretold that an emperor called Theodoros should renew the ancient glories of Ethiopia. By the name he took, Kassai proclaimed himself to his countrymen as the destined man. Delaying scarce a week, the new-made emperor, with the combined forces of Tigré and Amhara, marched southward against the Wollo Gallas; he ravaged their country from one end to the other, reducing many tribes to submission, making on all an impression of dread that lasted as long as he lived. And now, when nearly at the height of his fortunes, he gained possession of the Galla fortress of Magdala, the place that was to be so closely associated with his fall. Marching to Shoa, he met with scarcely any resistance there: and that won, he was master of the whole of Abyssinia, ruling over a greater extent of country, and wielding a more terrible power than a negus had possessed for many centuries. This was the climax of his greatness. A year or two before it was reached, his wife Tawavitch had died.

In the midst of his wars, he had shewn himself a reformer, a character new in Abyssinia. He had declared against the slave-trade carried on by the Mohammedan merchants between the interior and the coast, while in other respects making arrangements favourable to their commerce; he had ordered murder to be treated as an offence against the public, and capitally punished; he had done his utmost to encourage sacramental marriages; he had even introduced a decent costume among those about his person. He had at once set about breaking up the power of the feudal chiefs, using with them a simple but effective method; he chained almost all who were dangerous, politely assuring them that they should be set at liberty as soon as his power was consolidated. The chiefs he replaced by the deserving among his followers, to whom, with the old titles, he gave only military functions; and from the soldiers he took away the liberty of plundering—paying them, and requiring them to pay for their food. Thus he laid the foundations of a civil government to replace the system of military rule.

Mr Plowden has left us graphic sketches, written before the fall of Ras Ali, of Kassai and the chiefs whom he overcame. Gosho Birru of Gojam, Mr Plowden deemed the most remarkable of all

—as proud as Lucifer, of surprising talent and penetration. The dejajmatch Kassai he described as vigorous and subtle, and perhaps more disposed to innovation than any of the others. Though proud, his manner was all humility; he was severe, liberal, and usually just, but broke out now and then into unaccountable acts of violence, which indicated a somewhat unsettled temperament; he commenced enterprises with more vigour than he pursued them, and was much under the influence of prophets and fortune-tellers. Of Kassai, become the Emperor Theodore, Mr Plowden wrote in 1855—upon better acquaintance—a much fuller sketch. He now described him as polite and engaging when pleased, and mostly displaying great tact and delicacy; as of untiring energy, both mental and bodily; his personal and moral daring boundless—as was shewn by his pressing reforms on a country so little used to any yoke, whilst engaged in unceasing hostilities. When aroused, his wrath was terrible; but he was generous to excess; would acknowledge a fault committed towards his poorest follower in a moment of passion with sincerity and grace; and shewed the utmost clemency towards the vanquished. Indefatigable in business, he took little repose night or day; his ideas and language were clear and precise; hesitation was not known to him. He was sincerely, though often mistakenly religious; he believed himself a divine instrument for the regeneration of his country; his faith was signal—‘Without Christ,’ he used to say, ‘I am nothing; if he has destined me to purify and reform this distracted country, who can stay me?’ But he was peculiarly jealous of his sovereign rights, and of anything that appeared to trench on them. The most difficult trait in his character was the jealousy and pride that, fed by ignorance, made it impossible for him to believe that so great a monarch as himself existed in the world. When he had settled affairs at home, he meant to reclaim the sea-coast and the Nubian provinces which had once belonged to Abyssinia—nay, he dreamed of the conquest of Egypt and a triumphant march to the Holy Sepulchre. This was perhaps a pretty accurate picture, erring on the hopeful side, of Theodore as he was in 1855. But Mr Plowden’s opinion was seriously changed before he died in 1860; and it was after that that Theodore’s ‘unsettled temperament,’ excited by the possession of arbitrary power, and latterly by the decay of his authority—probably aggravated by the progress of physical disease—led him into excesses which have placed him among the most savage and bloodthirsty tyrants that have afflicted human society.

Of the reforms so courageously begun, those conducive to Theodore’s interest continued to be carried out; the others were not long persevered in. The slave-trade was allowed to go on; at first, indeed, Theodore took many slaves from the traders, and had them baptised, but he appears to have kept them for himself. Up to 1860, the emperor’s power, in a large measure secured by the imprisonment of the chiefs, and the hostages he took from all who might



prove dangerous, remained unabated; after that it steadily and at last rapidly declined, the army which he kept up to maintain it, and to realise his dreams of foreign conquest, being the principal cause of its decadence. Theodore hated towns, and was seldom out of his camp. It is said that at one period he had about a hundred thousand men under arms, so that, with camp-followers, he had to support nearly half-a-million souls. As long as he could, he lavished money on his soldiers, but to get it he had to levy exorbitant contributions; and at length the peasantry, wearied out, began to leave their homes, retiring to high plateaus or secluded valleys, and cultivating only so much as was necessary for their own support. Rebellions broke out in many of the provinces. To plunder now became a necessity for Theodore. He lived upon the rebellious provinces as long as he could; when they were exhausted, he was fain to prey upon districts the most friendly and peaceful. At first he merely took what he wanted for his army; by and by he treated the people as his enemies, killing all he met with, often by cruel deaths, using torture in the hope of finding where money and provisions were hidden, burning everything he could not carry away. In rich provinces, the lands went out of cultivation; the inhabitants disappeared. Famines followed, which at last made themselves felt in the imperial camp. Then the soldiers, no longer enjoying the raw-beef feast, often ill provided with bread, began to desert in multitudes. Theodore's character had begun to change long before his fortunes. After his throne was firmly established, his only enemies were rebels. He, formerly so clement, condemned them to cruel and lingering deaths, even when they had been induced to surrender by promises of pardon and favour. Nor did this spring out of his high views about his kingly right alone. He came to delight in savage punishments—to revel in human agonies. During his latter years, it was not uncommon for him to dispose of captives made in his forays—whose only offence was possessing property which he wanted—by shutting them up in some building, and burning them to death. In 1867, during the last month of his stay in the province of Begemdar, of his own followers and of the peasantry more than 3000 are said to have suffered death by flogging or burning. In early life abstemious, latterly he was seldom sober after mid-day; and in his fits of drunken madness he was capable of enacting any horror. Once he had been noted for continence. But his second marriage, which took place in 1860, was not a happy one. His wife, the Waizero Terunish, the daughter of old Oubié of Tigré, married him to secure good treatment for her father, and never pretended any warmth of affection for him. He soon sent her with her son, Alamayo, to Magdala; while with his camp there travelled an extensive harem which he guarded with the utmost jealousy. His changed temper, which struck alarm into all around him, did much to bring on his fall. Towards the end, religious horror seems to

have helped to thin his ranks. Gondar, Kurata, and other towns, which, by the Abyssinian custom, were inviolable sanctuaries, were sacked and burned by him, with all, or nearly all, the churches they contained; hundreds of priests and women being, in at least two cases, deliberately burned to death. As his power declined, rivals sprang up, of whom Gobbazé, the wakshum of Lasta, and Menilek, the prince of Shoa, were the chief. It is a sign of the terror which his name inspired, that, when at his lowest, none of his enemies dared to meet him in the field. Had he not brought upon himself the power of Great Britain, he might long have continued to afflict the country—master wherever he appeared; nay, had reason and moderation returned, he might have recovered his former predominance.

Dr Blanc, one of the English prisoners, has given his impressions of Theodore as he appeared in 1866 and later. 'His complexion was darker than that of the majority of his countrymen, the nose slightly curved, the mouth large, the lips so small as hardly to be perceived. Of middle size, well knit, wiry rather than muscular, he excelled as a horseman in the use of the spear, and on foot would tire his hardiest followers. The expression of his dark eyes slightly depressed was strange: if he was in good-humour, they were soft, with a kind of gazelle-like timidity about them that made one love him; but when angry, the fierce and bloodshot eyes seemed to shed fire. In moments of violent passion, his whole aspect was frightful; his black visage acquired an ashy hue; his thin, compressed lips left but a whitish margin about the mouth; his very hair stood erect, and his whole deportment was a terrible illustration of savage and ungovernable fury. Yet he excelled in the art of duping his fellow-men. Even a few days before his death, when we met him, he had still all the dignity of a sovereign, the amiability and good-breeding of the most accomplished gentleman. His smile was so attractive, his words so sweet and gracious, that one could hardly believe that the affable monarch was but a consummate dissembler.' He was superstitious, Dr Blanc continues, to a degree almost incredible in one in other respects so superior to his countrymen; the influence of astrologers over him was unbounded. Before daybreak, the same authority tells us, he was out of his tent to hear litigants and give judgment. Latterly, litigants kept out of his way; but he might be seen, in the gray morning, sitting solitary on a stone, in deep meditation or in silent prayer. His dress was generally very simple—the *shama* or belt, the tight and short trousers of the country, and a European shirt; no shoes, no covering on the head—his long hair, in three plaits, falling upon his neck. When his downfall became imminent, to impress his people, he occasionally clad himself in gorgeous costumes.

The British government had had a representative in Abyssinia from 1847, when Mr Plowden, a gentleman of remarkable talent and address, who had passed several years in the country, induced

Lord Palmerston, the British Foreign Secretary, to give him the appointment of consul. In 1849, Ras Ali, an easy man, with whom Mr Plowden was on the best of terms, concluded a treaty with England; but from this no advantage was derived, and Mr Plowden was not, in fact, allowed any privileges as consul. Theodore, on becoming supreme, repudiated the treaty; and the consul, though he had the powerful aid of Mr Bell, an Englishman who was Theodore's closest friend and most influential adviser, never succeeded in getting his official character recognised. In March 1860, Mr Plowden, returning completely disappointed from a prolonged stay at Theodore's camp to his official place of residence, Massowah, was robbed by a rebel named Garrad, the emperor's cousin, and received a wound of which he died. While engaged along with Theodore in avenging the murder, several months later, Mr Bell met his death, through exposing himself to save the emperor from danger. In him the Europeans in Abyssinia lost a protector, the emperor his best and most trusted counsellor. Garrad and his brother had fallen in the fight, the latter by the emperor's own hand; to discharge the duty of friendship, Theodore put to death their followers, numbering at least 1500, in cold blood. In spite of Mr Plowden's failure, a successor to him was appointed. The new consul, Captain Cameron, did not enter upon his duties till 1862. He first presented himself to Theodore in April of that year, and was received with marked civility. Theodore, though without accepting his mission, gave him a letter for Queen Victoria, in which he proposed to send an embassy to England, and disclosed his hope of getting aid from England in his projected warfare against the Mussulmans. At the same time, he despatched, by a Frenchman named Bardel, whom Captain Cameron had brought into the country, a similar missive to the Emperor of the French. It was not till the autumn of 1863, when Bardel had come back with an answer from the French Foreign Office—while no answer had been returned from England—that Theodore began to maltreat the Europeans who were in his territory. In the meantime, Captain Cameron had made a tour through some of the Turkish provinces adjacent to Abyssinia; a French consul, M. Lejean, had also arrived in the country.

Besides the consuls and their servants, the Europeans at this time in Abyssinia were the members of the Basle mission, founded in 1855, under the auspices of the Bishop of Jerusalem—artisans who were to have combined missionary with manual labour; the members of the Scottish mission, and of the London Society's mission for the conversion of the Jews—mostly Scripture-readers; and a few adventurers in addition. At the head of the London Society's mission was the Rev. Henry Stern, who first visited Abyssinia in 1860. Going back to England, he had written an interesting work upon the Abyssinian Jews. He returned to Abyssinia, accompanied by the Rev. Mr Rosenthal and his wife, in the

spring of 1863. Theodore had no objection to the conversion of Jews, but did not approve of proselytising among his Christian subjects. He had discouraged the Basle missionaries from teaching. Finding out their value as workmen, he had pressed them into his employment. It was they who made his roads, his gunpowder, and the cannons and mortars with which he was greatly occupied during the last years of his life. They became abjectly submissive to his iron will, and in return they got liberal treatment from him, all of them receiving the silk shirt which denotes nobility. They had, at Theodore's command, married Abyssinian women, and were apparently destined to live and die in the country.

The letter from the French Foreign Office, which Bardel brought back, not being written by the sovereign, gave dire offence to Theodore. He abused M. Lejean, and put him in irons, but the abouna interceding, he allowed him to go away. The non-arrival of an answer from Queen Victoria angered him still more, and he soon began to vent his fury upon British subjects. Mr Stern had fallen into disfavour with the emperor—from what cause is uncertain. In October 1863, he was travelling from Gondar towards the coast, when, by Theodore's order, he was seized, beaten nearly to death, and then fettered and put in prison. Captain Cameron, though virtually a prisoner, escaped ill-usage till the following January, when he was pressing for permission to return to Massowah; then he also was chained and imprisoned, and with him his five servants, and Mr Rosenthal, with two of the Scripture-readers. The Scripture-readers were soon allowed to join the artisans at Gaffat; and thus the prisoners were eight in number on the 14th of February 1864, the date of the pencil-note from Captain Cameron which first brought tidings of the consul's imprisonment to Massowah. Soon after, the Frenchman, Bardel, was added to the prisoners. The Europeans at this time in Abyssinia numbered twenty-five. The reasons Theodore always gave for his treatment of the consul were, that the British queen had not answered his letter, and (in allusion to Captain Cameron's journey into the Soudan) that the consul had been intriguing against him with the Turks. But Mr Stern's published account of Theodore's origin was the cause of the greatest severities which the prisoners had to endure. More than once they were all tortured, with the view of extracting from Mr Stern a confession that he had got his information from the abouna, with whom Theodore was at enmity. Mr Stern and Mr Rosenthal were tried and convicted of reviling the sovereign, an offence punishable with death. For some time, all the prisoners were treated as common criminals.

That the negotiations for the release of Captain Cameron and his fellow-sufferers, which were immediately begun, ended in 1866 in the addition of three more to their number, and that all subsequent attempts to induce Theodore to part with his prisoners proved ineffectual, are circumstances fresh in every one's memory. Of the



agents to whom the first negotiations were intrusted, Mr Hormuzd Rassam, assistant political agent at Aden, was the chief; the others were Dr Blanc of the Bombay medical service, and Lieutenant W. F. Prideaux, of the Bombay staff corps. They were furnished by the British government with presents for Theodore, and with the royal letter, the absence of which had first provoked his displeasure. It was the autumn of 1865 before Theodore deigned to give any answer to their communications; then he rather commanded than invited them to come to him at his camp; and as the captives now saw in this their only hope, it was decided that they should go. They first met Theodore on the 25th of January 1866, and were delighted with his courteous behaviour to them. The release of the prisoners was promised, and it does seem as if Theodore, pleased with the Queen's letter, and greatly taken with the supple manners of the principal envoy, did for some time think of letting envoys and prisoners go in peace. If so, he could not at last bring himself to give up his power over them. He kept them, as he said, to insure that artisans whom he needed should be sent to him from England; but it is evident that he hoped to entrap the artisans, as he had already done the envoys. In July 1866, the old prisoners and the new were sent to Magdala, an almost impregnable mountain-fort in Wori-haimanoo, on the borders of the Wollo Galla country, which, to quote Dr Blanc, was at once Theodore's most famous fortress, his treasury, and his jail. There they were not treated like ordinary prisoners. They were indeed lightly fettered about the ankles, and closely watched; but though poorly housed, and left to find themselves in provisions with the money which from time to time reached them from the coast, in other respects they were not badly used. Theodore occasionally sent them presents, more frequently civil messages; between him and Mr Rassam a correspondence full of friendship and kindness on both sides was kept up to the very last. Bad as Theodore's conduct to the Europeans was, it must be classed with the more venial of his misdeeds. It was, however, destined to bring on him the punishment of his career.

As time wore on without the prisoners being released, it began to be felt that the honour of the British name, and its prestige in the East (to say nothing of humanity), required that their deliverance should be attempted by force. In August 1867, it was announced that an expedition would be sent into Abyssinia. General Sir Robert Napier, then commander-in-chief at Bombay, one of the most distinguished of Indian officers, was appointed commander; to him, conjointly with the Bombay government, the preparations were mainly intrusted; and they were made with a carefulness and completeness seldom paralleled in military history. The difficulties that had to be overcome in Abyssinia were enormous—the mere difficulties of landing an army, its munitions, and stores, in an inconvenient harbour, and transporting them 320 miles inland, over

a country of perpendicular mountains and precipitous ravines, in which the roads were mere mule-tracks. Had the resistance of a warlike people been added, they would probably have been insurmountable. But in Abyssinia, Theodore was now every one's enemy, and the people found out that they could make more of the invaders by trading with them than by fighting them. With energy, a friendly demeanour, and brand-new Austrian dollars, Sir Robert Napier was able to make practicable roads, and bring his troops before Magdala. The expedition consisted of nearly 10,000 soldiers, mostly Indian troops, with about five times as many camp-followers. The pioneers of the force began to land early in October; about the end of January 1868, the army began to move forward; in the second week of April, it was in the neighbourhood of Theodore's fortress. Theodore, by making great exertions, had arrived there about three weeks before.

He had spent the greater part of 1867 in Begemdar, plundering that province and neighbouring districts, and chiefly occupied in his hours of sobriety in superintending his European artisans, who were busy making cannons and mortars. His army had dwindled rapidly—famine and pestilence had both been in his camp; his savage temper had had play upon his followers; at last he had hardly 5000 soldiers, and of these many were peasants who had joined him out of despair. With this force, accompanied by nearly ten times its number of camp-followers, towards the end of the year he started for Magdala. He had lost most of his horses and mules, and besides baggage, he had with him fourteen or fifteen guns or mortars—of which one, an enormous mortar, weighed 15,000 or 16,000 pounds. His artillery had to be dragged, his baggage to be carried, by his followers; and he had to cross a country without roads, the difficulties of which seem to have even exceeded those which the British commander had to contend against. His success, with insignificant means at his command, is an extraordinary illustration of his energy and strength of will, and it is not without reason that this journey has been considered the most remarkable feat of his career. His roads were scarcely inferior to those of European engineers. They raised him greatly in the estimation of the British troops, by whom they were used in the last stages of their march. In December, Theodore seems to have heard that British troops were landing. The news only made him redouble his efforts that he might get before them to Magdala. At this place were his family, his treasures, his European prisoners, the Abyssinians whom he kept shut up to secure his power or glut his revenge. Nevertheless, the spectacle of Theodore, by tremendous efforts, pushing on to a fate which he could easily have avoided, is not without an element of pathos. He seems to have been drawn as by a charm to the place where he was certain to encounter the British troops. His superstition may have had much to do with this, for there was an old prophecy that an Ethiopian king should meet a white king, and that the former should

rule longer than any king before him. He arrived at Magdala on the 25th of March. Mr Rassam, who, as he approached, had by letters been congratulating him on his successful journey, had been freed from his fetters a week before; a few days after his arrival, Theodore extended the same amount of favour to Lieutenant Prideaux and Dr Blanc. As the British troops drew near, every hour of every day the fate of the prisoners was trembling in the balance. Several times when Theodore sent for them, they prepared themselves for death; but he was invariably friendly and courteous. A multitude of his Abyssinian captives fared differently. On the 7th of April, in a fit of good-humour, he had liberated seventy-five of them. On the evening of that day, the others, presuming upon his mood, ventured to clamour for their prison fare, which, amid the bustle prevailing, had not been supplied them; and Theodore, in a drunken fit, caused 307 of them to be put to death—killing several with his own hand.

On the 10th of April, the garrison of Magdala descried in the valley below them a long baggage-train but slightly guarded; they rushed out pell-mell to sack it, but a portion of the British army was near, and there ensued what has been called the battle of Fahla. It was scarcely more than a skirmish, but it decided the fate of the fortress. The Abyssinians fought with great gallantry; but with their wretched weapons they were no match for soldiers armed with the breech-loader, backed by batteries firing shells and rockets, while Theodore's artillery, which was on a plateau beneath the fortress, was so badly served as to be useless. The loss on the Abyssinian side has been estimated at 2000 killed and wounded, and a majority of those who escaped did not succeed in retreating to Magdala; while the British had only twenty men wounded, of whom two subsequently died. On the night of the 10th, Theodore acknowledged himself overcome. Sending for Mr Rassam, he desired him to act as mediator for him with Sir Robert Napier; and next day, on Mr Rassam's recommendation, Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr Flad were sent to the British camp. They returned with a demand that all the Europeans should be surrendered, and a promise of honourable treatment for Theodore and his family. Theodore sent them back to find out what honourable treatment meant. They bore from him an incoherent letter—a cry of despair—in which he said he had intended, if God had so decreed, to conquer the whole world; that it had been his desire to die if his purpose could not be accomplished; and that a warrior who had dandled strong men in his arms, would never suffer himself to be dandled in the arms of others. Sir Robert Napier did not feel at liberty to modify his terms; and the two messengers were returning, as it seemed, to certain death, when they were met by the news that the prisoners were set free, and were on their way to the British camp. Theodore had been urged by his chiefs to burn the prisoners, but he seems for the time to have been sated with bloodshed, and he placed some hope in Mr Rassam

and submission. Next day, he sent to the commander-in-chief a present of one thousand cows, the acceptance of which would have been a pledge of friendship. They were not accepted; but Theodore was led to believe that they had been; and thereupon he dismissed the artisans who were still with him, with their wives and families, to the British camp. On the mistake being discovered, he became desperate, attempted suicide, finally tried to make his escape into the country of the Gallas; but these old foes of his were watchful, and he had to return to the mountain. On the 13th of April, the British troops assaulted the fortress, and met with scarcely any resistance. Theodore's principal chiefs had already submitted to the British general, and with their followers departed from Magdala. He himself had just been making an unsuccessful attempt to escape, and the soldiers remaining with him were completely disheartened. Had the place been resolutely defended, it could not have been taken without serious loss; as it was, only ten men were wounded in the assault. When the resistance was over, the dead body of Theodore was found bearing three wounds, one of which had been inflicted by his own hand. 'There was,' says Dr Blanc, 'a smile on his lip—that happy smile, which he so seldom wore of late: it gave an air of calm grandeur to the features of one whose career had been so remarkable, whose cruelties are almost unparalleled in history, but who at the last hour seems to have recalled the days of his youth, fought like a brave man, and killed himself rather than surrender.'

The remains of Theodore were honourably interred, under the orders of the British general. His crown and royal seal were taken possession of and brought to England. The cannons and mortars, thirty-seven in number, in the manufacture of which he had been so deeply interested, and which, even more than his prestige as a warrior, struck terror into his enemies, were destroyed by blasting. His stronghold of Magdala was dismantled. His widow, and his only legitimate child, a boy eight years old, accompanied the British force on its return to the coast. The mother died on the journey. The child, Alamayo ('I have seen the world'), was brought to England, and is being educated at the expense of the British government.

The return march of the British force was begun with the least possible delay, and by the beginning of June the last column had quitted the Abyssinian highlands. The troops were immediately withdrawn from the coast to India or England. The object of the expedition—the vindication of British honour, the punishment of the ill-treatment offered to the British envoys—had been fully accomplished. More than that, Theodore's European captives, escaping death almost by a miracle, had been liberated, and restored to their homes. The British government resisted the temptation to seize, what might have been deemed the legitimate reward of a costly success, a portion of the Abyssinian territory. The success was not gained without a great expenditure of money. During 1867 and 1868,



the House of Commons voted five millions on account of the Abyssinian war. The cost of the expedition will probably be even more. Honours and rewards have been liberally dispensed among the officers engaged in the expedition. The able commander, Sir Robert Napier, has been raised to the peerage as Lord Napier of Magdala.

After the withdrawal of the British troops, there were three principal candidates for power in Abyssinia—Gobbazé, the wakshum or hereditary prince of Lasta ; Menilek, the hereditary prince of Shoa ; and Kassa, or Kassai, a descendant of the Ras Michael of Bruce's time, who had, before the British invasion took place, established himself as sovereign of Tigré. Of these, the last, in return for considerable services rendered to the British army, received a present of mountain-guns and muskets from the British general. He only of the three seems content with the possessions he has acquired, and hitherto he has succeeded in retaining them. Between Menilek and Gobbazé a contest for the vacant crown is going on : according to the latest accounts, it is likely to terminate, if it has not already terminated, in favour of the latter. Gobbazé has proclaimed himself king of Abyssinia. At present, however, there is no abouna, and his claims cannot yet have been consecrated by coronation. It is unlikely that Gobbazé will succeed in bringing about the permanent union of all Abyssinia under one sovereign, a task which Theodore, with his great genius, could not accomplish ; and the future of the country is dark with threatenings of wars, divisions, and decay.



Dejach Alamayo, son of Theodore.



## CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

**T**HE records of every country abound in remarkable cases of persons being judicially put to death for crimes of which they were entirely innocent. A mistaken resemblance to the actual perpetrator, the fact of having been seen near the spot where the crime was committed, or some other suspicious circumstance, has contributed to bring the guilt and punishment on the wrong party. At one time, cases of injustice were also committed by condemning individuals for murder when it was not proved that a murder had been perpetrated. The now well-recognised principle in criminal law, that no murder can be held as having been committed till the body of the deceased has been discovered, has terminated this form of legal oppression. Another, and perhaps one of the most common causes of injustice in trials of this nature, is the prevarication of the party charged with the offence. Finding himself, though innocent, placed in an awkward predicament, he invents a plausible story in his defence, and the deceit being discovered, he is at once presumed to be in every respect guilty. Sir Edward Coke mentions a melancholy case of this kind. A gentleman was charged with having made away with his niece. He was innocent of the crime ; but having, in a state of

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trepidation, put forward another child as the one said to have been destroyed, the trick was discovered, and the poor gentleman was executed—a victim of his own disingenuousness.

The following interesting cases of loss of life from too great a leaning on circumstantial or presumptive evidence, we select from various authorities, English and foreign.

### WILLIAM SHAW.

In the year 1721 there resided in Edinburgh an upholsterer named William Shaw, who had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. This young woman, it appears, encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had for some time urged his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive, so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words *barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death*, were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greater number of the buildings in Edinburgh are tall and massive, divided into *flats* or *floors*, each inhabited by one or more families, all of whom enter by a general stair leading to the respective floors. William Shaw resided in one of these flats, and a partition only divided his dwelling from that of James Morrison, a watch-case maker. This man had indistinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, and was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbours under the same roof; these entering Morrison's room, and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw two or three times faintly exclaim, 'Cruel father, thou art the cause of my *death*.' Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed. A constable was procured and an entrance forced: Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side. She was

alive, but speechless ; but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired. At this critical moment William Shaw returns, and enters the room : immediately all eyes are on him. Seeing his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, he appears much disordered ; but at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders ; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when in his defence he acknowledged his having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson ; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson ; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed ; but he averred that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of 'barbarity, cruelty, death,' and of 'cruel father, thou art the cause of my death,' together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty, and executed at Leith Walk in November 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one, notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, 'I am innocent of my daughter's murder.' But in August 1722, as a man, who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments, was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper that had fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on being opened ran as follows : 'Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge : when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW.'

This letter being shewn, the handwriting was recognised and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends.



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It became the public talk ; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, ordered the body of William Shaw to be given to his family for interment ; and as the only reparation to his memory and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence—a poor compensation, it will be allowed, for an act of gross cruelty and injustice.

### THE FRENCH REFUGEE.

The following singularly involved case is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754, with the initials of a correspondent, who states it to have been extracted from some minutes of evidence made by his grandfather in criminal causes in which he was counsel on the part of the crown in the reign of Charles II.

Jaques du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the custom-house, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as, having a high duty, were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled articles, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not, in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character ; but he was often detected in uttering false gold. He came frequently to persons of whom he had received money with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him : this was generally denied with great eagerness ; but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that, having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to £78, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portugal gold, about several pieces of which he scrupled ; but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till

he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad ; insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. Harris now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge ; and having sworn that these were the pieces he received, Harris was at length obliged to make them good ; but as he was confident that Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned ; and hearing from all parts what Harris had reported, he brought an action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence ; and in the meantime having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money that was found in different parcels in his scrutoire : upon further search, a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of aqua regia, and several other implements, were discovered. No doubt could now be entertained of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to trial ; and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and, above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

Now, it happened that, a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal-engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse : and his wife, who was then pregnant, and near her time, immediately fell into fits and miscarried. She was soon sensible that she could not live ; and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account :

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore intrusted with the whole secret ; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being

provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money by opening his master's scrutoire, and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces which he took out ; that by this iniquitous practice Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application were not immediately made to save him. After this account, which she gave in great agony of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions, and soon after expired. Du Moulin's wife immediately applied to a magistrate ; and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two ; but while the last was being examined, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity by offering him his life if he would become evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man who was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found ; but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended ; and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them, however, denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence, he had declared that the bad money which was found together was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it ; that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad ; but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for, as he only alleged in general terms that he knew not how they came there ; and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery but that of a woman who was dead, reported at second-hand by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf ; but it happened that, while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax : the impression was compared with the keys, and that which

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it corresponded with what was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found. When this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears and confessed all that had been alleged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's scrutoire ; and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer could not contain ; and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion : that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury either wilfully or by neglect, inattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away everything else.

### BRUNELL'S CASE.

In the year 1742 a case of a very remarkable nature occurred near Hull. A gentleman travelling to that place was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles from the town, by a single highwayman with a mask on his face, who robbed the traveller of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off by a different path full speed, and the gentleman, frightened, but not injured, except in purse, pursued his journey. It was growing late, however, and being naturally much agitated by what had passed, he rode only two miles further, and stopped at the Bell Inn, kept by Mr James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, where he related to several persons present the fact of his having been robbed ; to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he travelled he always gave his gold a peculiar mark, and that every guinea in the purse taken from him was thus marked. Hence he hoped that the robber would yet be detected. Supper being ready, he retired.

The gentleman had not long finished his supper, when Mr Brunell came into the parlour where he was, and after the usual inquiries of landlords as to the guest's satisfaction with his meal, observed, 'Sir, I understand you have been robbed not far hence this evening?' 'I have, sir,' was the reply. 'And your money was marked?'



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continued the landlord. 'It was,' said the traveller. 'A circumstance has arisen,' resumed Mr Brunell, 'which leads me to think that I can point out the robber. Pray, at what time in the evening were you stopped?' 'It was just setting in to be dark,' replied the traveller. 'The time confirms my suspicions,' said the landlord; and he then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had of late been so very full of money, and so very extravagant, that he (the landlord) had been surprised at it, and had determined to part with him, his conduct being every way suspicious; that long before dark that day he had sent out Jennings to change a guinea for him; that the man had only come back since the arrival of the traveller, saying he could not get change; and that, seeing Jennings to be in liquor, he had sent him off to bed, determining to discharge him in the morning. Mr Brunell continued to say, that when the guinea was brought back to him, it struck him that it was not the same which he had sent out for change, there being on the returned one a mark, which he was very sure was not upon the other; but that he should probably have thought no more of the matter, Jennings having frequently had gold in his pocket of late, had not the people in the kitchen told him what the traveller had related respecting the robbery, and the circumstance of the guineas being marked. He (Mr Brunell) had not been present when this relation was made, and unluckily, before he heard of it from the people in the kitchen, he had paid away the guinea to a man who lived at some distance, and who had now gone home. 'The circumstance, however,' said the landlord in conclusion, 'struck me so very strongly, that I could not refrain, as an honest man, from coming and giving you information of it.'

Mr Brunell was duly thanked for his candid disclosure. There appeared from it the strongest reasons for suspecting Jennings; and if, on searching him, any others of the marked guineas should be found, and the gentleman could identify them, there would then remain no doubt in the matter. It was now agreed to go up to his room. Jennings was fast asleep: his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse, containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became certainty; for the gentleman declared the purse and guineas to be identically those of which he had been robbed. Assistance was called; Jennings was awakened, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly; but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and next day taken before a justice-of-the-peace. The gentleman and Mr Brunell deposed to the facts upon oath; and Jennings, having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence, which could not be credited, was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong seemed the case against him, that most of the man's friends advised him to plead guilty, and throw himself on the mercy

of the court. This advice he rejected, and when arraigned, pled not guilty. The prosecutor swore to the fact of the robbery; though, as it took place in the dusk, and the highwayman was in a mask, he could not swear to the person of the prisoner, but thought him of the same stature nearly as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, when they were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse, positively, and as to the marked guineas, to the best of his belief; and he testified to their having been taken from the pocket of the prisoner.

The prisoner's master, Mr Brunell, deposed as to the sending of Jennings for the change of a guinea, and to the waiter's having brought back to him a marked one, in the room of one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the discovery of the purse and guineas on the prisoner. To consummate the proof, the man to whom Mr Brunell had paid the guinea, as mentioned, came forward and produced the coin, testifying at the same time that he had received it on the evening of the robbery from the prisoner's master in payment of a debt; and the traveller, or prosecutor, on comparing it with the other nineteen, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty marked guineas taken from him by the highwayman, and of which the other nineteen were found on Jennings.

The judge summed up the evidence, pointing out all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, convinced by this strong accumulation of circumstantial evidence, without going out of court brought in a verdict of guilty. Jennings was executed some little time afterwards at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence up till the very moment of his execution.

Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Brunell, the master of Jennings, was himself taken up for a robbery committed on a guest in his house, and the fact being proved on trial, he was convicted, and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunell not only acknowledged he had been guilty of many highway robberies, but owned himself to have committed the very one for which poor Jennings suffered.

The account which Brunell gave was, that after robbing the traveller, he had got home before him by swifter riding and by a nearer way. That he found a man at home waiting for him, to whom he owed a little bill, and to whom, not having enough of other money in his pocket, he gave away one of the twenty guineas which he had just obtained by the robbery. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell, not knowing of his arrival, was in the stable, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunell entered it, and there, to his consternation, heard of the facts, and of the guineas being marked. He became dreadfully alarmed. The guinea which he had paid away he dared not ask back again; and as the affair

of the robbery, as well as the circumstance of the marked guineas, would soon become publicly known, he saw nothing before him but detection, disgrace, and death. In this dilemma, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings occurred to him. The state of intoxication in which Jennings was, gave him an opportunity of concealing the money in the waiter's pocket. The rest of the story the reader knows.

## LADY MAZEL.

In the year 1689 there lived in Paris a woman of fashion, called Lady Mazel. Her house was capacious, and four stories high ; on the ground-floor was a large servants' hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room partitioned off from the hall slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun : the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company ; which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor up one pair of stairs was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who, pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber, also, were two doors ; one communicating with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbé Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two foot-boys ; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen, and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received ; but as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself ; after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places ; and after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbé Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her, Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the

chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with everybody he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home, and transacted his usual business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise that his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven: he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy that his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis-d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; when one observed that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject. Le Brun said: 'It must be something worse; my mind misgives me; for I found the street door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself.' They then sent for the lady's son, M. de Savoniere, who hinted to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy. Le Brun said: 'It is certainly something worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street door open last night after the family were in bed.' A smith being now brought, the door was broken open, and Le Brun entering first, ran to the bed; and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said: 'Oh, my lady is murdered!' He then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said: 'She has not been robbed; how is this?'

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds: they found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a night-cap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands, it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted round the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach, and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it: the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money and all the lady's jewels were found in the strong box and other places.

Le Brun being examined, said, that 'after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it



open ; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber.' On searching him, they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were new filed, and made remarkably large ; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the antechamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody night-cap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some persons who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose, and had afterwards fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes, nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling ; but that it was Le Brun who let him in seemed very clear. None of the locks were forced ; and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the night-cap, also a ladder of ropes being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt ; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his ; but the maids deposed that they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in the loft at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linen of Le Brun, nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances but a uniformly good character, which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his lady ; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity on February 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the injuries he received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of his guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him a gold watch was found, which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night she was murdered, and a barber swore to shaving him next morning, when, on his observing the hands of his customer to be very much scratched, Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed that, by the direction and order of Madame de Savoniere

(Lady Mazel's daughter), he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that Le Brun murdered her whilst he stood at the door to prevent surprise. In the truth of this declaration he persisted till he was brought to the place of execution, when, begging to speak with one of the judges, he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere, and confessed 'that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, he tried to get under her bed; but it being too low, he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he left his hiding-place, and being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell-strings, and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the courtyard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there; that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it and demanded her money; she began to cry out, and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about six hundred livres; that he then locked the cupboard, and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair, and let himself out; went to the loft, where he pulled off his shirt and cravat, and, leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let himself down from a window if he had found the street door double-locked; but finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found.'

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which appeared against Le Brun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story, the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to *circumstances*; and the humane will agree that in such cases even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.

## THE YOUNG SAILMAKER.

In the year 1723, a young man, who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sailmaker, got leave to visit his mother, to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey; and on his arrival at Deal in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public-house, who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full, and every bed occupied; but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indiaman, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest.

In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and wakening his bedfellow, he asked him the way to the garden. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen; but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, with which he could raise the latch. The young man did as he was directed, and after remaining nearly half an hour in the yard he returned to his bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain.

The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced from the bedroom into the street, and at intervals down to the edge of the pier-head. Rumour was immediately busy, and suspicion fell of course on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder and thrown the body over the pier into the sea. A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty.

He related all the above particulars in his defence; but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, and the blood at the pier, traced from

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his bedroom, were supposed to be too evident signs of his being murdered ; and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations, that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were drops and platforms invented. The young man was very tall ; his feet sometimes touched the ground ; and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended. After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his quitting the country, and never returning. He accordingly travelled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a man-of-war on the point of sailing for a distant part of the world ; and as he changed his name, and disguised his person, his melancholy story never was discovered.

After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he and a few more of the crew were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived short of hands from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstacy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship was the identical boatswain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and executed five years before ! Nor was the surprise of the old boatswain much less when he heard the story.

An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared that the boatswain had been bled for a pain in the side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal ; that when the young man wakened him, and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street, but a press-gang laid hold of him just as he left the public-house. They hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting ; a few minutes brought them on board a frigate then under-way for the East Indies ; and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the two friends thus strangely met. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man could only be explained by the *conjecture*, that when he took the knife out of the boatswain's pocket in the dark, it is *probable*, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of



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the knife, and in this manner became the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, this wonderful explanation was told to the judge and jury who tried the cause, and it is probable they never after convicted a man on *circumstantial* evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at the time.\*

### THOMAS GEDDELY'S CASE.

Thomas Geddely lived as a waiter with Mrs Hannah Williams, who kept a public-house at York. It being a house of much business, and the mistress very assiduous therein, she was deemed in wealthy circumstances. One morning her scrutoire was found broken open and robbed, and Thomas Geddely disappearing at the same time, no doubt was entertained as to the robber. About a twelvemonth after, a man calling himself James Crow came to York, and worked a few days for a precarious subsistence in carrying goods as a porter. Many accosted him as Thomas Geddely. He declared he did not know them, that his name was James Crow, and that he never was at York before. But this was held as merely a trick to save himself from the consequences of the robbery committed in the house of Mrs Williams, when he lived with her as waiter.

His mistress was sent for, and in the midst of many people instantly singled him out, called him by his name (Thomas Geddely), and charged him with his unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her. He was directly hurried before a justice-of-peace; but on his examination absolutely affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddely, that he knew no such person, that he never was at York before, and that his name was James Crow. Not, however, giving a good account of himself, but rather admitting that he was a vagabond and petty rogue, and Mrs Williams and another person swearing positively to his person, he was committed to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

On arraignment, he pled not guilty, still denying that he was the person he was taken for; but Mrs Williams and some others made oath that he was the identical Thomas Geddely who lived with her when she was robbed; and a servant girl deposed that she had seen him, on the very morning of the robbery, in the room where the scrutoire was broken open, with a poker in his hand. The prisoner, being unable to prove an *alibi*, was found guilty of the robbery. He was soon after executed, but persisted to his latest breath in

\* We present this case as usually recounted by popular tradition, without vouching for its accuracy. If true, the jury, it will be observed, had no proof of the murder, as the body was not found. We doubt that any judge would have sanctioned such a gross perversion of justice.

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affirming that he was not Thomas Geddely, and that his name was James Crow.

And so it proved ! Some time after, the true Thomas Geddely, who, on robbing his mistress, had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin for a crime of the same stamp, and there condemned and executed. Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddely who had committed the robbery at York for which the unfortunate James Crow had been executed.

We must add, that a gentleman, an inhabitant of York, happening to be in Dublin at the time of Geddely's trial and execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible to distinguish their persons asunder.

## BRADFORD THE INNKEEPER.

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford. He bore a respectable character. Mr Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a considerable sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers ; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in an adjoining chamber ; and this being repeated, he softly awoke his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying and in pain, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from which the groans had seemed to come. The door being ajar, they saw a light in the room. They entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand, and a knife in the other ! The man seemed as much petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the appearance of guilt. The gentlemen soon discovered that the murdered person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves ; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute

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entered the room before them. These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice-of-the-peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but with such apparent indications of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing his mittimus, 'Mr Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder.'

This remarkable affair became a topic of conversation to the whole country. Bradford was condemned by the general voice of every company. In the midst of all this predetermination, came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial; he pled not guilty. Nothing could be stronger than the evidence of the two gentlemen. They testified to the finding Mr Hayes murdered in his bed, Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife, and that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody. They stated that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and that, but a few minutes preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before: he had heard a noise; he suspected that some villainy was transacting; he struck a light, snatched up the knife, the only weapon at hand, to defend himself, and entered the room of the deceased. He averred that the terrors he betrayed were merely the feelings natural to innocence, as well as guilt, on beholding so horrid a scene. The defence, however, could not but be considered as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence so strong, so far as it went. There was little need for comment from the judge in summing up the evidence; no room appeared for extenuation; and the prisoner was declared guilty by the jury without their even leaving the box.

Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring that he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder, of Mr Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were these assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by the footman of Mr Hayes; and the assassin, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his pockets of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and then escaped back to his own room. This could scarcely have been effected, as after-circumstances shewed, more than two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this information to remorse of conscience on the part of the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) when laid on a bed of sickness. It was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It were to be wished that this account could close here; but there is more to be told. Bradford, though innocent of the murder, and not even privy to it, was nevertheless a murderer in design. He

had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr Hayes had declared at supper, as to the having a sum of money about him ; and he went to the chamber of the deceased with the same dreadful intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement on beholding himself anticipated in the crime. He could not believe his senses ; and in turning back the bed-clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which means both his hands and the weapon became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after sentence, but who, it is extremely probable, would not believe them at the time.

Besides the graver lesson to be drawn from this extraordinary case, in which we behold the simple intention of crime so signally and wonderfully punished, these events furnish a striking warning against the careless, and, it may be, vain display of money or other property in strange places. To heedlessness on this score the unfortunate Mr Hayes fell a victim. The temptation, we have seen, proved too strong for two persons out of the few who heard his ill-timed disclosure.

## THE LYON COURIER.

In the month of April 1796—or, according to the dates of the French republic, in Floreal of the year 4—a young man, named Joseph Lesurques, arrived in Paris with his wife and his three children from Douai, his native town. He was thirty-three years of age, and possessed a fortune of 15,000 livres (£600) per annum, inherited from his own and his wife's relations. He took apartments in the house of a M. Monnet, a notary in the Rue Montmartre, and made preparations for permanently residing in Paris and educating his children. One of his first cares was to repay one Guesno, proprietor of a carrying establishment at Douai, 2000 livres he had formerly borrowed. On the day following, Guesno invited Lesurques to breakfast. They accordingly went to No. 27, Rue des Boucheries, in company with two other persons, one of whom, a gentleman of the name of Couriol, was invited in consequence of his calling on the third party just as they were sitting down to breakfast. The party remained at table until nearly twelve o'clock, when they proceeded to the Palais Royal, and after having taken coffee at the Rolonde du Caveau, separated.

Four days afterwards (on the 27th April), four horsemen, mounted on good but evidently hired horses, were observed to ride out of Paris through the Barriere de Charenton, as if on a party of pleasure. They all wore long cloaks, as was then the fashion, and sabres hanging from their waists. One of the party was Couriol.

Between twelve and one o'clock the four horsemen arrived at the pretty village of Mongeron, on the road to Melun and Burgagne.



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One of the party had galloped forward to order dinner at the Hotel de la Poste, kept by Sieur Evrard : after dinner, they asked for pipes and tobacco, and two of them smoked. They paid their bill, and went to the casino of the place, where they took four cups of coffee. Shortly afterwards, they mounted their horses, and following the road, shaded by beech-trees, which leads from Mongeron to the forest of Lenart, they proceeded at a foot pace towards Lieursaint, a picturesque village in the midst of a grove.

They arrived at Lieursaint about three o'clock in the afternoon, and there made another long halt. The horse of one of the party had lost a shoe, and another of them had broken the chain of his spur by collision with a friend's horse. This one stopped at the beginning of the village, at the cottage of a woman named Chatelin, a lemonade-seller, and requested her to give him coffee, and supply him with some coarse thread to mend the chain of his spur. This woman immediately complied with his double request ; and as the traveller was not very skilful in mending the chain, she called her servant, one Grossetete, who accordingly mended the chain, and assisted in putting the spur on the boot. The three other horsemen during this time had dismounted at one Champeaux's, an innkeeper, and took something to drink, while he conducted the horse and horseman to the village smith, a man named Motteau. When the horse was shod, the four travellers went to the café of the woman Chatelin, where they played some games at billiards. At half-past seven o'clock, after taking a stirrup-cup with the innkeeper, to whose house they returned for their horses, they mounted and rode off towards Melun.

On going in, Champeaux saw on a table a sabre, which one of the travellers had forgotten to put in his belt : he wished his stable-boy to run after them, but they were already out of sight. It was not until an hour afterwards that the traveller to whom the weapon belonged, and who was the same who had mended his spur, returned at full gallop for it. He then drank a glass of brandy, and set off at full speed in the direction taken by his companions. At this moment the mail courier from Paris to Lyon arrived to change horses. It was then about half-past eight o'clock, and the night had been for some time dark. The courier, after having changed horses, and taken a fresh postilion, set out to pass the long forest of Lenart. The mail at this period was a sort of postchaise, with a large trunk behind containing the dispatches. There was one place only open to the public, at the side of the courier. It was on that day occupied by a man about thirty years of age, who had that morning taken his place to Lyon in the name of Laborde, silk merchant.

The next morning the mail was found rifled, the courier dead in his seat, with one wound right through his heart, and his head cut nearly off ; and the postilion lying in the road, also dead, his head cut open, his right hand divided, and his breast wounded in three

places. The postilion's wounds were evidently inflicted by sabres, wielded by two persons. One horse only was found near the carriage. The mail had been robbed of 75,000 livres in assignats, silver, and bank bills.

The officers of justice, in their researches, immediately discovered that five persons had passed through the barrier of Rambouillet, proceeding to Paris between four and five o'clock in the morning after the murder. The horse ridden by the postilion was found wandering about the Place Royale; and they ascertained that four horses, covered with foam, and quite exhausted, had been brought about five o'clock in the morning to a man named Muiron, Rue des Fosses-Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, by two persons who had hired them the evening before. These two persons were named Bernard and Couriol. Bernard was immediately arrested; Couriol escaped.

In the course of the inquiry, it became evident that the criminals must have been five in number. A description was obtained of the four who had ridden from Paris and stopped at Mongeron and Lieursaint, from the many persons with whom they had conversed on the road. A description was also obtained of the man who had taken his place with the courier under the name of Laborde, from the person at the coach-office, and from those who had seen him take his seat.

Couriol was traced to Chateau Thierry, where he lodged in the house of one Bruer, with whom, too, Guesno, the carrier of Douai, was also staying. The police proceeded there, and arrested Couriol: in his possession was found a sum, in assignats, drafts, and money, equal to about a fifth of what had been taken from the mail. Guesno and Bruer were also taken into custody, but they proved alibis so distinctly, that they were discharged as soon as they arrived in Paris.

The Bureau Central intrusted to one Daubenton, the *Juge de Paix* of the division of Pont-Neuf, and an officer of the judicial police, the preliminary investigations in this affair. This magistrate, after discharging Guesno, had told him to apply at his office the next morning for the return of his papers, which had been seized at Chateau Thierry; at the same time he had ordered a police-officer, named Heudon, to set out immediately for Mongeron and Lieursaint, and to bring back with him the witnesses, of whom he gave a list, so as to have them all together the next day at the central office ready to be examined.

Guesno, being desirous to obtain his papers as soon as possible, left home earlier than usual; just before he reached the central office, he met his friend Lesurques. They conversed together, and Guesno having explained the cause which took him to the office of the *Juge de Paix*, proposed that he should accompany him. They went to the office, then at the hotel now occupied by the Prefect de Police; and as Citizen Daubenton had not yet arrived, they sat

down in the antechamber, on purpose to wait his arrival, and be more speedily released.

About ten o'clock the Juge de Paix, who had entered his room by a back door, was interrupted in his perusal of the documents, before examining the witnesses, by the officer Heudon, who said : ' Among the witnesses there are two, the woman Santon, servant of Evrard the innkeeper at Mongeron, and the girl Grossetete, servant of the woman Chatelin, the lemonade-seller at Lieursaint, who declare in the most precise manner that two of the assassins were waiting in the antechamber. They said they could not be mistaken, as one of them had waited at the dinner of the four travellers at Mongeron, and the other had conversed with them at Lieursaint, and had remained more than an hour in the room while they played at billiards.

The Juge de Paix, not believing this improbable statement, ordered the two women to be introduced separately. He then examined each of them, when they energetically repeated their statement, and said that they could not be mistaken. He then, after warning the women that life and death depended on their answers, had Guesno brought into his room. ' What,' said the Juge, ' do you want here ? ' ' I come,' replied Guesno, ' for my papers, which you promised to restore to me yesterday. I am accompanied by one of my friends from Douai, my native place. His name is Lesurques. We met on the road, and he is waiting for me in the other room.'

The Juge de Paix then ordered the other person pointed out by the two women to be introduced. This was Lesurques. He conversed with him and Guesno for a few minutes, requested them to walk into another room, where the papers would be brought to them, and privately told Heudon not to lose sight of them. When they had left the room, the magistrate again asked the women if they persisted in their previous declarations ; they did persist ; their evidence was taken down in writing ; and the two friends were immediately arrested.

From this time the proceedings were pressed on with great rapidity. Guesno and Lesurques, when confronted by the witnesses, were recognised by almost all. The woman Santon asserted that it was Lesurques who, after dinner at Mongeron, wished to pay in assignats, but that the tall dark man (Couriol) paid in silver. Champeaux and his wife, the innkeepers at Lieursaint, recognised Lesurques as the man who had mended his spur and returned for his sabre. Lafolie, the stable-boy at Mongeron, the woman Alfroy, a florist at Lieursaint, all recognised him. Laurent Charbant, a labourer who had dined in the same room with the four horsemen, deposed that he was the one who had spurs affixed to his boots hussar fashion.

On the day of his arrest, Lesurques wrote to his friend the following letter, which was intercepted and added to the legal documents :

'My friend, since my arrival in Paris I have experienced nothing but troubles, but I did not expect the misfortune which now overwhelms me. Thou knowest me, and thou knowest whether I am capable of degrading myself by crime; yet the most frightful of crimes is imputed to me. I am accused of the murder of the courier to Lyon. Three men and two women, whom I know not, nor even their abode (for thou knowest that I have never left Paris), have had the assurance to declare that they remembered me, and that I was the first who rode up on horseback. Thou knowest that I have never mounted a horse since I arrived in Paris. Thou wilt see of what vital import to me is such testimony as this, which tends to my judicial assassination. Assist me with thy memory, and try to remember where I was and what persons I saw in Paris—I think it was the 7th or 8th of last month—so that I may confound these infamous calumniators, and punish them as the laws direct.'

At the bottom of this letter were written the names of the persons he had seen on that day: Citizen Tixier, General Cambrai, Made-moiselle Eugenie, Citizen Hilaire, Ledru, his wife's hairdresser, the workmen engaged on his apartments, and the porter of the house. He concluded by saying: 'Thou wilt oblige by seeing my wife often, and trying to console her.'

Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer were tried before the criminal tribunal: the first three as authors or accomplices of the assassination and robbery; Bernard for having supplied the four horses; Richard for having concealed Couriol and his mistress Madeleine Breban, and for having concealed and divided all or part of the stolen property; Bruer for having received Couriol and Guesno into his house at Chateau Thierry. In the course of the trial, the witnesses who pretended to recognise Guesno and Lesurques persisted in their declarations. Guesno and Bruer produced evidence that completely cleared them. Guesno proved his alibi in the most distinct manner, and thus insured his acquittal. Lesurques called fifteen witnesses, all citizens, exercising respectable professions, and enjoying the esteem of the public. He appeared at the bar with remarkable confidence and calmness. The first witness for the defence was Citizen Legrand, a countryman of Lesurques, a wealthy silversmith and jeweller. He testified that, on the 8th, the very day the crime was committed, Lesurques passed one part of the morning with him. In addition, Aldenof, a jeweller, and Hilaire Ledru Chausfer, affirmed that they had dined with the prisoner on the same day at his relation's, Lesurques, in the Rue Montorquiel. They stated, that after dinner they went to a café, and after taking some liqueur, had seen him to his own house.

The painter Beudart added, that he meant to have dined with his friends, but that being on duty as a National Guard, he could not arrive in time, but that he had been at Lesurques's house the same evening in uniform, and had seen him retire to rest. In support of



this deposition, this witness produced his billet-de-garde, dated the 8th. The workmen who were employed on the apartments Lesurques was about to occupy, deposed that they had seen him several times in the course of the 8th and 9th.

The jeweller Legrand, to corroborate his testimony, had stated that on the day, the 8th Floreal (27th April), he had before dinner made an exchange with Aldenof, or, at anyrate, that it was mentioned in his book on that day. He proposed that his book should be brought. It was examined in court, and discovered that the 9th had been clumsily scratched out, and the 8th substituted. This at once changed the favourable impression which had been produced in favour of the prisoner, and the witness was ordered into custody. He then lost all presence of mind, and owned that he was not certain of having seen Lesurques on that day, but that, feeling convinced of his innocence, he had altered his register to corroborate his own testimony. This circumstance produced the most unfavourable effect on the judges ; but in spite of the dark complexion of his case, Lesurques continued to maintain his innocence.

The discussions and examinations were closed, and the jury had retired to deliberate. At this moment a woman, in a violent state of excitement, called aloud from the midst of the crowd in the court for leave to speak to the president. She was, she said, urged by the voice of conscience to save the tribunal from committing a dreadful crime. On being placed before the judge, she declared that Lesurques was innocent ; that the witnesses had mistaken him for a man of the name of Dubosq, to whom he bore an extraordinary resemblance. This woman was Madeleine Breban, the mistress of Couriol, and the confidante of his most secret thoughts ; who now abandoned him, and avowed her own guilt to save Lesurques.

Madeleine Breban's evidence was rejected, and the jury brought in their verdict, by which Couriol, Lesurques, and Bernard were condemned to death. Richard was sentenced to twenty-four years' labour in irons ; Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.\*

No sooner had sentence been pronounced, than Lesurques, rising calmly, and addressing his judges, said : ' I am innocent of the crime imputed to me. Ah ! citizens, if murder on the highway be atrocious, to execute an innocent man is not less a crime.' Couriol then rose, and exclaimed : ' I am guilty ; I own my crime ; but Lesurques is innocent ; and Bernard did not participate in the assassination !' He repeated these words four times, and on returning to his prison, wrote a letter to his judges, full of anguish and repentance, in which was this passage : ' I never knew Lesurques. My accomplices were Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosq. The resemblance of Dubosq has deceived the witnesses.'

Madeleine Breban presented herself, after sentence had been

\* At that period the sentence was part of the jury's verdict.

pronounced, to renew her declaration. Two parties attested that, before the condemnation of the prisoners, Madeleine had said to them that Lesurques had never had any connection with the guilty parties—that he was the victim of his fatal likeness to Dubosq. The declaration of Couriol caused some doubt in the minds of the judges. They immediately applied to the Directory for a reprieve, who, alarmed at the probability of an innocent man being executed, applied to the legislative assemblies; for all judicial means had been exhausted. The message of the Directory to the ‘Five Hundred’ was urgent. It requested a reprieve, and instructions on the subsequent steps to be taken. It concluded in these words—‘Ought Lesurques to die on the scaffold because he resembles a criminal?’

The legislative body passed to the order of the day, considering that, as all legal forms had been fulfilled, a single case ought not to cause an infraction of forms previously settled; and *that to annul on such grounds the sentence legally pronounced by a jury would subvert all ideas of justice and of equality before the law!*

The right of pardon had been abolished. Lesurques was left without help or hope. He bore his fate with firmness and resignation. On the day of his death he wrote to his wife the following letter: ‘My dear friend, we cannot avoid our fate. I shall, at any rate, endure it with the courage which becomes a man. I send some locks of my hair; when my children are older, divide it with them. It is the only thing that I can leave them.’

In a letter of adieu addressed to his friends, he merely observed: ‘Truth has not been heard; I shall die the victim of mistake.’

He published in the newspapers the following letter to Dubosq, whose name had been revealed by Couriol: ‘Man, in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life: if you be ever brought to justice, think of my three children, covered with shame, and of their mother’s despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes of so fatal a resemblance.’

On the 10th of March 1797, Lesurques went to the place of execution dressed completely in white, as a symbol of his innocence, with his shirt turned over his shoulders. The day was Holy Thursday (old style). He expressed his regret at not having to die the next day, the anniversary of the Passion. On the way from prison to the place of execution, Couriol, who was seated in the car beside him, cried in a loud voice, addressing himself to the people: ‘I am guilty, but Lesurques is innocent!’

When he reached the scaffold, already red with the blood of Bernard, Lesurques gave himself up to the executioners, saying: ‘I pardon my judges; the witnesses, whose mistake has murdered me; and Legrand, who has not a little contributed to this judicial assassination. I die protesting my innocence.’

Many of the jury afterwards expressed their regret at having given credit to the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieursaint; and Citizen

## CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Daubenton, the Juge de Paix, who had arrested Lesurques, and conducted the first proceedings, resolved to investigate the truth, which could only be satisfactorily effected through the arrest and trial of the four persons denounced by Couriol as his accomplices.

Two years elapsed without the conscientious magistrate being able, in spite of all his inquiries, to discover the slightest trace of the fugitives. At length, in examining the numerous warrants and registers of persons daily brought to his bureau, he discovered that Durochat, the individual whom Couriol had denounced as the one who had taken his place by the side of the courier, under the name of Laborde, had just been arrested for a robbery he had lately effected, and lodged in St Pelagie. At the time of Lesurques's trial, it had come out in evidence that several persons, amongst others an inspector of the post-mails, had preserved a perfect recollection of the pretended Laborde, having seen him when waiting for the mail.

Citizen Daubenton, by great exertion, secured the presence of the inspector in the court on the day of Durochat's trial. He was condemned to fourteen years' labour in chains ; and as the gens-d'armes were conducting him to prison, the inspector recognised the prisoner as the same person who had travelled in the mail towards Lyon, under the name of Laborde, on the day on which the courier was assassinated.

Durochat made but feeble denials, and was reconducted to the Conciergerie, where Citizen Daubenton had him immediately detained, under a charge arising out of the proceedings against Couriol. The next morning the magistrate, assisted by Citizen Masson, an officer of the criminal tribunal, took means for transferring the prisoner to the prisons of Melun, where he arrived the same evening. After being examined early the next morning, it was found necessary to transfer him to Versailles, where he was to be tried. The magistrate and officer set out, followed by two gens-d'armes, to convey the prisoner to Versailles. On arriving at a village near Grosbois, he asked for breakfast ; for he had eaten nothing since the preceding evening. The escort therefore stopped at the first inn, and Durochat then asked to speak with the Juge de Paix alone. The Juge having sent away the two gens-d'armes and the officer Masson, although the latter made signs to him that it was dangerous to remain alone with such a consummate villain, ordered breakfast for himself and Durochat. A table was placed between them ; the servant, acting under the orders of Masson, brought only one knife. Citizen Daubenton took it to open an egg, when Durochat, looking hard at him said : ' Monsieur le Juge, you are afraid ! ' ' Of whom ? ' said Daubenton. ' Of me,' replied Durochat ; ' you have armed yourself with a knife.' The Juge de Paix presented the knife to him by the handle, saying : ' There, cut me some bread, and tell me what you know about the assassination of the courier.'

Durochat rose up from his seat, and laying down the knife, which

he had at first grasped menacingly, exclaimed: 'You are a brave fellow, citizen. I am a lost man—my time's up—but you shall know all!' He then related every particular of the murder, which completely agreed with the statements made by Couriol. He stated that Vidal had projected the affair, and had communicated it to him at a restaurant's in the Champs Elysées. The criminals were Couriol, Rossi, alias Beroldy, Vidal, himself, and Dubosq. Dubosq had forged for him the passport in the name of Laborde, by means of which he easily procured another for Lyon, to enable him to take his place in the mail. He had also lent the party 3000 francs in assignats. Bernard had supplied four horses for Couriol, Rossi, Vidal, and Dubosq. They had attacked the carriage as the postilion was slackening his pace to ascend a little hill. It was he (Durochat) who had stabbed the courier at the instant that Rossi cut down the postilion with a sabre; he had then given up his horse to him (Durochat), and had returned to Paris on that of the postilion. As soon as they arrived there, they all met at Dubosq's, Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, where they proceeded to divide the booty. Bernard, who had only procured the horses, was there, and claimed his share, and got it. 'I have heard,' he added, 'that there was a fellow named Lesurques condemned for this business; but to tell the truth, I never knew the fellow either at the planning of the business, or at its execution, or at the division of the spoil. After the crime, I lodged with Vidal, Rue des Fontaines. I left there soon afterwards, on hearing of the arrest of Couriol. The porter at that house was named Perrier.'

The confession of Durochat was taken down in writing, and signed by him. The party then resumed their journey to Versailles, and on the prisoner's arrival there, he renewed it before one of the judges of the tribunal. 'The magistrate,' says Citizen Daubenton, 'present at this examination observed to Durochat that Lesurques had been sworn to as one of the party of four,' and also 'that he had silver spurs on his boots, which he had been seen to repair with thread, and that this spur had been found on the place where the mail had been attacked.' Durochat replied: 'It was Dubosq who had the silver spurs. The morning we divided the plunder, I remember hearing that he had broken one of the chains of his spurs; that he had mended it where he dined, and lost it in the scuffle. I saw in his hand the other spur, which he said he was going to throw into the mixen.' Durochat then described Dubosq, and added that on the day of the murder he wore a blonde wig.

Some days after the arrest of Durochat, Vidal, one of the other authors of the crime, was also arrested. Although all the witnesses swore to him as one of the party who had dined and played at billiards, he denied everything. Special proceedings were instituted against him, and he remained in the prisons of La Seine.

Durochat was condemned to death, and executed. He underwent



his fate with perfect indifference. Vidal was shut up in the principal prison of Seine and Oise, where the prosecution commenced in Paris was carried on.

Towards the end of the year 8 (1799—1800), four years after the assassination of the courier, Dubosq, having been arrested for a robbery in the department of Allier, where he had retired under a false name, was recognised in the prisons, brought to Paris, and thence to Versailles, to be tried at the same time as Vidal before the criminal tribunal. It was discovered, on searching the registers, that while very young he had been condemned to the galleys for life for stealing plate at the archbishop's of Besançon. He had afterwards escaped at the time of the revolutionary disturbances. Arrested in Paris for a second robbery, he had been again condemned, and had again escaped. Retaken at Rouen, he had once more succeeded in breaking loose; and, arrested at Lyon, he had a fourth time broken from prison. This last escape occurred a few weeks before the attack on the mail and double murder in the forest of Lenart. Like Vidal, however, he denied everything.

Dubosq and Vidal, being both confined in the prison of Versailles, planned an escape, which they soon executed. After having climbed over the two first walls, and reached the top of the outside one, they had only to jump down twenty-five feet into the street. Vidal tried first, and succeeded; Dubosq broke his leg in the attempt, and was retaken. The Citizen Daubenton spared no pains to discover Vidal's retreat. He learned soon afterwards that he had been arrested at Lyon for new crimes. He was brought back to Versailles; but in the meantime Dubosq had recovered from his fracture, and found means to break out of prison. Vidal was tried alone, condemned, and executed.

At length, in the latter part of the year 9 (1800—1801), Dubosq was again arrested, and immediately brought before the criminal tribunal of Versailles. The president had ordered a blonde wig to be placed on his head before the witnesses were called in. 'The Citizen Perault, a member of the legislative assembly, and one of those who had seen the four cavaliers who had dined at Mongeron on the day of the murder of the courier, and who had recognised Lesurques as one of them, stated that there was a striking resemblance between Dubosq and Lesurques.' The woman Alfroy, who had before sworn to Lesurques as one of the four, declared that she was mistaken in her evidence before the Tribunal de la Seine, and that she was now firmly convinced that it was not Lesurques but Dubosq that she had seen. To this evidence Dubosq replied by stubborn denials. It was proved that he was intimate with the guilty parties; indeed he could not deny it; and the declarations of Couriol, Durochat, and Madeleine Breban had great weight against him.

He was unanimously condemned, and was executed the 3d

Ventose, in the year 10 (22d February 1802). At length the last of the accomplices denounced by Couriol and Durochat, Rossi, otherwise Ferrari, or the Great Italian, whose real name was Beroldy, was discovered near Madrid, and given up at the request of the French government. Having been tried and sentenced to death at Versailles, he testified the utmost repentance, and went to execution, receiving religious attentions from Monsieur de Grandpré. After the execution, Monsieur de Grandpré stated to the president that he had been authorised by the criminal to confess the justice of his sentence. The same Monsieur Grandpré deposited with M. Destrumeau, a notary at Versailles, a declaration written and signed by Beroldy, otherwise Rossi, which was not to be published until six months after his death. The following is the tenor of this document, which is given, with all the particulars of this extraordinary case, in a memoir written by M. Daubenton, the Juge de Paix. 'I declare that the man named Lesurques is innocent; but this declaration, which I give to my confessor, is not to be published until six months after my death.'

Thus terminated this long judicial drama. Ferrari, otherwise Rossi, was the sixth executed as one of the authors or accomplices in the murder of the Lyon courier, besides Richard, who was condemned to the galleys for having received the stolen property, and for having concealed Couriol, and afterwards assisted him to fly. Yet it was most distinctly proved, in the course of the trials, that there were only five murderers. The one who, under the name of Laborde, had taken his place beside the courier, and the four horsemen who rode on the horses hired by Bernard, dined at Mongeron, and took coffee and played at billiards at Lieursaint.

The widow and family of Lesurques, relying on these facts, and supported by the declarations of Couriol and Durochat, the confessions of Rossi and Vidal, and the retractions of the witnesses in Dubosq's trial, applied for a revision of the sentence so far as concerned Lesurques, in order to obtain a *rehabilitation* (a judicial declaration of his innocence, and the restoration of his property), if he should be proved the victim of an awful judicial error.

The Citizen Daubenton devoted the latter part of his life, and the greater part of his fortune to the discovery of the truth. In the conclusion of his memoir, he declared that, according to his conviction, there were sufficient grounds to induce the government to order a revision of Lesurques's sentence. He concluded his statement by saying, that 'the Calases, the Servens, and all the others for whom the justice of our sovereigns had ordered a like revision, had none of them had such strong presumptions in their favour as the unhappy Lesurques.'

But the right of revision no longer existed in the French code. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Restoration, the applications of the widow and family of Lesurques were equally unsuccessful.

## CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

All that the family could obtain was the restoration, in the last two years of the reign of the elder Bourbons, of part of the property sequestrated according to the law in force at the time of Lesurques's execution.

Since the revolution of 1830, the Lesurques family have made more than one appeal to the legislature, but still in vain. The widow of Lesurques died in the month of October 1842. His eldest son fell fighting in the ranks of the French army. A son and daughter only remained, whom their mother, on her death-bed, adjured to continue the pious labour which she had commenced the day when her husband perished on the scaffold.\*

## CASES IN AMERICA.

Mrs Child, in her work, *Letters from New York* (1843), advocating the abolition of capital punishments, gives a notice of two cases in which circumstantial evidence led to the execution of the wrong parties.

The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness of the laws. The real danger is in having laws on the statute-book at variance with universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The evasion even of a bad law is attended with many mischievous results: its abolition is always safe. In looking at capital punishment in its practical bearings on the operation of justice, an observing mind is at once struck with the extreme uncertainty attending it. Another thought which forces itself upon the mind in consideration of this subject, is the danger of convicting the innocent. Murder is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and therefore the proof must be mainly circumstantial. This kind of evidence is in its nature so precarious, that men have learned great timidity in trusting to it.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The

\* It is but right to state that some of the highest juridical authorities in France either deny that the condemnation of Lesurques was an error, or hold that, at all events, the case is far from being so clear as the advocates of his innocence would make it appear. President Zangiacomi, one of the most enlightened and conscientious members of the Court of Cassation, presented a Report on the case to the Council of State, which appeared in the *Moniteur*, August 7, 1822. From this Report it appears that, at the trial of Dubosq in the year 9, of the nine witnesses who had previously testified to having seen Lesurques in the company of the assassins, eight persisted in declaring that they had not been mistaken. Repeatedly confronted with Dubosq, they pointed out various differences between his appearance and that of Lesurques, on which they grounded their persistence. The voice of these eight unimpeachable witnesses ought, M. Zangiacomi thinks, to outweigh the declaration of the confessed murderers that Lesurques was not an accomplice. As to the circumstance of more persons being condemned and executed for the crime than were concerned in it, it is pointed out as remarkable that the accused themselves vary as to the exact number, making it either five or six; while, from the statements of two of the witnesses, it appears very probable that the assassins were seven in number.

quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual; but he sat with his back towards them, and being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that from that day to this he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event the woman died, and on her death-bed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

Many of my readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, that still circulates in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited; her family were proud; and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honour. Misled by this false popular sentiment and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well, that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practised with them daily. Mr Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favourable opportunity, and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-



known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution he endeavoured to cut his throat; but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a Christian community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honour was in accordance with public sentiment, her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.





## THE LAST EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

A STORY OF THE REBELLION OF 1715.



THE unhappy fate of this nobleman, united to a consideration of his youth, his amiable and gallant character, and the ancestral honours and vast estates which he forfeited with life by one rash act, renders him a kind of hero in popular sympathies. We are therefore induced to present a brief memoir of his life, in connection with the rebellion of 1715, trusting that, independently of the moral that may be drawn from it, it may aid in inspiring a taste for our national history.

He was the representative of an ancient Northumberland family named Radcliffe, which, besides their own originally large possessions, had acquired by marriage an immense property in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater Lake, in Cumberland. Throughout the troubles of the seventeenth century, they uniformly espoused the cause of royalty, as did many others of the Northumberland gentry, especially such as, like them, professed the Catholic religion. At length their attachment to the Stuart family was confirmed in an interesting manner by the marriage of the eldest son of Sir Francis Radcliffe to a natural daughter of King

## THE LAST EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

Charles II. This event took place in 1687, and in the ensuing year Sir Francis was made Earl of Derwentwater by King James II., then about to lose his throne in consequence of his arbitrary measures, and his endeavours to introduce the Roman Catholic religion.

When the Revolution took place, and James, with his consort and infant son, sought refuge in France, the Derwentwater family adhered most devotedly to his ruined fortunes, thus manifesting a feeling which must be approved of as taken by itself, but which, in existing circumstances, was dangerous to the public peace, and apt to lead to evil. James, the eldest son of the second earl, and the subject of this memoir, was brought up at St Germain in France, with the son of the exiled king, who was of the same age, and with whom, accordingly, he formed one of those youthful friendships which are usually found to be both the most tender and the most lasting. On the death of his father in 1705, he succeeded in his seventeenth year to the titles and estates of his family, and came to live at Dilston, in Northumberland, a fine old mansion, where he exercised almost princely hospitality. He was in due time happily married to a daughter of Sir John Webb of Canford, in Dorsetshire, by whom he had two children, a son and daughter. His amiable disposition now shone out in the management of his extensive property. He was regarded with affectionate veneration by men of every rank, and was in the habit of visiting the cottages upon his estates, that his own eye might discover, and his own hand relieve, the wants and distresses of the poor.

## REBELLION OF 1715-16.

Shortly after the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of George I., which events occurred in the autumn of 1714, a very extensive design existed for restoring the family of Stuart to the throne. Those who favoured this unhappy cause—usually termed Jacobites, from James (Jacobus) II., who had forfeited the crown in 1688—were principally old families of rank in the north and west of England and in Scotland, and other persons who were adverse to those principles of elective monarchy which had raised the family of Hanover to the throne. The government of George I. becoming alarmed for its safety, took measures to prevent the expected insurrection, seized the horses, arms, and ammunition which had been gathered together by the Jacobite leaders, and hastened to take various persons into custody. The Habeas Corpus Act, which gives the people a right to immediate trial, should they be seized for any alleged offences, was likewise suspended. This extreme measure is supposed to have precipitated the rebellion.

Among the noblemen and gentlemen who were ordered to be taken into custody on suspicion, were the Earl of Derwentwater, and

Mr Foster, member of parliament for the county of Northumberland. Warrants were accordingly issued for their apprehension; but the design having been communicated by one of the clerks at the Secretary of State's office to his lordship's friends in London, they immediately gave him warning of the intended arrest. Lord Derwentwater, in consequence, fled from Dilston, and found refuge in the cottage of one Richard Lambert, a humble but faithful retainer of his family. For some time preparations had been making by the Roman Catholic gentry of Northumberland, in concert with their friends in London, to appear in arms on the first warning. The manner in which they communicated their plans to each other is somewhat curious. As it was considered unsafe to employ the usual mode of carrying on so important a correspondence, gentlemen were engaged to travel on horseback from place to place in the country, as if on commercial concerns, and letters were deposited by them in secure situations, while others were there taken up and delivered elsewhere. The placing of letters beneath stones at certain spots on the hills and moors was one of the expedients resorted to; and it was by this means that the Earl of Derwentwater received private intelligence from his friends.

His lordship remained some time in concealment, but being at length desirous of an interview with his family, he repaired secretly to his own house. A considerate wife on such an occasion would have probably recommended safe and moderate measures to her husband. But the Countess of Derwentwater is said to have been of a temper which made her a bad adviser at this juncture. On his lordship presenting himself before her, she reproached him with some asperity, declaring it was not fitting that the Earl of Derwentwater should continue to hide his head in hovels from the light of day when the gentry were up in arms for the cause of their rightful sovereign. It is also said that she at the same time threw down her fan, indignantly exclaiming: 'Take that, and give your sword to me.' These stinging reproaches decided the earl as to the course he should pursue. He resolved to join the insurgents. Orders were instantly given that all his servants should hold themselves in immediate readiness to march; and assembling his small company in the courtyard, he commanded them to draw their swords and follow him. His horses had been for some time in the custody of a neighbouring justice of the peace, according to the order of council; but when his lordship required them, they were returned. It is hinted by a historian of the period, that a smart bribe paid by the earl to the justice—for neither magistrates, nor judges, nor statesmen in these times were above taking money to serve the ends of a suitor—was the ready means of unlocking the doors of the stables in which his lordship's horses were confined.

This unfortunate nobleman may now be said to have committed himself for the cause of the Stuarts, trusting no doubt to the general



understanding, if not express promise, that hundreds of other north-country gentlemen would readily throw themselves into the same enterprise. In this expectation, as events proved, his lordship was doomed to disappointment. Those who talk most about fighting for principle, are often wonderfully slack when the time for action arrives. It was on the 6th October (1715) that the Earl of Derwentwater went into open rebellion. A few weeks before, the Earl of Mar had commenced a similar rising in Scotland, and he was now posted at Perth with a considerable body of troops. It was expected that, in both countries, the flocking to the Stuart standard would have been hearty and general; and important aid was expected from France. Unluckily for those who took arms, the unexpected death of Louis XIV. prevented all foreign assistance, and also acted severely in repressing the ardour of such as were still undeclared. On the side of the English, in particular, there was a lamentable failure of energy. Attended by only a small body of retainers, the Earl of Derwentwater met Mr Foster with a few men at a place called Greenrig, on the top of a hill in Northumberland. The whole force amounted to sixty persons on horseback. What was wanting in numbers, could not well be said to be compensated by military skill or heroism. The smallness of Derwentwater's party shewed that the authority which he possessed over his extensive estates, and the large mines which belonged to him at Alston Moor, had either been exerted very feebly, or had been counteracted by some opposite influence. He was himself, though an amiable man, possessed of no special talents for such an enterprise; while his companion Foster, was worse, being decidedly of weak understanding.

The party of insurgents, having consulted as to their future movements, marched first to a place called Plainfield, on the river Coquet, where they were joined by a number of friends, and then to Rothbury, a small market-town, where they quartered for the night. Next morning, they proceeded to Warkworth, where they were joined by Lord Widdrington, great-grandson of the famous Lord Widdrington, 'one of the most goodly persons of that age,' who had been killed fighting for Charles II. in 1651. Foster was now chosen commander-in-chief, not on account of his superior influence and station, or from any supposed abilities or military knowledge, but merely because he was a Protestant; it being judged unwise to excite popular prejudice against their cause by placing a Catholic at their head. On Sunday morning, Mr Foster sent Mr Buxton, the chaplain of the insurgents, to the parson of the parish, with orders that he should pray for King James by name; and that in the Litany he should introduce the names of Mary, the queen-mother, and all the dutiful branches of the royal family, but omit the names of King George and his family. But the parson prudently declined compliance, and, quitting the place altogether, took refuge in Newcastle; on which Mr Buxton took possession of the church, and performed

divine service. On the following day, Mr Foster, in disguise, proclaimed James III. with sound of trumpet, and all other formalities which the circumstances of the place would admit. From Warkworth they marched to Alnwick, where they renewed their proclamation, and received some friends. Proceeding next to Morpeth, they were joined at Felton Bridge by seventy horse from the Scottish border, so that they now amounted to 300, the highest number which they ever attained. Some of their adherents remained undecided till the last fatal moment. Patten mentions that one of their number, John Hall of Otterburn, attended a meeting of the quarter-sessions which was held at Alnwick for the purpose of taking measures for quelling the rebellion, but left it to join the insurgents with such precipitation that he forgot his hat upon the bench. The insurgents received many offers of assistance from the country people, but were obliged to decline them, as they had neither arms to equip nor money to pay them. They therefore deemed it advisable to receive none but such as came mounted and equipped.

At this period, Foster received information of a dexterous exploit performed by one of their friends, a Newcastle skipper of the name of Lancelot Errington. The small fort of Holy Island was then guarded by a few soldiers, who were exchanged once a week from the garrison of Berwick. It seems to have occurred to the insurgents that this fort might be of considerable service to them, as affording a station for making signals to the French ships which they expected to land on that coast with reinforcements of troops and supplies of arms. Accordingly, Errington, accompanied by a few Jacobite friends, sailed on the 10th of October to make an attempt upon it; and as he was in the habit of supplying the garrison with provisions, his appearance excited no suspicion. He was admitted as usual into the port near the castle, and subsequently, while part of the garrison were visiting his ship, he entered the castle itself, and made himself master of it without experiencing the least resistance. As soon as this was accomplished, Errington attempted to apprise his friends at Warkworth of the exploit which he had performed, in order that immediate assistance might be sent to him. Unluckily, his signals were not perceived by them; while the governor of Berwick, having received intelligence of the capture of the fort, resolved to make an effort for its recovery before Errington could receive the necessary supplies of men and provisions. The next day he despatched a party of thirty soldiers and about fifty volunteers, who, crossing the sands at low water, attacked the little fort, and instantly overpowered the handful of defenders. Errington was wounded, and taken prisoner, but subsequently contrived to escape.

The main body of the insurgents had in the meantime experienced a severe disappointment in the failure of their attempt to obtain possession of the important city of Newcastle. As they had many

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friends in the place, and Sir William Blackett, one of the representatives in parliament, and a great coal-proprietor, and therefore possessed of extensive influence among the keelmen, was understood to be warmly inclined towards their cause, they expected an easy capture of the town, intending to make it a grand stronghold for their party. But the great body of the inhabitants, like those of all the thriving towns in the country, were zealous for the reigning family, and prepared to defend the town with the greatest alacrity. Newcastle, though not regularly fortified, had strong walls and gates, which were well secured and defended by 700 volunteers, while as many more could very soon have been raised among the keelmen or bargemen employed on the Tyne. The Earl of Scarborough, lord-lieutenant of Northumberland, and a number of the neighbouring gentry, supported the well-affected portion of the citizens in their resolution, and in the course of a few days the arrival of a body of regular troops put this important post out of danger. Frustrated in their designs on Newcastle, the insurgents turned aside to Hexham, from which they were led, few of them knowing whither, to a large heath or moor near Dilston, and there they halted, waiting for an opportunity to surprise Newcastle. But hearing of the arrival of General Carpenter with part of those forces with which he afterwards attacked the insurgents, they again retired to Hexham, where they proclaimed King James, nailing the proclamation to the market-cross, where it was allowed to remain several days after they had left the town. They had, a few days before, sent a message to the Earl of Mar, informing him of their proceedings, and entreating him to send them a reinforcement of foot-soldiers, of which they stood greatly in need.

In the meantime the Jacobites in the south-west of Scotland had also risen in insurrection, and placing Viscount Kenmure, a Protestant nobleman of high character, at their head, proposed by a sudden effort to possess themselves of the town of Dumfries. The citizens, however, zealously prepared themselves for a resolute defence, and being vigorously supported by the Marquis of Annandale, the lord-lieutenant of the county, and many of the Whig gentlemen of the neighbourhood, they succeeded in baffling the enterprise, which, if successful, must have been attended with credit to the arms of the insurgents. Lord Kenmure, finding that he could not, with a handful of cavalry, propose to storm a town the citizens of which were determined on resistance, resolved to unite his forces with the Northumberland gentlemen who were in arms in the same cause; and for that object proceeded through Hawick and Jedburgh over the Border to Rothbury, where, on the 19th, the junction was effected.

‘The two bodies,’ says Sir Walter Scott, ‘inspected each other’s military state and equipments with the anxiety of mingled hope and apprehension. The general character of the troops was the same, but the Scots seemed the best prepared for action, being mounted

on strong hardy horses fit for the charge ; and though but poorly disciplined, were well armed with the basket-hilted broadsword, then common throughout Scotland. The English gentlemen, on the other hand, were mounted on fleet blood-horses, better adapted for the race-course and hunting-field than for action. There was among them a great want of war-saddles, curb-bridles, and, above all, of swords and pistols ; so that the Scots were inclined to doubt whether men so well equipped for flight, and so imperfectly prepared for combat, might not, in case of an encounter, take the safer course, and leave them in the lurch. They were unpleasantly reminded of their want of swords on entering Wooler. Their commanding officer having given the order : " Gentlemen, you that have swords, draw them," a fellow among the crowd inquired, with some drollery : " And what shall they do who have none?" This was a question more easily asked than answered.

' Out of the four troops commanded by Foster, the two raised by Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widdrington were, like those of the Scots, composed of gentlemen, and their relations and dependants. But the third and fourth troops differed considerably in their composition. The one was commanded by John Hunter, who united the character of a border farmer with that of a contraband trader ; the other by a person named Douglas, who was remarkable for his dexterity and success in searching for arms and horses—a trade which he is said not to have limited to the time of the rebellion. Into the troops of these last-named officers many persons of slender reputation were introduced, who had either lived by smuggling, or by the ancient Border practice of horse-lifting, as it was called. These light and suspicious characters, however, fought with determined courage at the barricades of Preston.\*

The combined forces of Kenmure and Foster having been apprised that a detachment from Mar's army had been sent across the Firth of Forth to join them, crossed the Tweed, and directed their march towards Kelso, which had been appointed as the place of junction. The Earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the rebels in Scotland, sent upon this mission towards the Borders a body of picked men, to the number of 2500, including the Mackintoshes, the Farquharsons, and the greater part of the regiments of Lords Strathmore and Nairn, Lord Charles Murray, and Drummond of Logie Drummond—the whole under the command of Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, a veteran of zeal, experience, and intrepidity. After various bold exploits, one of which was a threatened attack of Edinburgh, which caused great alarm, Mackintosh marched southward through the

\* *Tales of a Grandfather*, third series, vol. i. p. 261. It is supposed that not a few of these Borderers joined the insurgents purely for the more convenient exercise of their calling. When it was reported that Hunter had quartered his troop near Carpenter's camp, a gentleman who knew his character well, could not help exclaiming : ' Then we shall hear no more of Carpenter's dragoons. Let Hunter but get near them, and he will not leave them a horse to mount on.'



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wilds of Lammermoor, and on the 22d of October joined the forces of Lord Kenmure and Mr Foster at Kelso, which had been hurriedly evacuated by the government militia and volunteers. The combined forces of the insurgents, when mustered in Kelso, were found to amount to about 600 horse and 1400 foot. The day of their arrival was entirely spent in appropriate religious exercises. Orders were given by Viscount Kenmure, who commanded when in Scotland, that the troops should attend divine service in the magnificent abbey of David I., then occupied as a Presbyterian place of worship. Mr Buxton, who has been already mentioned, read prayers, after which Mr Patten, chaplain to Mr Foster, and the historian of the rebellion, preached a sermon on hereditary right, from Deut. xxi. 17—'The right of the first-born is his.' In the afternoon, Mr Irvine, an old Scottish Episcopalian clergyman, delivered a discourse full of earnest exhortation to his hearers to be zealous and steady in the cause in which they had embarked; which discourse, by his own information to Mr Patten, he had preached nearly thirty years before in the Highlands to Lord Dundee and his army, a little before the battle of Killiecrankie. 'It was very agreeable,' says Patten, 'to see how decently and reverently the very common Highlanders behaved, and answered the responses according to the rubric, to the shame of many that pretend to more polite breeding.'

Next day, October 24, the whole army marched to the market-cross, with drums beating and colours flying; and a circle having been formed, with the chiefs and officers in the centre, King James was proclaimed by Mr Seton of Barnes, claimant of the vacant earldom of Dunfermline. The manifesto of the Earl of Mar was next read, at the end of which the people shouted: 'No union! no malt-tax! no salt-tax!' such being the popular grievances of the period. Here, as at other places, they appropriated the public revenues to their own use. They also instituted a search for arms, and seized several pieces of cannon brought by Sir William Bennet from the ancient fortress of Hume Castle, where they had in former times been employed for the purpose of annoying the English in their incursions into Scotland. They likewise plundered the mansions of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and destroyed all the corn they could find upon their estates.

They remained in Kelso from the 22d to the 27th of October, and hearing that General Carpenter had advanced as far as Wooler, for the purpose of attacking them, they held a council of war to deliberate on the course which they should pursue. One plan of operations was advocated by the Scots, another by the English. The former proposed to follow out the design with which Mar had sent the Highlanders across the Forth, by moving westward along the Border, reducing in their way the towns of Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow, and then, uniting with the insurgent clans of the West

Highlands, operate upon the rear of Argyle's army, while the Earl of Mar should attack him in front. In this way, they contended, there was every chance of their being able to drive the Duke of Argyle entirely out of Scotland. The English portion of the insurgents, on the other hand, insisted that they should march southward, and attack General Carpenter, who was coming towards them at the head of about 900 newly levied troops, who were not merely very raw soldiers, but much fatigued with forced marches. Their great superiority of numbers would have made them almost certain of victory, which would have cast no small lustre on their arms, and have drawn many accessions to their force. Either of these plans, if decidedly pursued, seemed to promise success; but unfortunately, the irreconcilable difference of opinion as to their comparative merits between the two portions of the army, rendered it impossible to adopt either course. The Highlanders positively refused to enter England, and the English were determined to advance no further in Scotland. In the end, a half-measure was agreed upon. They resolved to march neither against Carpenter nor Argyle, but to move westward along the Border—a course which might advance them equally on their road, whether they should finally determine to take the route to the west of Scotland or to Lancashire. Like all half-measures, this foolish scheme was signally unsuccessful; for General Carpenter and his dragoons, falling into their track and following in their rear, gave to their march the appearance of a flight. On the horse arriving at Jedburgh, an alarm was given that Lord Lumley, who had lately raised a body of light-horse in Northumberland, had attacked their foot, who were considerably in the rear. This intelligence produced no little consternation, and Charles Radcliffe, mounting his horse, called on 'all those who had any courage' to mount and follow him. Some of those who stood beside the general tore off the white cockades from their hats, to make themselves appear guiltless in the eyes of those by whom they expected to be immediately taken. Others sought places of concealment throughout the town. The greater part eventually mounted their horses, and marched out to join the foot; but the alarm proved false; so they returned, says Patten, 'worse frightened than hurt.' After remaining for two days at Jedburgh, the insurgents resolved to cross the hills into North Tynedale, and accordingly Captain Hunter, who was well acquainted with the country, was despatched thither to provide quarters for the army. But the Highlanders having still resolutely refused to cross the Border, they were eventually obliged to alter their intention, and to march towards Hawick. Here Lord Derwentwater, his brother, Mr Charles Radcliffe, and the other leaders, were hospitably entertained at a house belonging to the Duchess of Buccleuch.

While lying at Hawick, the disputes between the Highlanders and the English respecting their final course came almost to an open

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rupture, and the former separated themselves from the horse, and drawing up on a moor above the town, declared that they would on no consideration go into England to be kidnapped and made slaves of, as their ancestors were in Cromwell's time. And when the horse, exasperated at their obstinacy, threatened to surround them and force them to march, they cocked their pieces, and calmly observed that if they must needs be made a sacrifice, they were determined at least that it should be in their own country. While this humour lasted, they would allow no one to speak to them but the Earl of Wintoun, who earnestly advocated the plan of marching northward, and falling upon Argyle's rear. The English forces adhered with equal obstinacy to their own scheme of marching into England. Lord Derwentwater and his brother alone took part with the Highlanders, being of opinion that they would be better able to serve the cause in which they were embarked by joining the army in Scotland, than by continuing their route to England, where it was uncertain what assistance they might obtain, many of their friends there being men of fortune, and having too large an interest at stake to embark in the affair without strong assurance of success. Lord Derwentwater conceived it the wiser policy to strike a bold stroke in Scotland, and endeavour to complete the conquest of that country, which would enable them to raise a powerful army, and march upon England with an overwhelming force, possessing at the same time resources for supplies, and a place of retreat in case of any disaster; whereas, in England, should they be defeated, the cause would be ruined, having no means of retrieving the misfortune. The leaders having refused to listen to this prudent counsel, Charles Radcliffe begged for only 100 horse, that with them he might take his fortune along with the Highlanders. This also was refused, lest it should weaken their forces. At length, after several hours' debate, the Highlanders consented to continue with the army so long as it should remain in Scotland, but on no account to enter England.

On Sunday, October 30, they entered Langholm. Here they were informed by a gentleman who had that morning seen Carpenter's troops enter Jedburgh, that they were so completely worn out by fatigue as to seem almost incapable of resistance. But although this information was laid before a council of war, it was found impossible to come to any resolution to take advantage of it; and the utmost that the Scots could get their associates to consent to was, to join in an attack upon the town of Dumfries. The citizens of this town, however, who thus saw themselves a second time threatened by the insurgent forces, again assumed an attitude of resistance, and marched out to occupy a position in front of the place, on which they threw up some hasty fortifications. At the same time they received intelligence from General Carpenter, that if they could but defend themselves for six hours, he would within that time attack the rear of the enemy.

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On the morning of the 31st of October the insurgents left Langholm for the purpose of attacking Dumfries; and an advanced party of 400 horse had proceeded as far as Blacketridge, when they were met by an express from their friends in Dumfries, informing them of the preparations which the citizens of that town had made for its defence. Immediately on the arrival of this message, the dispute was renewed between the Scots and English, the former insisting on their original plan of forming a junction with the Earl of Mar, while Mr Foster and his friends obstinately adhered to their proposal of entering England, affirming that they had received letters which assured them of the general co-operation of the numerous Roman Catholic gentry, and that upon appearing there they would be joined by 20,000 men. Lord Derwentwater continued strongly to protest against the proposed measure, as certain to end in their ruin; but his remonstrances were unheeded. The rest of the English leaders urged the advantages of their plan with such vehemence as to bear down all opposition. After a long altercation, they finally resolved upon the invasion of Lancashire, provided they could obtain the consent of the Earl of Wintoun and Brigadier Mackintosh, who were not present at the consultation, and who had all along strenuously opposed the measure. Mackintosh's opinion, however, had undergone a change on the subject. He is loudly accused of having been actuated by a love of plunder, which would have better become a lower rank in the army; and it is alleged that on this occasion he had been gained over by the prospects of personal advantage held out to him by the English gentlemen. The messenger despatched by the council to ascertain if the brigadier would agree to their project, found him in the middle of the river Esk in the act of stopping about 300 of his men, who, already aware of the design of taking them into England, had commenced a retreat towards the Highlands. On the message being delivered to him, he immediately decided in favour of the proposal to march into England, where there were 'both meat, men, and money,' and accordingly exerted himself to prevail upon his men to obey the orders of the council. He succeeded with the greater part; but a detachment of about 500 resisted all his arguments; and, disregarding his orders, broke away entirely from their companions, with the purpose of returning home through the western districts and by the heads of the Forth. The difficulty of finding provisions, however, compelled them to separate into small parties, and the greater part of them were consequently captured by the peasantry about the upper part of Clydesdale, and committed to prison. The Earl of Wintoun was also so strongly dissatisfied with the resolution adopted by the general body, that he left the army with a considerable part of his troop, and proceeded some distance towards the north, as if he had renounced the enterprise entirely. Being overtaken, however, by the messenger from the council, and entreated to accede to their wishes, he stood for



some time pensive and silent, apparently pondering the various chances of the two measures presented to his choice. At length he broke out with an exclamation, which was certainly characteristic of his romantic and somewhat extravagant mind: 'It shall never be said in history to after-generations that the Earl of Wintoun deserted King James's interest and his country's good!' Then taking himself by the two ears, he added: 'You or any man shall have liberty to cut these out of my head, if we do not all repent it!' But though this unfortunate young nobleman again joined the insurgent forces, it was remarked that he ceased to take any interest in the debates or deliberations of his party. Patten indeed states that 'he was never afterwards called to any council of war, and was slighted in various ways, having often no quarters provided for him, and at other times very bad ones, not fit for a nobleman of his family; yet being in for it, he resolved to go forward, and diverted himself with any company, telling many pleasant stories of his travels, and his living unknown and obscurely with a blacksmith in France, whom he served some years as a bellows-blower and under-servant, till he was acquainted with the death of his father, and that his tutor had given out that he was dead, upon which he resolved to return home; and when there, met with a cold reception.'

The main body of the insurgents, weakened by the desertion of the 500 Highlanders, entered England on the 1st of November, and took up their quarters for that night at Brampton, a small market-town in Cumberland, near Carlisle, where, as usual, they seized the money collected for the excise on malt and ale. Here Mr Foster opened a commission, which he had received during the march from the Earl of Mar, authorising him to act as general in England. It is by no means improbable that the desire to obtain the supreme command of the army might have made this gentleman the more anxious for having the march directed on his native country; and a slight success which he met with at this period seemed to afford some justification of this scheme. The horse-militia of Westmoreland and of the northern parts of Lancashire had been drawn out to oppose the insurgents, and at Penrith they were joined by the *posse comitatus* of Cumberland, amounting to 12,000 men, headed by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle. But this enormous host was composed of ignorant and undisciplined rustics, ill armed and worse arrayed, who had formed to themselves such a dreadful idea of the fierceness and irresistible valour of the rebel army, that they were no sooner made aware of the approach of an advanced party of these, than they were seized by panic, and took to flight in all directions. The insurgents collected a considerable quantity of arms which the fugitives had thrown away in their flight, and took a great number of prisoners, who, being of little value to their captors, were immediately set at liberty—a kindness which they repaid by shouting: 'God save King James, and prosper his merciful army!'

Lord Lonsdale, deserted by all save about twenty of his own servants, found shelter in the old castle of Appleby.

In Penrith they collected the money belonging to the revenue, and seized what arms they could find, but did no injury to the town, the principal inhabitants of which treated them from the first with all manner of civility. Patten mentions that some individuals requested permission from Mr Foster to pull down or burn a Presbyterian meeting-house ; but he at once rejected the request, observing that he intended to gain by clemency, and not by cruelty. From Penrith the insurgents marched next day to Appleby, where they halted two days to refresh themselves, the Highlanders being very much fatigued by the forced marches which they had for some time made, although the horse had carried their arms most of the way.

From Appleby they proceeded to Kendal, and from Kendal to Kirkby-Lonsdale, everywhere proclaiming King James, and levying the public money. Hitherto, they had seen nothing of that enthusiasm in their cause which the English leaders had taught their associates to expect. Most of the leading Catholics, indeed, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, such as Mr Howard of Corby, and Mr Curwen of Workington, had been previously secured by the government in Carlisle Castle. Instead of increasing, the number of the insurgents rather diminished ; for at Penrith seventeen Teviotdale gentlemen abandoned their cause, thinking it hopeless. At Kirkby-Lonsdale, however, a number of the Roman Catholic gentry of Lancashire, with whom Foster had been corresponding, came up and enrolled themselves.

An individual of the name of Gwyn, who accompanied the insurgents, is stated to have taken a curious mode of exhibiting his zeal for their cause during the march. At every church which they passed, he carefully erased King George's name from the prayer-books, substituting that of King James in a nice hand, resembling print, so that the alteration could scarcely be perceived.

Their next remove was to Lancaster, and during the march they learned from Mr Charles Widdrington, brother to Lord Widdrington, who had been sent forward to warn their friends in Lancashire of their approach, that King James had been proclaimed at Manchester, the inhabitants of which seemed disposed to embark in the insurrection, and form a company for that purpose ; and that the gentry of the country in that direction had declared their intention to join them. This cheering intelligence raised the spirits of the Highlanders, who had loudly complained that all the specious promises held out to them respecting the vast reinforcements by which they were to be joined had proved a delusion ; and, with the confident expectation of success, they continued their march to Lancaster. The notorious Colonel Charteris, who then occupied the town, wished to defend the place by blowing up the bridge over the Lune, in

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order to prevent the enemy's passage; but this being opposed by the inhabitants, he retired, and the insurgents entered the town without hindrance. They had here the satisfaction to release several of their friends imprisoned in the county jail, especially an individual who had headed a mob at Manchester in pulling down a dissenting chapel. They remained at Lancaster two days, and then pushed forward to Preston, a town equally Jacobitish and Catholic; from which Stanhope's regiment of dragoons, and a body of militia, thought it prudent to retire on their approach.

### CLOSE OF THE REBELLION.

At Preston the insurgents were joined by nearly all the Roman Catholic gentry of the district, with their servants and tenantry, to the number of about 1200. But this large accession of force might in various respects be considered an encumbrance rather than a help; the greater number of the new recruits being very imperfectly armed, and none of them having any notion of discipline. Foster, who was entirely ignorant of war, began now to assume the airs of a conqueror, thinking that the forces of the government would never be able to face him. But the veteran brigadier, who knew the value of such an undisciplined rabble, entertained a very different opinion. 'Are these the fellows that ye intend to fight Willis with?' he said in derision to Foster, as he pointed through a window to a pack of louts who passed along the street. 'Why, man, an ye had 10,000 of them, I would engage to beat the whole with a squadron of Willis's dragoons.' The design of the rebels was now to possess themselves of Warrington Bridge, with a view to securing Liverpool. But while they were planning an attack on this celebrated seaport, which its citizens were making active preparations to defend, the government forces were advancing towards them from several quarters, and taking measures for crushing the insurrection altogether. Of this, however, strange to say, the insurgents had no knowledge. Though a very large body of the gentry of the country, and a considerable proportion of the populace, were friendly to them, so thoroughly had the spirit of delusion possessed the whole party, and pervaded all their proceedings, that they suffered themselves to be completely surprised. The Jacobites in the west of England had, during the past year, raised so many riots and disorders, that the government had been obliged to send more troops to that quarter than to any other district of the country—a circumstance very unfortunate for the rebels. These troops were now quartered in the neighbouring towns of Manchester, Chester, Birmingham, Stafford, Wolverhampton; and they received orders from General Willis, who commanded in Cheshire for the government, appointing them to rendezvous at Warrington Bridge on the 10th of November, intending

to place himself at their head, and dispute with the insurgents their approach to Manchester.

In the meantime, General Carpenter, on learning that the rebels were in full march into England, had also crossed the Border, and hastened by forced marches to Durham, where an express reached him from General Willis to quicken and direct his march. On the 11th, just as the insurgents had taken possession of Preston, Willis left Manchester for Wigan with four regiments of cavalry and one of foot, for the most part newly raised, but commanded by experienced officers. At Wigan, he was joined by Pitt's regiment of dragoons, which had been quartered there, and also by Stanhope's, which had retired from Preston on the approach of the insurgents. Having there learned that General Carpenter was advancing from the opposite quarter, and would be ready to take the rebel forces in flank, he determined to march straight upon Preston next day.

These tidings came very unexpectedly on the rebel army. It was not till the evening of the 11th that Foster was made aware of Willis's approach by a letter which one of their friends had sent to the Earl of Derwentwater. The intelligence seems to have completely disheartened and confounded him, and the result shewed how incapable was this boastful man of commanding such a bold enterprise. Instead of summoning a council to deliberate on the emergency, or issuing any orders for defence, he sent the letter to Lord Kenmure, and went to bed. It was not till he was roused by Lord Kenmure and other officers from his unseasonable slumbers, that he directed any measures to be taken for defence. A hurried council was now held, and it was determined to send out an advanced party of horse towards Wigan, to plant strong guards at Derrin and Ribble bridges, and to get the whole army in readiness to fight at the shortest notice.

There were two plans of defence open to the choice of the insurgent general—either to march out and dispute with the royal forces the passage of the river Ribble, by which Preston is covered, or to remain within the town, and defend it by the assistance of such temporary fortifications and barricades as could be hastily constructed before the enemy's approach. The first of these courses had many obvious advantages. The bridge across the Ribble was long and narrow, and might have been easily defended by a handful of men against a numerous army. It seems to be generally admitted that if Foster had contested the passage of the bridge with General Willis, while at the same time he rendered two adjacent fords impassable, which might easily have been done, he might have made an effectual resistance—even, perhaps, have destroyed the royal army. Between the bridge and the town there extended a long and deep lane, bordered with steep banks surmounted by strong hedges. The lane was in some places so narrow that two men could not ride abreast. This, it seems, was the place where, in 1648, Cromwell



experienced such a determined resistance from the royalists, who are said to have rolled down large stones from the heights upon him and his men; one of these stones coming so near him that he could only escape by making his horse leap into a quicksand. But Foster made no attempt to avail himself of this advantageous pass. River, bridge, and road were all left open to the assailants. Possessed with the idea that 'the body of the town was the security of the army,' the rebel general abandoned all exterior defences, and commanded the guard of 100 chosen Highlanders, which the council had placed at the bridge under Farquharson of Invercauld, to retire into the town. He at the same time withdrew another detachment of fifty Highlanders, who had taken up a most advantageous post in Sir Henry Haughton's house, near the extremity of the town corresponding with the bridge.

Within the town, however, the insurgents had taken judicious measures for their defence, and pursued them with zeal and spirit. Four barricades were thrown up across the principal streets; not, however, at their extremities towards the fields, but a good way up near the centre of the town. The danger was thus avoided of the enemy coming through the numerous lanes at the termination of the streets, and attacking the insurgents in the rear of their defences. The Jacobite leaders seem at this juncture to have acted with great courage; the Earl of Derwentwater, in particular, stripping to the waistcoat, encouraged the men to labour both by presents of money and by animating exhortations, and the works were speedily completed.

One of the four barricades was situated a little below the church. The defence of it was committed to Brigadier Mackintosh, who was supported by the gentlemen volunteers posted in the churchyard, under the command of Lords Kenmure, Nithisdale, Wintoun, and Derwentwater. The second was formed at the end of a lane, which was defended by a party of Highlanders under Lord Charles Murray, third son of the Duke of Athole. The Laird of Mackintosh, with his clan, was posted at the windmill barricade, on the road to Lancaster. The fourth barrier was drawn across the street leading towards Liverpool, and was manned by Hunter, the Northumbrian freebooter, with his moss-troopers, and the gentlemen of Teviotdale and Berwickshire, with some of the Earl of Strathmore's regiment, under the command of Major Miller and Mr Douglas. Each barricade was protected by two pieces of cannon; and troops were also posted in the houses near the barricades, and especially in all the houses which, from their forming the corners of lanes, presented two sides towards the expected assailants.

General Willis, on reaching the bridge over the Ribble, was surprised to find it undefended; and supposing that the insurgents intended to assail his men by an ambuscade from behind the hedges, he proceeded with the greatest caution. On finding that

the hedges were also unoccupied, he came to the conclusion that the insurgents had evacuated the town altogether, and were endeavouring by forced marches to return to Scotland. As he approached the town, however, he saw the barricades which Foster had thrown up, and learned the real state of the case. Having taken a survey of the defences, he prepared for an immediate onset; and to make the assault with more effect, he determined to attack only two of the barricades at once. His troops were accordingly divided into two parties, one under Brigadier Honeyman, the other under Brigadier Dormer. The former, at the head of five different companies of dismounted dragoons, one from each of five regiments, made a furious attack on the barrier below the church, defended by Brigadier Mackintosh. But their intrepid assault was met with equal courage; and so destructive a fire was poured upon them not only from the barricades, but from the adjacent houses, that they were beaten off with considerable loss.

During this hot attack, the Earl of Derwentwater and his brother displayed great bravery, animating their men, by words and example, to maintain their ground with undaunted resolution. His lordship not only kept his post, but was able to send fifty men to assist Lord Charles Murray, with which timely aid the Highlanders were enabled to maintain their difficult position. At all points, Willis was beaten back, and he was finally obliged to withdraw his forces, having suffered considerable loss.

When the government forces retired from the various points of attack, they set fire to the houses between them and the barricades; and had not the weather been uncommonly serene, the whole town must have been burned to the ground. During the evening of Saturday, and all the subsequent night, the royalists kept up an almost incessant firing at the posts of the besieged, but with very little effect, as they were in general secure under cover from the shot.

Early next morning, November 12, the same day on which the Earl of Mar had fought the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir, General Carpenter arrived with a part of his cavalry, accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lumley, and a considerable number of the gentry of the country. His arrival of course greatly brightened the hopes of the government troops, and left the besieged no hope of escape or relief. Willis immediately proceeded to explain his dispositions to Carpenter; and then, as the inferior in rank, offered to resign the chief command to his superior officer. But General Carpenter generously refused to take the charge of the siege, observing, that as Willis had begun the affair so auspiciously, he deserved the honour of finishing it. Various alterations were now made in the disposition of the forces: the town was completely invested on all sides; and preparations were made for a renewed assault.

The situation of the insurgents had now become desperate. They

had, it is true, succeeded in repulsing their assailants in the previous attack ; but it was evident that, cut off from all assistance, and cooped up in the streets of a burning town, where they had few men to maintain an extended circle of defence, their fate was inevitable. Every avenue of flight was now closely guarded ; and of those who made a desperate attempt to sally, the greater part were cut in pieces, and only a very few escaped by hewing their way through the enemy.

‘The scene of unavoidable destruction,’ says Sir Walter Scott, ‘had different effects upon the different characters of the unfortunate insurgents in Preston ; in like manner as the approach of imminent peril has upon domesticated and savage animals when they are brought to extremity—the former are cowed into submission, while the latter, brought to bay, become more desperately ferocious in their resistance. The English gentlemen began to think upon the possibility of saving their lives, and entertained the hope of returning once more to the domestic enjoyments of their homes and their estates ; while the Highlanders, and most of the Scottish insurgents, even of the higher classes, declared for sallying out, and dying like men of honour, with sword in hand, rather than holding their lives on the base tenure of submission.’ The only one of the English leaders who seems to have joined the Scots in this opinion was Charles Radcliffe, who, with his usual intrepidity, declared ‘he would rather die, sword in hand, like a man of honour, than yield to be dragged like a felon to the gallows, there to be hanged like a dog.’ Foster, however, was completely disheartened ; and at the instigation of Lord Widdrington and a few others, Colonel Oxburgh, who was an Irish Catholic, and had been Foster’s principal adviser in military matters, went out to ask terms of surrender. This step, it must be observed, was taken without the advice, and even without the knowledge, of the leading men in the army. And the common soldiers were so exceedingly adverse to the idea of a surrender, that, according to the report of an eye-witness, they would have unquestionably shot Colonel Oxburgh before he had gone out of the barrier, if they had been aware of the message with which he was charged. Oxburgh’s mission was coldly received by the English general, who, irritated by the loss he had sustained on the preceding evening, seemed at first disposed to reject the proposition altogether, and declared that ‘he would not treat with rebels who had killed several of the king’s subjects, and must expect to undergo the same fate.’ Oxburgh employed many arguments to soften the general ; and entreated him, as ‘a man of honour and an officer, to shew mercy to people who were willing to submit.’ Willis at last relented so far as to say, ‘that if the rebels would lay down their arms, and surrender at discretion, he would protect them from being cut to pieces by the soldiers, until further orders from government.’ An hour was allowed them for the consideration of this proposal.

When Oxburgh returned, and reported the result of his mission,

Captain Dalzell, brother of the Earl of Carnwath, went out in the name of the Scots, to ascertain what terms would be granted to them; but Willis refused to give any other terms than those which he had already offered through Colonel Oxburgh. Dalzell then requested time to take the proposal into consideration, which was granted by Willis, on condition that the insurgents should give him hostages against their throwing up new intrenchments, or making any attempt to escape. Colonel Cotton accompanied Dalzell back to Preston, for the purpose of bringing out the hostages. He speedily returned to the general's tent, bringing with him the Earl of Derwentwater and Colonel Mackintosh, who had been selected for this service, and having received the parole of the other leaders of the rebel forces that they would observe the proposed conditions. The news of the intended surrender filled the great body of the common soldiers with the deepest indignation. The Highlanders especially were terribly enraged, declaring they would die sword in hand; and insisted on making an attempt to cut their way through the royal forces. 'Had Mr Foster,' says an eye-witness, 'appeared in the streets, he would have been slain, though he had had a hundred lives.' As it was, he narrowly escaped being killed in his own room. A Scottish gentleman named Murray, who had waited upon him to remonstrate against the surrender, was so enraged as to fire a pistol at him; and but for the prompt interposition of Mr Patten, who struck up Murray's arm at the moment of the discharge, the ball would certainly have pierced Foster's body.

Next morning, at seven o'clock, Mr Foster sent a message to General Willis, informing him that the insurgents were willing to surrender on the terms proposed. Colonel Mackintosh, who was present when the message was delivered, could not help expressing his conviction that the Scotch would not submit on such conditions. They were a people, he said, of desperate fortunes; and he, who had been a soldier himself, knew what it was to be a prisoner at discretion. 'Then go back to your people again,' exclaimed Willis, 'and I will attack the town, and not spare one man of you.' Mackintosh accordingly proceeded to Preston; but immediately came back with the assurance that Lord Kenmure and the rest of the Scottish leaders were willing to surrender on the same terms with the English.

The royal troops then entered Preston in two detachments, and meeting in the market-place, where the whole of the insurgents were drawn up, they disarmed and formally made them prisoners. By this final blow the rebellion in England was effectually terminated. In Scotland, the insurgents held out for two months longer, at the end of which period they dispersed.

Among the captives taken at Preston were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithisdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, Nairn, and Charles Murray; and members of the ancient northern families of



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Ord, Beaumont, Thornton, Clavering, Patten, Gascoigne, Standish, and Swinburne. The number of prisoners taken, of all kinds, was only 1400, amongst whom there were about 200 domestic servants, followers of the gentlemen who had assumed arms, and upwards of 200 gentlemen volunteers, the rest consisting of the Highlanders under the command of Brigadier Mackintosh. It is evident, therefore, that the greater part of the Lancashire peasants who had joined them at Preston, had either got out of the town during the blockade, or escaped recognition at the surrender. Of the insurgents, only seventeen had been killed in the defence; while between sixty and seventy of the royalists were slain, and as many more wounded.

### FATE OF THE PRISONERS.

On laying down their arms, the unhappy garrison were confined in one of the churches, and treated with considerable rigour, being stripped and ill-used by the soldiery. In consequence of these outrages, many of the prisoners were so much in want of decent clothing, that they were obliged to strip the pews of their baize linings, to protect themselves from the severity of the weather. Six of their number were condemned to be shot by martial law, as holding commissions under the government against which they had borne arms. Little mercy was shewn to the private men, who had merely followed what was in their eyes the paramount duty of yielding obedience to their chiefs. A great number of them were banished to the plantations in America, the very fate the dread of which made them so unwilling to enter England. About five hundred of the inferior prisoners were sent to Chester jail, and many others to Liverpool, and various prisons near the place where they were taken; but those of most note were conveyed to London, where they arrived on the 9th of December. They were introduced into the city in a kind of triumphal procession, which was much less dishonourable to the unfortunate sufferers, than to the mean minds who pandered to the passions of the mob by planning such an ignoble triumph. When the prisoners had reached Barnet, they were all pinioned with cords like the vilest criminals. At Highgate they were met by a strong detachment of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards—halters were put upon their horses, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier, and their ears were stunned by the drums of their escort beating a triumphal march, and by the shouts of the multitude, who loaded them with every kind of scurrilous abuse and insult. In this manner they were led through the streets of the city, and divided among the four principal prisons, the noblemen being secured in the Tower.

They were not long suffered to remain in uncertainty regarding their fate. On the day of the opening of parliament, Mr Lechmere, in a long and vehement speech, descanted upon the guilt of the

insurgents, and the 'many miraculous providences' which had baffled their designs; and ended by impeaching James, Earl of Derwentwater, of high treason. No opposition was offered, and the impeachment was carried up to the House of Lords on the same day. On the 9th of February 1716, the earl was carried to the bar of the House of Lords, and the articles of impeachment having been read, he requested time to prepare his answer, and was allowed till the 19th. On that day he was taken to Westminster Hall for trial, and pleaded guilty, acknowledging his guilt, and throwing himself upon the king's mercy. In his defence, he pleads his youth and inexperience, and various other palliating circumstances with which his case was attended—affirms that his temper and inclination disposed him to live peaceably under his majesty's government, and that he had never had any previous connection with any designs to subvert the reigning family—that he rashly, and without premeditation, engaged in this unhappy undertaking—that the truth of this was evinced by his having no preparation of men, horses, arms, or other warlike accoutrements—that he took the first opportunity of submitting to the king's mercy, and was solicitous to prevent any further destruction of the lives of his majesty's subjects, but rather to induce all who had taken up arms to submit—that one of his majesty's officers sent from the general gave them encouragement to believe that their surrender would be the ready way to obtain the king's mercy—that, in reliance on this advice, he offered himself as one of the hostages, and while with the royal forces, received further assurances from the officers that the king was a prince of known clemency, and that the free surrender to mercy would be the most likely way to obtain it—that it was quite practicable for the besieged at Preston to have cut their way through his majesty's forces; but as this would have occasioned much bloodshed, which he was anxious to prevent, he had exhorted his associates to surrender, and had declared to General Willis and the other officers, that whatever happened, he was determined to continue with them, and to rely entirely on his majesty's clemency and goodness, which he had encouragement to expect—and concludes with a hope that their lordships will use their mediation for mercy on his behalf, which will lay him under the highest obligations of duty and affection to his majesty, and perpetual gratitude to both houses of parliament. In spite of this appeal, however, he was condemned to suffer death as a traitor, according to its ancient barbarous form. But his sentence was afterwards mitigated, and orders were issued that he should be merely beheaded, and his body given up to his friends.

Great interest was made with the court and both Houses of parliament in behalf of the earl. His countess, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton, and other ladies of the first rank, was, by the Dukes of Richmond and St Albans, introduced into the king's bedchamber, where she humbly implored his clemency

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for her unfortunate husband. The king, however, adhered to his purpose; and she went on the 21st of February, with the ladies of the other condemned noblemen, into the lobby of the House of Lords to beg their intercession; but here also her petition was disregarded. Appeals were made to the cupidity, as well as to the compassion, of his majesty's ministers; and Sir Robert Walpole declared in the House of Commons that £60,000 had been offered to him if he would obtain the pardon of the earl. Several of the staunchest Whigs in the House of Commons, amongst others Sir Richard Steele, were inclined to mercy; but Walpole, though usually distinguished by personal lenity and forbearance, took the lead in urging measures of severity, and declared that he was 'moved with indignation to see that there should be such unworthy members of this great body who can without blushing open their mouths in favour of rebels and parricides.' He moved the adjournment of the House till the 1st of March, it being understood that the condemned noblemen would be executed in the interval; but he carried his motion only by a majority of seven.

In the Upper House, a still more effectual stand was made on the side of mercy. The Duke of Richmond, a near relative of Lord Derwentwater, consented to present a petition in his favour, though he voted against it. But the Earl of Nottingham, President of the Council, who in former times had been a supporter of Tory principles, suddenly gave his support to the petition. This unexpected defection from the ministerial ranks made the resistance of the government unavailing, and an address to the king for a reprieve for such of the condemned lords as should deserve his mercy was carried by a majority of five. This result astonished and alarmed the ministers, who met in council the same evening, and drew up the king's answer to the address, merely stating 'that on this and all other occasions he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people.' It was determined to comply with the opinion and feeling of the House of Lords so far as to respite the Earl of Carnwath and Lord Widdrington; but to prevent any further interference, the three remaining peers were ordered for execution next morning. The same evening, however, Lord Nithisdale escaped out of the Tower; and thus the number of noble victims was finally reduced to two—the English Lord Derwentwater, and the Scottish Lord Kenmure; and at an early hour next morning, 24th February, they were brought to the scaffold on Tower-hill.

Lord Derwentwater was first conducted to the fatal spot. He was observed to turn very pale as he ascended the steps; but his voice was firm, and his demeanour steady and composed. He passed some time in prayer, and then requested permission to read a paper which he had drawn up. This request being readily granted, he went to the rails of the scaffold, and read the following statement:

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‘Being in a few minutes to appear before the tribunal of God, where, though most unworthy, I hope to find mercy, which I have not found from men now in power, I have endeavoured to make my peace with his Divine Majesty, by most humbly begging pardon for all the sins of my life ; and I doubt not of a merciful forgiveness, through the merits of the passion and death of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, for which end I earnestly desire the prayers of all good Christians. After this I am to ask the pardon of those whom I might have scandalised by pleading guilty at my trial. Such as were permitted to come to me told me that, having been undeniably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of having submitted to mercy ; and many arguments were used to prove there was nothing of moment in so doing. But I am sensible that in this I have made bold with loyalty, having never any other but King James the Third for my rightful and lawful sovereign. Him I had an inclination to serve from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy. And though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereto bound by the laws of God and man. Wherefore, if in this affair I have acted rashly, it ought not to affect the innocent. I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my king and country, and that without self-interest, hoping by the example I gave, to have induced others to do their duty ; and God, who sees the secrets of my heart, knows I speak truth. Some means have been proposed to me for saving my life, which I looked upon as inconsistent with honour and conscience, and therefore I rejected them ; for with God’s assistance, I shall prefer my death to the doing a base unworthy action. I only wish now that the laying down my life might contribute to the service of my king and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of these kingdoms, without which no lasting peace or true happiness can attend them. Then I should indeed part with my life even with pleasure. As it is, I can only pray that these blessings may be bestowed upon my dear country ; and since I can do no more, I beseech God to accept of my life as a small sacrifice towards it. I die a Roman Catholic. I am in perfect charity with all the world—I thank God for it—even with those of the present government who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as ungenerously reported false things of me ; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commend my soul.—  
JA. DERWENTWATER.

‘*P.S.*—If that prince who now governs had given me my life, I should have thought myself obliged never more to have taken up arms against him.’

After reading this paper, he turned to the block, and viewed it



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closely, and finding in it a rough place that might hurt his neck, he desired the executioner to chip it off. This being done, he prepared himself for the blow by taking off his coat and waistcoat ; and fitting his head to the block, he told the executioner that, upon his repeating for the third time the sentence, ' Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ! ' he was to perform his office. At these words, accordingly, the executioner raised his axe and severed the earl's head from his body at one blow.

Thus died, in his twenty-eighth year, the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, his fate drawing tears from those who witnessed his unhappy end. In a few minutes afterwards, the equally unfortunate and virtuous Earl of Kenmure mounted the scaffold, and, with heroic resolution, submitted to the same violent and vengeful infliction.

It was reported that, the evening before his execution, the Earl of Derwentwater sent for Mr Roome, an undertaker, to give him directions regarding his funeral, and desired that a silver plate might be put upon his coffin, with an inscription importing that he died a sacrifice for his lawful sovereign ; but Mr Roome scrupling to comply with this request, he was dismissed. This was the reason no hearse was provided for his body at his execution. His head was merely taken up by one of his servants, and put into a clean handkerchief, and the body being wrapped in black cloth, they were both conveyed to the Tower. The remains were said to have been subsequently buried in St Giles's-in-the-Fields. It is not known whether a mock-funeral only took place, or the body was afterwards disinterred, but it is certain that it was carried into Northumberland, and deposited in the family vault at Dilston. According to tradition, the remains of the gallant but unfortunate nobleman were conveyed to his native county with great pomp, the procession, however, moving only by night, and resting by day in chapels dedicated to the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, where the funeral-services of that church were performed over the body during the day, until the approach of night permitted the procession to resume its progress northward. One of the chapels in which the body rested was at Dagnam Park, near Romford, in Essex, the house which Lady Derwentwater rented during her lord's imprisonment. At Ingatestone, in the same county, there was, many years ago, in an almshouse founded by Lord Petre's family, an old woman who had frequently heard from her mother that she assisted in sewing on the earl's head. At Thorndon (Lord Petre's seat), there is an oaken chest with an inscription in brass, engraved by Lady Derwentwater's orders, containing Lord Derwentwater's dress which he wore on the scaffold—coat, waistcoat, and small-clothes of black velvet ; stockings that rolled over the knee ; a wig of very fair hair, that fell down on each side of the breast ; a part of his shirt, the neck having been cut away ; the black serge that covered the scaffold ; and also a piece which covered the block, stiff with blood, and with the marks of the cut of the axe in it.

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In the north of England, the fate of this young and generous-hearted nobleman excited very general commiseration. He had been greatly beloved for his amiable qualities in private life, his frankness, hospitality, and high honour: his memory is still cherished and revered in Northumberland, where numerous instances of his affability and beneficence are related with feelings of sympathy and regret. 'The apparent cruelty of his execution led to his being esteemed in the light of a martyr; handkerchiefs steeped in his blood were preserved as sacred relics; and when the mansion-house was demolished, amid the regrets of the neighbourhood, there was great difficulty in obtaining hands to assist in a work of destruction which was considered almost sacrilegious. The ignorant peasantry, too, were not slow to receive the superstitious stories that were propagated; and often has the wandering rustic, beside the winter's hearth, listened to the fearful tale of how the spouts of Dilston Hall ran blood, and the very corn which was in the act of being ground came from the mill tinged with a sanguine hue on the day the earl was beheaded. The aurora borealis was observed to flash with unwonted brilliancy on that fatal night—an omen, it was said, of Heaven's wrath; and to this day many of the country people know that meteor only by the name of "Lord Derwentwater's lights."'\*

Lord Derwentwater left two children, a son and daughter. The latter, born in 1716, after her father's death, married, in 1732, Lord Petre. The son died in France at the age of nineteen, in consequence, it is said, of his horse having taken fright and dashed through a doorway with him, by which he was so much injured as to cause his death. Lady Derwentwater died of small-pox at the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvain.

Some time after the execution of Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure, several of the less distinguished leaders of the rebellion perished at Tyburn; among these, however, were not numbered Foster, Mackintosh, and Charles Radcliffe, who, as well as some other persons, effected their escape from Newgate. The gallant Charles Radcliffe, however, escaped only for a time the death to which he was condemned (May 8, 1716). He found an asylum in France, where he lived in a state of great indigence, till the Chevalier being obliged to quit the French territory, Mr Radcliffe followed him, and subsisted on a pension allowed him by that prince. After some time, he returned to Paris, where, in 1724, he married Lady Charlotte Mary Livingstone, Countess of Newburgh in her own right. In 1733, and again in 1735, he paid a visit to England, and made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a pardon. At last his ardent spirit was again roused to action by the gallant attempt of Prince Charles Stuart, in 1745, to regain the throne of his ancestors;

\* Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*, second series, p. 601.

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and, accompanied by his son and several Scotch and Irish officers, he embarked on board a French ship-of-war, loaded with arms and warlike stores, bound for the coast of Scotland, for the use of the insurgents. After lying a year in confinement, Charles Radcliffe was brought to the bar of the King's Bench, when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before was again read to him. Mr Radcliffe pleaded that he was a subject of France, and that he held a commission from the French king; but the court overruled the plea, and he was condemned to die. He perished on a scaffold erected for his execution on Tower-hill, on the 8th of December 1746, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Till the last moment of his existence, this unfortunate gentleman never lost his intrepid bearing.

### DERWENTWATER ESTATES.

The magnificent estates of the Derwentwater family were confiscated by government after the execution of the earl in 1716. Some of these were in Cumberland, in the vicinity of that beautiful lake from which their title was derived; but the ancient baronial seat of the family was at Dilston, in Northumberland, three miles from Hexham, and eighteen west from Newcastle. Dilston is a corruption of Devilston, and was originally the residence of the family of that name. It is beautifully situated on an eminence, encircled on two sides by the little stony rivulet called the Devil's Water, about a mile from its confluence with the Tyne. The surrounding scenery is highly picturesque, and the terrace on which the house stood commands an extensive view over the highly cultivated valley watered by the Tyne. The traces of the broad gravelled walks and flower-gardens which once surrounded the mansion may still be seen. A bridge of one arch, which is still entire, led to the deer-park on the opposite side of the rivulet; and the remains of terraced drives and rides may yet be traced in the adjoining woods. The mansion, which was erected by Francis, the first earl, occupied three sides of a square, enclosing a handsome court, paved with black limestone. But after the confiscation of the estates, it was allowed to fall into decay, and the ruins were removed in 1768. The only part of the edifice now remaining is the old tower or Border keep of the Devilstons, which formed, as it were, a nucleus for the modern building. The ashes of the last possessor sleep in the family vault below the adjoining chapel, a simple unornamented building. The vault was opened in 1805, by desire of the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, in order to ascertain whether the Earl of Derwentwater's head was buried with the body, which had been doubted. The body, which was found to be deposited in several coffins, was embalmed, and the head lying by it, with the marks of the axe clearly discernible. The hair was quite perfect, the features regular, and wearing the appearance of youth, and the

## THE LAST EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

shroud but little decayed. The Derwentwater estates were held by trustees until 1735, when they were conferred upon that noble institution, the Royal Hospital for Seamen, at Greenwich. Their annual value amounted some time ago to £60,000. The Cumberland portion of them was disposed of many years ago to Mr Marshall, the eminent manufacturer of Leeds. The Earl of Newburgh, the descendant of Charles Radcliffe, petitioned parliament for the reversal of the attainder, but he only succeeded in obtaining, as a compensation for some claim he had upon the lands, an annuity of £2500.

When Charles Radcliffe, the brother of Earl James, perished on the scaffold, he left a son and a daughter. This son, on his mother's death, became Earl of Newburgh. He died in 1780, and was succeeded by his only son, James Bartholomew Radcliffe, who died without male issue in 1814; and thus, to all appearance, the race of Radcliffes, in the male line, was extinct. But about the year 1865 a claimant to the title and estates appeared in the person of a middle-aged lady, styling herself Amelia Matilda Radcliffe, Countess of Derwentwater. According to her statement, John Radcliffe, son of Earl James who was beheaded in 1716, did not die in 1731, as alleged, but, fearing that the British government might procure his assassination in order to get rid of the possibility of his claiming the estates, withdrew from notice, lived to the age of eighty-six, and died at Frankfurt in 1798. In 1840, he had married, as the lady's story goes, the Countess of Waldstein-Waters (a title not to be found, it is said, in any peerage), and when he died, he was succeeded first by his eldest son James, and then by his second son, John James. This John James, who was sixth earl, died in 1833, and she, Amelia Matilda Radcliffe, as his only surviving child, has inherited his title.

That this lady is in some way connected with the hapless Radcliffes would seem to be borne out by certain family relics—pictures, the muniment chest, &c.—which she has in her possession. But her story, as a whole, is, on the face of it, improbable, and the documents which she adduces as evidence are said to be more or less open to suspicion; so that, although the Houses of Parliament have been petitioned on her behalf, both the government and the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital have refused to listen to her claims. The 'Countess,' on her first appearance took up her abode at a village not far from Newcastle. At length in October 1868, she proceeded to take possession of the ruins of her ancestral home, the two men-servants by whom she was attended having made one of the rooms habitable by spreading a tarpaulin roof over it. From this she was forcibly removed by the agent for Greenwich Hospital, and was set down, with her effects, by the side of the highway. Here she set up a tent in which she lived several weeks until the public authorities, on the plea of its obstructing the highway, caused her tent to be removed, and she herself was left sitting under an umbrella. By the latest accounts that have reached us, she had



## THE LAST EARL OF DERWENTWATER.

accepted the hospitality of a neighbour, and was living under a roof. The public sympathies of the district in which Dilston lies are said to be strongly on her side.

The following ballad, which has long been popular in the north of England, may appropriately conclude our account of the last Earl of Derwentwater:

### DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to pleasant Dilston Hall,  
My fathers' ancient seat;  
A stranger now must call thee his,  
Which gars my heart to greet.  
Farewell, each kindly well-known face  
My heart has held so dear;  
My tenants now must leave their lands,  
Or hold their lives in fear.  
No more along the banks of Tyne  
I'll rove in autumn gay;  
No more I'll hear at early dawn  
The lav'rocks wake the day.  
Then fare-thee-well, brave Widdrington,  
And Foster, ever true;  
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,  
Receive my last adieu!  
And fare-thee-well, George Collingwood,  
Since fate has put us down;  
If thou and I have lost our lives,  
Our king has lost his crown.  
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear;  
Ill, ill thou counselledst me;  
I never more may see the babe  
That smiles upon thy knee!  
And fare-thee-well, my bonny gray steed,  
That carried me aye so free;  
I wish I had been asleep in my bed  
Last time I mounted thee.  
The warning bell now bids me cease;  
My trouble's nearly o'er;  
Yon sun that rises from the sea  
Shall rise on me no more!  
Albeit that here in London town  
It is my fate to die—  
Oh, carry me to Northumberland,  
In my fathers' grave to lie.  
There 'chant my solemn requiem  
In Hexham's holy towers;  
And let six maids of fair Tynedale  
Scatter my grave with flowers.

## ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHISDALE.

And when the head that wears the crown  
Shall be laid low like mine,  
Some honest hearts may then lament  
For Radcliffe's fallen line.  
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,  
My fathers' ancient seat ;  
A stranger now must call thee his,  
Which gars my heart to greet.

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## ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHISDALE.

THE Earl of Nithisdale, as has been mentioned, was fortunate in making his escape from the Tower on the night preceding the morning appointed for his execution. The particulars of his lordship's escape have shed a glory over female devotedness. But for the love, prudence, and heroism of his lady, he would most certainly have suffered the same violent death as that of the unfortunate Derwentwater and Kenmure. The history of this remarkable occurrence is as follows :

The Countess of Nithisdale having heard that her husband was a prisoner, and in peril of his life, hastened from the family seat in Scotland, in order to employ every means in her power to save him from his anticipated fate, or at least to be near him in his last moments. Her melancholy journey was performed in the dead of winter, and under many difficulties. The ground was so deeply covered with snow, that the posts and all ordinary conveyances were stopped, and she was obliged to ride on horseback from Newcastle to London—a distance of three hundred miles. On her arrival in town, she presented petitions to the king, and used all other expedients to procure a remission of the sentence against the earl, but without success. Pardon being evidently hopeless, she resolved on delivering her husband by other means. Escape in the disguise of a female occurred as the plan most likely to succeed. Settling on this device, and having with some difficulty procured his lordship's consent, she confided her intentions to a faithful female attendant, Evans ; and finally, when about to put her design in execution, procured the assistance of a Mrs Mills, with whom she lodged, and a Mrs Morgan. On the evening of Friday the 23d of February 1716, the next morning being that on which the unfortunate lords were to suffer, the countess proceeded with Mrs Mills and Mrs Morgan in a hackney-coach to the Tower. What ensued will be best described in her ladyship's own language, in a letter which she afterwards wrote to her husband's sister, the Countess of Traquair, lately made public.

'When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that Mrs

Mills and Mrs Morgan might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers, to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, to whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so as they were persuaded, from what I had told them, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said: "My dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid: she certainly cannot reflect how late it is. She forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door.

'When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to

him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I : " My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly, and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made dispatch in your life, do it at present : I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk ; but I still continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs, I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. Evans and Mr Mills having found a place of security, they conducted my lord to it.

' In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up-stairs, and go back to my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late ; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said ; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night ; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that I saw no other remedy than to go in person ; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night ; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped ; but that I did not know where he was.

' Having discharged the coach, I went in a sedan-chair to the



house of the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses, and to whom I confided the joyful intelligence of his lordship's escape. When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. I learned that his lordship was in the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house, and I went thither. The woman had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came, and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach-and-six was to go down to Dover, to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been fleeing for their lives; little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him; which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

'For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the continent. With regard to myself, it was decided by government, that if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but if that I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured. But that was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary.'

The countess concludes her interesting relation by mentioning that she went to Scotland to secure the family papers, and having effected this object, she returned to London, and made a strong appeal on her own and her son's behalf to George II. This petition was treated with indignity; and she was advised by her friends to leave the kingdom. The countess accordingly went abroad, and joined her exiled husband. It may be added, that the Nithisdale peerage, over which this lady's conjugal affection and heroic intrepidity shed a brilliant lustre, was never restored after the attainder of 1715; and the last direct heir of this noble House unfortunately perished many years ago in the waters of the Nith.



Insect Vivarium.

## HOME PLANTS, WATER-ANIMALS, AND INSECTS.

**T**HE beauty and variety of flowers, the fragrance and freshness which we are insensibly led to associate with them, have long been themes of the poet. Wilberforce prettily says of them that they are 'the smiles of God's goodness;' and pages could be filled with tender poetic addresses to flowers, both wild and cultured—for are they not beautiful and suggestive wherever they blossom? All, unfortunately, have not an opportunity of seeing flowers in the fields, or even in gardens; but there are few who have not the power of rearing flowers, ferns, and other cheering forms of vegetation; for what is accomplished by the professional gardener, may be imitated on a small scale by domestic culture, and with comparatively less expense, as our apartments yield that shelter and temperature which it costs the gardener so much to obtain.

The individual, therefore, who can rear in his window-recess, in

his lobby, or around his porch, the shrubs and flowers of his own and other lands, has always something to engage the attention, and to preserve the mind from listlessness or from positively pernicious pursuits. Any member of a family who has a little stand of plants to water, to clean, and prune, has always a pleasant daily recreation before him; his love and care increase with these objects; the simple duty becomes necessary to his happiness; and he has thus what so many are miserable for the want of—something to occupy leisure hours. Plants are objects of beauty and ornament. Why is yonder lowly cottage more lovely and inviting than the large farmhouse on the other side of the river? Simply because its walls are trellised with the rose and honeysuckle, and its porch with the clambering hop, whose dark-green contrasts so finely with the white-washed front; while the latter is as cold and uninviting as bare stone walls can make it. So it is with any apartment, however humble. The little stand of flowers in the window-recess, with their green leaves and brilliant blossoms, adds a charm and freshness to the place; and we will answer for it, that wherever these are, the furniture, though mean, will be clean and neatly arranged.

The indoor culture of plants is also intimately connected with the sanitary condition of our dwellings. The oxygen of the atmosphere is indispensable to the respiration of animals; it purifies their blood, and affords them internal heat; and, combining with particles ready to be removed from every part of the frame, is expired in the form of carbonic acid gas (a compound of oxygen and carbon). This gas, which is deleterious to animal life, constitutes the main nourishment of plants, which absorb it, appropriate its carbon, and restore its oxygen to the atmosphere, again to be breathed in purity by men and animals. It is true that pure air is necessary alike to the life of plants and animals; but the amount of oxygen absorbed by the former is by no means equal to that which they restore, and thus through their agency the atmosphere is kept in healthy equilibrium. It is only during the day, and under the influence of light, however, that carbonic acid is employed for the nutrition of plants; that which they absorb during night is returned into the atmosphere with the water which is continually evaporating from the surface of the leaves. From this explanation, it will be understood how the night-air of an apartment containing flowers is said to be less healthy than the atmosphere which pervades it during the day; though, under ordinary states of ventilation, no danger need be apprehended from this source. Besides their directly purifying influence, plants also tend indirectly to the health of dwelling-apartments. For their sake, the window that contains them will be oftener cleaned, the sash will be more frequently thrown open, and the air and sunshine intended for them will also lighten and purify the interior of the apartment. As to the amount of horticultural skill necessary for domestic flower-culture, it need not be very great.

## HOME PLANTS.

It is true that particular plants require particular treatment as to moisture, exposure to sunlight, &c.—that some climb, others creep—some require support, others float on water—some remain ever-green, others demand periods of dormancy or rest ; but all this can be learned of any gardener from whom the particular plant is obtained. Indeed, care and regularity are more required than science or art, as may be seen by the frequent displays of plants to be met with in the houses of individuals who never read a line about horticulture in their lives. Let any one look at the immense variety of plants grown in the windows of the more tasteful of our artisans and labourers, and then all his objections as to skill will immediately vanish.

Certain conditions of air, light, heat, and moisture are indispensable to the growth and perfection of every plant. Besides these conditions, land-plants generally require the aid of soil, from which they receive certain mineral or inorganic ingredients ; but soil is not necessary to all vegetation, for sea-weeds and floating aquatics are independent of it, and many plants will flourish and propagate even suspended in air. Thus, many orchids and other plants which grow upon the boughs of trees in warm climates, and which are therefore called *epiphytes*—from two Greek words, *epi*, upon, and *phyton*, a plant—derive no part of their nourishment from the trees to which they have affixed themselves. Air, light, heat, and moisture may be therefore said to be *essential* conditions ; soil, *non-essential*. As it is, however, with land-plants that the domestic cultivator has most to do, air, light, moisture, and soil may be considered as alike necessary to his purpose. Atmospheric air is a compound of nitrogen and oxygen gases, with a small admixture of carbonic acid and watery vapour ; moisture or water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen ; and light and heat we only know by their effects. From air and moisture, plants derive the chief part, if not the whole, of their *organic* constituents, such as woody fibre, starch, sugar, gum, oils, resin, and the like ; and from the soil they chiefly derive their *inorganic* constituents, which consist of minute portions of certain earths, alkalies, and metals—as silica, lime, magnesia, potash, soda, iron, &c., all of which exist in the soil. Sulphur and phosphorus also enter into the composition of plants. Every plant requires certain elements for its healthy growth, some kinds more of one element than another ; and unless these be supplied to it, it will languish and die. From these statements, the intending cultivator will see that the atmosphere must have admission to his plants, and that certain kinds of these must be grown in peculiar mixtures of soil, whether sand, clay, peat-earth, or loam.

Moisture is equally necessary in quantities proportionate to the nature of the vegetable. Some species require a dry, others a damp atmosphere ; some will not flourish unless the soil in which they are planted be drenched, others may be watered only at distant



## HOME PLANTS.

intervals. These are matters to be learned by experience, from books, or from professional men. The same may be said of light and warmth. A certain degree of light is necessary to perfect growth ; but some plants, as ferns, wood-sorrel, &c., naturally love shady situations, and therefore require it less. The majority of flowering-plants, however, delight in the open air and sunshine, assuming the most brilliant hues when exposed to these, and becoming blanched and sickly when excluded from their influence. Every person must have seen the white and slender stem of a potato grown in a darkened cellar, and must have also observed how the plants reared in a window naturally turn their leaves and branches to the light. Regular exposure and turning of plants to light are quite as necessary as air or moisture, if we would grow them healthy and of proper shapes. As to warmth, every vegetable has naturally its own climate ; we imitate mild and temperate regions by the green-house, and produce the heat of the tropics by the stove. In domestic apartments, it would be inconvenient and deleterious to produce more than a certain amount of either heat or cold, shade or moisture ; and therefore we must either grow such plants as are suitable to the ordinary state of our dwellings, or devise means of placing them in isolated compartments.

Besides the above conditions, there is another of equal importance, which is but too generally neglected. The great aim, if we may so speak, of every plant during the season of growth seems to be the perfection of its seed. This accomplished, either death or a period of dormancy ensues. Annuals and biennials die after the first seeding ; but the whole life of annuals is comprised within one year, and often within a small part of it ; that of biennials extends over parts of two years, their flowers not appearing till the spring or summer of the second year : perennials live and propagate for several or many years. Instead, therefore, of being forced into perpetual growth by the application of heat and moisture, perennials ought to be treated so that they may enjoy the same period of rest that they do in a state of nature. It matters not whether they are deciduous or evergreen. There must be a season of repose, be it for a few weeks or for several months, otherwise their vegetative powers are weakened, and they will not present a perfect development of flower and seed. Judicious cultivators will therefore attend to this, by gradually withdrawing heat, moisture, and other incentives to growth, at the proper season. Cactuses, for example, in their native plains of tropical America, luxuriate most during the rainy season, and become dormant with the period of drought. A similar seasonal recurrence should be imitated by the cultivator, if he wishes to preserve these wonderful succulents in healthy order. And so it is, less or more, with all other vegetables ; some require to be kept from heat and moisture ; others, as bulbs and corms, to be placed in dry sand, or even to be unearthed altogether. The pruning and

partial cutting down of stems is advantageous to some ; they throw out fresh and vigorous shoots when the season of growth returns. It is from want of attention to these conditions that so many of our beautiful green-house and drawing-room favourites are constantly dying out ; nor is there any reason for the attempt to keep them in perpetual growth for the sake of ornament, since different plants flower at different seasons, and thus afford an agreeable and varied succession.

In regulating the amount of heat, light, moisture, &c., attention must be paid to the peculiar conditions of the plant at certain periods of its growth. Thus, slips, while they are freely provided with heat and moisture, should not be too much exposed to light and sunshine. The evaporation which takes place from the leaves must not exceed the moisture which the root is capable of absorbing from the soil ; if it does so, the plant will speedily languish and die. It will be necessary, therefore, to keep young slips partially in the shade until they are thoroughly rooted, and begin to send forth leaf-buds, which are sure symptoms of their new vitality. Particular attention should also be paid to the manner of watering our domestic favourites. Though plants may occasionally be showered with the watering-pot, in general the best mode is to give them their supply by the flats or saucers and under-soil, and to take care that this be as regular and gradual as possible. Drenching them to-day, and forgetting them for the remainder of the week, is decidedly hurtful ; and watering the surface has a cooling effect upon the soil, at the same time that it is objectionable on the score of cleanliness. But care must be taken not to give any plant more water at a time than its roots can quickly take up : water standing in the saucer is always injurious. The great desideratum in the atmosphere of domestic apartments is moisture ; and this can be partially supplied by placing shallow tin flats on the flower-stand, from which the water can evaporate among the leaves and branches of the plants. In transferring plants which have become too large for their original pots, it is generally necessary to remove part of the old matted root, the fibres of which surround the ball of earth, to open it up, as it were, so that it may speedily obtain nutriment from the new supply of soil. Nothing can be more absurd than to transfer a ball of fibres and exhausted soil to a new pot, under the idea of not injuring the root. The absorbent portions of the fibres are their tips or spongioles ; and if these cannot be kept entire, a new and vigorous growth of them will be much sooner sent forth from a pruned root than from one clogged with old soil and decayed fibres. In filling pots with soil, care should be taken not to press it too firmly, but merely to give it sufficient consolidation to retain moisture and steady the plant. It is also of importance, for almost all plants, to place a layer of broken earthenware or sifted gravel next the bottom, with some turf or moss above, to facilitate drainage, or, as old gardeners express it, 'to keep the soil sweet.'

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Another direction to be borne in mind is, never to transfer a plant from one situation to another of a widely different character without some previous preparation. Vegetables no doubt possess wonderful powers of accommodation, but there is a limit to this principle; and a plant nursed and reared in the hothouse will no more endure the exposure of an open pot, than the animals of India could live and propagate in Iceland. Thus, many of our rarest exotics are permanently injured by sudden removal from the stove to the open stand, or from the open air and conservatory to the drawing-room. Plants intended for transferences of this kind should either be taken at the period of their repose, or immediately before their breaking out into blossom, if their flowers be the object in view. For example, is it wished to bring some showy orchidaceous plant from the stove to the drawing-room—it ought to be kept as dry as its actual wants will permit, some time previous to its flowering, and to be removed to its destination as soon as the first flowers make their appearance. On the other hand, it should not be returned to its original destination till the flowers have withered, and even then not till the soil has become pretty dry. Such are a few directions applicable to vegetation in general; we shall now point out the various modes in which domestic culture may be practised, and also enumerate some of the plants most suitable to its peculiar situations.

The situations usually available for the domestic culture of plants are small front-plots in towns and suburbs; walls and trellises in front of suburban cottages; balconies, porches, staircases, and other indoor space, where a flower-stand may be placed without interfering with the commodious arrangement of the furniture. To the first of these we need scarcely advert; for if the plot be of any size, and well exposed to light and sunshine, a pretty show of annuals and evergreen shrubs may be kept up at their proper seasons; and most people in this case are guided in their choice of plants by their own peculiar taste. However, of annuals, the following *hardy* and *half-hardy* kinds may be mentioned as worthy of adoption: *Hardy kinds*—Flos Adonis, candytuft, larkspur, lupines, sunflower, lavender, poppy, convolvulus, nasturtium, Tangier pea, sweet pea, winged pea, Lobel's catch-fly, dwarf lychnis, Venus's looking-glass, Virginian stock, saponaria, heart's ease and pansies, snap-dragon, mignonette, xeranthemum, purple Jacobaea, Clarkias. *Half-hardy kinds*—African marigold, French marigold, China aster, marvel of Peru, chrysanthemum, sweet sultan, Indian pink, love-apple, gourds, bottle gourd, convolvulus, yellow balsam, or touch-me-not, amaranthus, ten-week gillyflower, white ten-week stock, and Chinese hollyhock. Many of these are lovely and fragrant blossoms, and some, such as the Virginian stock and saponaria, are admirably adapted for borders, as they keep up an exuberant show of flower from July till late in October. Among biennial plants suitable for ordinary flower-plots, are included the following, each having several varieties:

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Canterbury bells, carnation, French honeysuckle, globe thistle, holly-hock, scabious, sweet-william, rose campion, wallflower, *lavatera arborea*, purple *digitalis*, and stock gillyflowers. Some of these are very beautiful flowers, and none more so than carnations.

If the plot be limited to a few square yards, it will be better not to attempt the growth of flowers at all, but to lay it down in green-sward or clean gravel, with perhaps a variegated holly, box-tree, laurel, flowering currant, sweetbriar, rose, or some other hardy shrub, to enliven it. Nothing, however, can be more wretched than a few sickly plants struggling for a miserable existence amid the dust and smoke of a town; and a person of good taste will never attempt the growth of flowers unless he can command the requisite amount of air and sunshine. Some plants endure a smoky atmosphere much better than others, and where almost every other shrub pines, the *Aucuba*, or Japan laurel, succeeds well. It is therefore now very common in such situations, but its variegated leaves, although pretty enough in the midst of verdure, have not the charm of green leaves in a suburban front-plot. In laying out little front-plots of this description, circular, oval, oblong, and other simple forms, should be preferred; for nothing looks more ridiculous than the imitation of labyrinths and intricate designs on so small a scale. A few plain forms in keeping with the front of the building and size of the plot, may produce elegance; but intricate divisions, with lines of gravel between scarcely broad enough for a human foot, are toyish and trifling in the extreme. Neat and simple edgings of box, daisy, Virginian stock, privet, and the like, should be preferred to showy borders, which are only adapted for large flower-gardens and ornamented lawns. In choosing plants for a front-plot, regard must be had to the exposure; which if toward the north, will not admit of the successful cultivation of many plants that might be introduced where there is a southern exposure.

When a front-plot is too small even for shrubs or turf, it is often possible to train some pretty climbers on the walls and around the doors and windows. The soil for the growth of these may be found either along the wall beneath, or may be artificially collected, and kept in stone or wooden boxes. Where it is objectionable to fasten plants to the wall, a light trellis-work of wood or iron-wire may be employed; permanently fixed where the climbers are perennial, but movable where they are grown merely for summer purposes. By being removed in autumn, and kept dry, a wooden trellis, originally of small cost, will last for a number of years; while its removal, along with the withered branches of the plant, is a positive improvement to the appearance of the dwelling. Nettings of string or wire make very convenient leaders, when other material cannot be had; and these may be woven along the outside of doors and windows, where other frameworks might not be permitted. In trellising, the

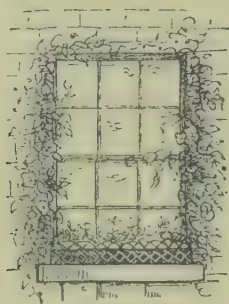


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lines should be easy and graceful, in order to give scope to the free and rambling habits of the climbers.

Among the *hardy* species adapted for this purpose, are honey-suckle, ivy, many varieties of rose, jasmine, the small white clematis, pyrus Japonica, lathyrus, chimonanthus, Virginian creeper, or even the humble hop, where an easily-nurtured and quick-growing climber is wanted. But although graceful and luxuriant in summer, the hop becomes unsightly in winter, by the decay of its stems, which ought then to be cleared away; and on this account, it should not be planted so as to mix with climbing or other shrubs, which, moreover, it is apt to choke. For summer purposes merely, a selection from the following may be made, descriptive particulars being easily obtained in any catalogue: *Campanula pyramidalis*; *cobæa*, several species; *convolvulus speciosus*; *lathyrus*, several; *loasa lateritia*; *lophospermum*, several; *manettia cordifolia*; *maurandia Barclayana*; *pentstemon argutus*; *rhodochiton volubile*; *thunbergia*, several; *tropæolum*, several; *passiflora cærulea*; *Tweedia cærulea*. Two plants appear in the above list, which, though they cannot be called climbers, make a handsome display when fastened to a trellis or a wall; these are *campanula pyramidalis*, and *pentstemon argutus*.

From what has been said under this head, the poor indweller of a single apartment must not suppose that the culture of outdoor climbers is a thing beyond his reach. If he has not a trellised wall or porch, he has at all events his little window; and what could be more lively or graceful than to have twiners led around the framework, as in the accompanying illustration, with a basket of



mignonette perfuming the air on the sill beneath. Nor would this display of taste and elegance cost him much: a box—it may be constructed by himself—a few handfuls of soil gathered from the wayside, and the merest trifle for seed, would be the sum-total of the demand.

It has been often remarked, that of all flowering-plants, climbers present the most graceful forms which can be contemplated under

the open sky ; but true as this may be, the tender varieties are not less graceful when cultivated in the green-house or drawing-room. Grown in pots, and sustained by appropriate frameworks, they can be trained to almost any shape, be it urn, vase, obelisk, or pillar—a screen of living network, or a fairy arbour. Trellises affixed to the outside of pots can be had of a thousand designs ; and where purchase is objectionable, they may be constructed of wicker, slender painted rods, cord, or varnished copper-wire, which is one of the most pliable and durable of materials. By the adoption of this plan, with frequent prunings in particular cases, climbers may be made to clothe a trellis not more than four feet high, and so requiring no larger space than a small shrub ; flowering more profusely when of three or four years' standing, than if they had been three times that age, and had covered a sixfold greater surface over an arbour or verandah. Indeed, climbers are not of difficult culture, for we have seen a cottager's window shaded within by a screen-work of leaves and blossoms more effectually than it could have been by the costliest Venetians.

Balconies, window-recesses, porches, and the like, are, however, the most available situations for domestic culture. Here the plants have proper shelter and warmth, and are not choked by soot and dust ; and if the requisites of light and sunshine be but sparingly granted, there are hundreds of plants which naturally love the shade, and can therefore be grown with success and pleasure. Presuming, however, that there is an ordinary amount of light, all of these available positions may be studded with open flower-pots, or with close glass-cases, as the means or fancy of the individual may decide. For indoor growth, if the situation is lightsome and airy, almost any green-house plant may be reared in open pots, although disappointment would probably attend any attempt to rear a heath or an epacris ; and it may be remarked that evergreen shrubs are, in general, less suited to such culture than deciduous shrubs and herbaceous plants. For those who want to keep up a succession throughout the year, the following may be mentioned : *Spring*—Snowdrop, Russian violet, early tulips, crocus, narcissus, hyacinth, heart's-ease, mignonette, ranunculus, anemone, myrtle. *Summer*—Pelargoniums, mignonette, ten-week stock, China roses, Chinese primrose, double wallflower, pinks, carnations, cactus, aloes ; annuals, as nemophila, schizanthus, collinsia, &c. ; hydrangea, myrtle, heliotrope. *Autumn*—Pelargoniums, lobelias, campanulas, salvias, hydrangea, verbenas, fuchsias, petunias, cinerarias, calceolarias, balsam, myrtle, heliotrope. *Winter*—Chrysanthemums, pelargoniums, heliotrope, myrtle, fuchsias, aloes, cactus. We mention the above as suited for open pots, but there are many others of long and well-established repute to be had from ordinary green-houses, or even in slips from private cultivators. *Aloysia citriodora*, still popularly known by the first botanical name which it received,

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*verbena*, is a shrub much esteemed for the delicious fragrance of its leaves, and often to be seen even in cottage windows. In the south of Ireland it grows well in the open air, but it is a green-house plant in Scotland.

All that is necessary for successful indoor culture is attention to the general directions previously given. If plants have sufficient air, light, warmth, and moisture, and be potted in proper soil, nothing else is needed, save a little care in keeping them clean, occasionally stirring the upper portion of the soil, turning them regularly to the light, lopping off old wood, pruning unseemly shoots, and removing decayed leaves. It may sometimes happen, notwithstanding all ordinary care, that a few, such as the pelargoniums, may be infested with small green insects (*aphides*), or may otherwise take disease and languish. The aphides are generally destroyed by a sprinkling of powdered lime, the fumes of tobacco or sulphur, or even, where the nature of the plant will admit, by a thorough drenching with pure water. Scale disease consists in the presence of very curious little insects—popularly called scale insects, and bearing the scientific name *coccus*—adhering to the bark or leaves; it is almost always the result of inattention, of too much or too little water, of confined pots, or of forcing into unnatural growth, and can only be remedied by recurring to proper treatment; such as removal into larger pots, a supply of new soil, cutting asunder and replanting matted roots, or by giving small doses of active manures, as nitrate of soda, ammoniacal water, liquid guano, and the like. Washing with soap and water, by means of a brush, is also beneficial, care being taken not to injure the leaves or bark. When slugs or other vermin infest the soil in which plants are grown, the above manures will in general kill them; if not, a drenching with lime-water—allowing it to pass off through the holes in the bottom of the pot or box—is sure to prove effectual, at the same time that it is likely to add to the vigour of the plants.

Since the main object of domestic floriculture is to improve the taste for what is lovely and ornamental, it should be the aim of all growers who can afford the outlay, to procure pots of as handsome shapes as possible. The common earthenware pot is often very clumsily made, though not of itself an inelegant object; but others may be constructed with ornamental mouldings in relief, or in the form of vases, urns, and the like, which would add greatly to the grace of a flower-stand. Pots may also be constructed of stone, of polished slate, as manufactured by Mr Beck of London, of cast-iron, wood, and the like, and in highly-elegant fashions, either to be set on plain shelving or on ornamental stands. Elegance, however, does not consist in exuberance of ornament; the plainer often the better; and correct taste will avoid all grotesque and fantastic shapes—such as representations of plants and animals in postures and situations in which they are never to be found in nature. There is an endless

variety of pots ; some intended to afford better drainage than the common sort ; others, by being double—that is, a pot within a pot, and the space between filled with water—to afford a more equable supply of moisture ; and many whose main object is display and ornament. The kind we recommend are of a middle size, about five inches high, and provided with saucers for receiving water. As regards stands for flower-pots, there are various kinds, ornamental and otherwise, a selection from which may be left to taste.

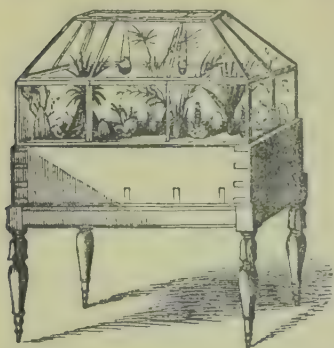
Of plants for suspension, a great variety can always be easily obtained, and as easily nurtured, as the majority of them need very little attention. Some require to be grown in pots, and watered ; but many will send down their graceful pendants and blossoms for years with no other supply of moisture than what they absorb from the atmosphere. Indeed, a number can be grown without the aid of soil ; a wet rag or ball of moss being the only protection their roots seem to demand. Pendent plants form very handsome appendages to a dwelling apartment, and no amateur should be without a variety to grace his collection. Of these may be mentioned, as worthy of adoption, *saxifraga sarmentosa*, *linaria cymbalaria*, *fuchsia radicans* and *decumbens*, *Russelia juncea*, *lantana selloviana*, some kinds of cactus, ferns, *lycopodiums*, &c. ; and with a little management, the prostrate *verbenas*, *lobelias*, and *mimuluses*, the trailing *mesembryanthemums*, with *campanula rupestris*, *campanula fragilis*, *campanula hirsuta*, and a multitude of plants which resemble them in their habits. Even some annuals, flowering in early spring, as *nemophila atomaria* and *insignis*, *Nolana atriplicifolia*, &c., create a good display when suspended in pots ; and many of the tender creepers before mentioned may be trained pendent as well as erect..

It may happen, from the vitiation of the air in towns and in dwelling apartments, from dust, or from other circumstances, that it is impossible to grow the plants we most wish in open pots. To remedy this, a plan was some years ago devised by Mr Ward, a surgeon in London, of keeping the plants under close glazed frames, in which situation they grow and flourish in perfection. These frames are generally known by the name of Ward's Cases, and may be seen in almost every large town, constructed of every shape and size, according to the taste or means of the grower. By aid of these, any one, whether inhabiting the most humble or the most splendid dwelling, provided it be freely exposed to the sun's light, has it in his power to cultivate a miscellaneous collection of plants, at an expense so trifling, as to be within the reach of the most moderate circumstances. One of these cases, of a very complete structure, is represented, with its collection of plants, in the figure on next page. On the stand or table is a strong box, lined with zinc or lead, and filled with well-moistened loamy soil, underlaid by a thin subsoil of turfy loam, and this resting on a porous stratum of gravel, or broken earth-



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enware. This composition is meant to represent a natural fertile soil, which it does to perfection, the water lodging among the gravel till



the wants of the plants in the superior mould require it. Over this box is placed a close-fitting glass-cover which completes the apparatus. The lighter and thinner the glass frame, and the finer the glass, the better are the plants exposed to view, and the more readily do they receive the sun's light. This plot of soil, with its glazed framework of air above it, forms a little world of itself, in which the plants grow and flourish. When the moisture of the soil within is vaporised by the heat of the sun, it collects on the inside of the glass, and trickles down again whenever

the air without the frame has become cooler than that within, so that the plants are never subjected to irregular or capricious watering, while their own respiration and decomposition of water afford them nearly all the atmosphere they require. The case, however, is not absolutely air-tight; if it preserves a certain regular amount of moisture, warmth, and air, while it excludes dust, soot, smoke, and other noxious fumes, it does all that is required. It must be evident that a Ward's Case may be of any size or shape. It may be made like a lantern or bell-glass, to cover a single plant, or large enough to become a domestic conservatory.

Cases of the kind described may be used either for indoor or outdoor culture; and answer as well for a little front-plot, or back-court, as for a drawing-room. They can be also conveniently put up in balconies, or even over the entire window, so that the panes may serve for one side of the conservatory. Many such are now to be seen in our large towns, even in the smokiest and least inviting quarters. This sort of double window, if we may so speak, is admirably adapted for tall plants and flowering shrubs, or for suspending pots, and is altogether a very pretty annexation to a dwelling. Lofty and partially close cases of this sort are fitted for almost every species of green-house plant; but the moistened and shaded atmosphere of a small and closely-fitted case is destructive to many kinds of flowering plants. Plants of a succulent nature, and especially those having fleshy leaves, like the cactus and aloe, and all natives of damp and shady situations, grow and bloom in them to perfection. Among these are many lovely and rare plants, which will amply repay the attention of the case-grower; such as different kinds of melocactus, mammillaria, echinocactus, opuntia, epiphyllum,

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riphsalis, cereus, and other plants of cactaceous genera ; aloe, cycas, side-saddle flower, Venus's fly-trap, sun-dew, nepenthes, lycopodium, &c., all remarkable either for the beauty or peculiarity of their habits and structures.

Rare exotics need not be sought after for an enclosed case. 'The plants to furnish it,' says Mr Ward, 'can be procured abundantly in the woods in the neighbourhood of London. Of these I will mention a few. The common ivy grows most beautifully, and can be trained over any part of the case, agreeably to the pleasure of the owner. The primroses, in early spring, will abundantly repay the labour of fetching them, continuing for seven or eight weeks in succession to flower as sweetly as in their native woods. So likewise does the wood-sorrel, the anemone, the honeysuckle, and a host of other plants, independently of numerous species of mosses and of ferns. Some of these latter are more valuable than others, in consequence of the longer duration of their fronds, such as *Lastræa dilatata*, and its numerous varieties. There are likewise many cultivated plants procurable at little or no cost, which grow without the slightest trouble, such as the *Lycopodium denticulatum*, the common musk-plant, myrtles, jasmines, &c. All the vacant spaces in the case may be employed in raising small salads, radishes, &c. ; and I think that a man would be a bad manager who could not, in the course of a twelvemonth, pay for his case out of its proceeds. These remarks apply chiefly to situations where there is but little solar light. Where there is more sun, a greater number and variety of flowering-plants will be found to thrive, such as several kinds of roses, passion-flowers, geraniums, &c., with numerous beautiful annuals—namely, *Ipomœa coccinea*, the species of *Nemophila*, *Convolvulus*, and a host of others: the vegetation, in fact, can be diversified in an endless degree, not only in proportion to the differing degrees of light and heat, but likewise by varying the quantity of moisture ; thus, with precisely the same aspect, ferns and bog-plants might be grown in one case ; and aloes, cactuses, mesembryanthemums, and other succulent plants in another.'

Bulbous-rooted plants are sometimes cultivated as ornaments of apartments by merely placing the bulbs in glasses made for the purpose, and filled with water. Roots are soon sent down into the water, and, seen through the clear glass, add to the beauty of the whole. Rain-water is better for this purpose than spring-water. As the roots ought never to be disturbed, the water ought not to be changed, but a little is added from time to time as it is required. A piece of charcoal may be placed in the water, to purify it from the organic matter which it derives from the plant. The glasses ought to be kept in a dark, cool place till the bulbs have sent out roots, and even till the flowering stem begins to be developed, after which full light and air are requisite. The same bulbs, however, cannot be treated in the same way, with success, even for a second year ;

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whilst, if planted among earth in flower-pots, they might succeed pretty well with proper care for a number of years. The bulb most commonly planted in water is that of the oriental hyacinth, one of the most frequent and delightful ornaments of our apartments in winter and early spring, esteemed for its fragrance no less than its beauty; but others, also to be readily obtained in the florists' shops, are often cultivated in the same way, as the polyanthus-narcissus, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, &c. Single hyacinths are generally better than double ones. They are more early, more hardy, and not less beautiful. In selecting the bulbs, it is proper to



The Prince of Wales Rustic Jardinets.

The above is a suggestive example of indoor gardening during the winter months. The jardinets is made of pottery, by Messrs Barr and Sugden of Covent Garden, London, and costs, when filled with bulbs, from 30s. to 35s. There are, besides, other cheaper kinds, such as the Alexandra Rustic, the Rustic Robin, and Ne Plus Ultra Jardinets, with prices ranging from 12s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. The form of the Prince of Wales Jardinets is circular, with all the irregularity of an old, gnarled stump, and is composed of three tiers, each of which is filled with assorted bulbs, as hyacinths, narcissus, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, &c. The bulbs are planted thickly and irregularly, which secures a succession of floral beauty without destroying the general effect. In planting their jardinets, Messrs Barr and Sugden use a preparation of cocoa fibre and charcoal, which they overlay with a carpet of fresh green moss. It ought to be added, that ferns can be associated with bulbs in jardinets. For the above description and illustration we are indebted to *The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper*.

notice their weight, as heavy and solid bulbs are the best. Expensive bulbs are seldom preferable on any other account than the mere rarity of the kind. Tulips and crocuses grow well if planted among moss, which is to be kept moist; and in this way a large flower-pot may exhibit a rich display of them. Many other bulbous-rooted

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plants, with very beautiful or fragrant flowers, may be cultivated in flower-pots filled with earth, care being taken to allow them their proper season of rest, and to replant the bulbs every year. Some of the species of gladiolus are of great beauty, and some of the squills are floral gems. Lilies, irises, the tuberose, &c., are worthy of all the care they demand. Attempts are sometimes made, by planting bulbs of different kinds expected to flower at the same time, to produce a fine effect by a vase or jardinet filled with them, as described in the previous page. Another way is to plant each kind by itself, and to look for the effect by placing them together on a table or stand.

Ferns are an exceedingly interesting family of plants, and though flowerless, they are by an improved taste now largely cultivated in pots, stands, and small garden patches. They are chiefly prized for their exquisitely graceful forms. Growing from a centre, the tall leaves or fronds having shot up a certain height, droop so easily and elegantly at the top as to be quite a study in beautiful forms ;



Drawing-room Jardinet.

The above elegant contrivance is suggestive alike to the nobleman and the poor cotter. It may be filled with plants according to fancy, and when carpeted with fresh green moss, it forms a refreshing and attractive object.

and their various shades of green, some dark and others light, are scarcely less matter of admiration. The distinctive peculiarity of all ferns is, that the seeds grow on the fronds, usually on the back, in little cases variously grouped and clustered ; though in some instances there are distinct fronds with and others without seeds, which, when scattered by the bursting of their cases, are often so little observable, that, at one time, it was believed that the plants



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sprung from invisible seeds. Hence arose the superstition, that the carrying of a piece of fern rendered a person invisible. Thus, Shakspeare: 'We have the receipt of fern-seed—we walk invisible.' Beaumont and Fletcher: 'Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring, or the herb that gives invisibility?' And rare Ben Jonson: 'I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible, no fern-seed in my pocket.' Ferns were connected with other old exploded notions, which we need not stop to specify. In eastern lands, where the language of affection is expressed by flowers and herbs, the fern is the emblem of sincerity and friendship.

Drawing some sentiment from these qualities and fancies, many will feel pleasure in rearing a few of the prettier kinds of ferns which are obtainable, either by means of seeds, or, what is preferable, from the spots where they are growing wild.\* But so far as the rearing of ferns to please the eye is concerned, any trouble about species and Latin names is useless. What we counsel, is the selection of such kinds as will make up an interesting variety of lesser or greater extent according to the space at disposal. If at all practicable, let small plants—such as the Maidenhair (*Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*), Hart's-Tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), Lady Fern, Male Fern, Spleenwort, and others—be picked up from those spots where they are seen growing. The places in which they may be found are in shady woods, the clefts of rocks, and open hillsides, also in chinks of old walls. Taken up carefully with a little of the earth or moss which attaches to the root, they may be carried hundreds of miles without losing their vitality, of which we could not give better proof than that we brought some of a very small kind, picked from the outer wall of the prison of Chillon, in Switzerland, safely to England, watering them occasionally by the way, and they are now growing vigorously. Tourists in the Highlands have daily opportunities of procuring very fine specimens in abundance.

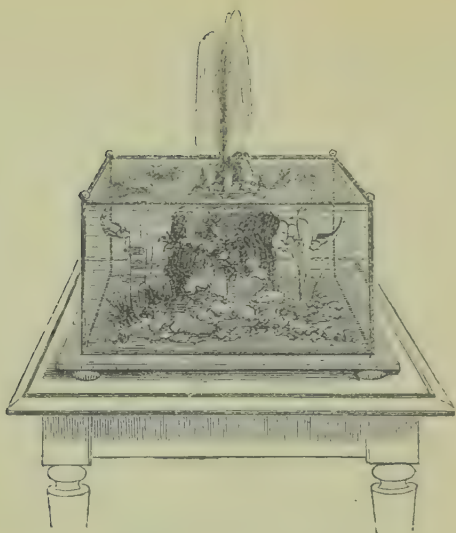
The conditions under which ferns are grown artificially, are shade and moisture, with a light soil of sandy moss or bog-earth; no manuring is required. If they are grown under glass, care must be taken to let the water escape which condenses on the sides of the case; for if it sinks into and remains in the soil, it will cause a sourness about the roots. Arranged in the open air, with the fine waving *Pteris* or bracken in the centre of a group, and the more tiny ferns all around, it is only necessary to select a spot partially in the shade, and to give an ordinary degree of care as to watering, cleaning, and other points in domestic plant-culture. Gatherers of ferns will note the conditions in which they are found, and endeavour accordingly to give them, as far as possible, similar conditions as to light or shade, dryness or moisture, warmth or exposure; for in all these respects there are differences in the plants.

\* We may refer to a small and cheap volume, *British Ferns and their Allies*, published by Routledge, London, for much useful and technical information.

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It is apparent from what we have stated, that every one, rich or poor, the tenant of a humble but airy apartment, or the possessor of a splendid mansion, can equally indulge, according to his means, in the culture of what is lovely, fresh, and fragrant in the vegetable creation. If he cannot afford a Ward's Case, he can obtain at least his wooden box, or pot of earthenware; and if he cannot purchase what is rare and strange, he can have around him what is equally lovely and fragrant, as the common geraniums, hydrangea, fuchsias, verberna, musk-plant, lily of the Nile, and a hundred others which will flourish luxuriantly in the humblest cabin. If his means will not afford ornamental pots and elegant stands, he can at least keep clean and orderly such as he has; always remembering, that the luxuriant and healthy plant will be an ornament of itself, though grown in an old tea-pot, while the most expensive vase will not compensate for a poor, stunted, and neglected plant. The love and taste for what is beautiful and graceful and healthful in nature, is the great object to be gained; filth, disorderly habits, and dissipation, are inconsistent with that love; and where it exists genuinely and strong, there also will be cherished the greater regard for external decency and order; and these in turn will lead to more elevated thoughts, and to tastes and habits far removed from all that is mean and sensual. There is, perhaps, no pursuit which leads the mind more directly to an appreciation of that wisdom and goodness which pervade Creation, than the study of the vegetable kingdom, in which infinite variety, beauty, and elegance, singularity of structure, the nicest adaptations, and the most pre-eminent utility, meet us at every step, and compel us to observe and learn, even when often the least disposed to inquiry or reflection. But waiving all these, the nurture of plants is an object for the amusement and recreation of all; something to engage the attention, something to cherish, and something wherewith to decorate and perfume their dwellings, when the means are perhaps denied them of adding more expensive ornaments of taste and fashion. Take it even in the light of a mere recreation for an idle moment, it is at least an innocent and cheerful one; one that never interferes with the comfort of a neighbour, or brings to the cultivator one sigh of mortification or regret.

Miss Maling's Indoor Plant Cases are, like Ward's, well worth the attention of those who care for rearing and preserving plants. These cases, which have received the approval of Professor Lindley and others, are manufactured by Mr James Gray, Horticultural Works, Danvers Street, Chelsea, London, either with or without heating apparatus, and at moderate prices. The little work on *Window Gardening*, by R. Fish, gardener to Colonel Sowerby, Patteredgebury, and published at the office of the *Journal of Horticulture*, London, contains much excellent and useful information on the subject of Home Plants.



### THE AQUARIUM.

The growth of ferns and other plants as a matter of amusement in glass-cases, led to the idea of forming cases for the rearing of certain animals in water. Globular crystal jars with fresh-water for gold-fish had long been known, but it was a great step in advance when the Zoological Society of London began, about 1852, to exhibit a collection of living aquatic animals in a house within their grounds. This, so far as we know, was the first aquarium of any considerable size, and attracted so much attention, that the keeping of aquaria became a favourite parlour-amusement. There are two kinds of aquaria—those with fresh-water, and those with sea-water, which last are usually called marine aquaria. Besides the mere amusement which may be derived from a parlour aquarium, it is certain that it affords valuable, we might say invaluable, facilities to the naturalist in the prosecution of his researches. The botanist can now conveniently watch the development of aquatic plants under conditions *not* unnatural, throughout the entire period of their existence, from their germination to the production of flowers and the perfection of seeds ; and we are in hopes that much of the obscurity that invests many aquatic vegetables will in consequence be cleared up. The zoologist is perhaps even more indebted to the invention. The habits, not only of fishes, but of molluscs, can be accurately studied under natural conditions,

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and many important facts of their history ascertained and illustrated. Water-beetles and other aquatic insects also come in for a share of attention.

In both kinds of aquaria, plants may be grown, and indeed are indispensable for the due sustenance of the animals, as well as for keeping the case or vessel in good order. Mr Warrington, whose papers on the subject, in the Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society, did much to stimulate the keeping of aquaria, gives the following details as to the necessity of preserving a balance between animal and vegetable life. In speaking of gold-fish, he says: 'They were placed in a glass-receiver of about twelve gallons' capacity, having a cover of thin muslin stretched over a stout copper-wire, bent into a circle, placed over its mouth, so as to exclude as much as possible the sooty dust of the London atmosphere, without, at the same time, impeding the free passage of the atmospheric air. This receiver was about half filled with ordinary spring-water, and supplied at the bottom with sand and mud, together with loose stones

of limestone tufa from Matlock, and of sandstone; these were arranged so that the fish could get below.' After this, 'a small plant of *Vallisneria spiralis* was introduced, its roots being inserted in the mud and sand, and covered by one of the loose stones, so as to retain the plant in its position. The materials' being thus arranged, all appeared to go on well for a short time,

until circumstances occurred which indicated that another and very material agent was required to perfect the adjustment.' The decaying leaves of the vallisneria produced a slime which began to affect the fish injuriously: this impurity it was necessary to get quit of. Mr Warrington introduced five or six pond-snails (*Limnaea stagnalis*), 'which soon removed the nuisance, and restored the fish to a healthy state, thus perfecting the balance between the animal and vegetable inhabitants, and enabling both to perform their functions with health and energy. So luxuriant was the growth of the vallisneria under these circumstances, that by the autumn the one solitary plant originally introduced had thrown out very numerous offshoots and suckers, thus multiplying to the extent of upwards of thirty-five strong plants, and these threw up their long spiral flower-stems in all directions, so that at one time more than forty blossoms were counted lying on the surface of the water. The fish have been lively, bright in colour, and appear very healthy; and the snails also—judging from the



*Vallisneria spiralis* :

*a*, female plant; *b*, male plant.



## THE AQUARIUM.

enormous quantities of gelatinous masses of eggs which they have deposited on all parts of the receiver, as well as on the fragments of stone - appear to thrive wonderfully, affording a large quantity of food to the fish in the form of the young snails, which are devoured as soon as they exhibit signs of vitality and locomotion, and before their shell has become hardened.'

In remarking upon the result of his experiments, Mr Warington observes : ' Thus we have that admirable balance sustained between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and that in a liquid element. The fish, in its respiration, consumes the oxygen held in solution by the water as atmospheric air, furnishes carbonic acid, feeds on the insects and young snails, and excretes material well adapted as a rich food to the plant, and well fitted for its luxuriant growth. The plant, by its respiration, consumes the carbonic acid produced by the fish, appropriating the carbon to the construction of its tissues and fibres, and liberates the oxygen in its gaseous state to sustain the healthy functions of the animal life ; at the same time that it feeds on the rejected matter, which has fulfilled its purposes in the nourishment of the fish and snail, and preserves the water constantly in a clean and healthy condition. While the slimy snail, finding its proper nutriment in the decomposing vegetable matter and minute confervoid growth, prevents their accumulation by removing them ; and by its vital powers converts what would otherwise act as a poison into a rich and fruitful nutriment, again to constitute a pabulum for the vegetable growth, while it also acts the important part of a purveyor to its finny neighbours.' This perfect adjustment in the economy of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, whereby the vital functions of each are permanently maintained, is one of the most beautiful phenomena of organic nature. In the marine aquarium, the presence of molluscs is as necessary as in the fresh-water aquarium, to prevent an excessive growth of conferva, which otherwise soon make the water turbid with their innumerable green seeds or *spores*, and obscure the glass by establishing themselves upon it in vast colonies. The common periwinkle, topshell, and limpet are very suitable for this purpose.

Though the marine aquarium is more difficult to manage than that of fresh water, it will be to many so much more novel and interesting, that we confine our explanations chiefly to it. But before describing the special qualities of a marine aquarium, let us say a few words of the varieties of zoophytes which are to constitute its principal attraction.

Zoophyte is a term compounded from two Greek words signifying an animal and a plant, and is applied to a most remarkable class of creatures, now known to be truly animal, although many of them were once regarded as plants, or as forming a link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Nothing within the range of natural history possesses a more interesting and wonderful character than

these plant-like animals. Their colours, and the expanded tentacles which surround the mouth, give to the simplest of them a remarkable flower-like appearance ; whilst others have a stem and branches, bearing a multitude of minute flower-like *polypes*, the tentacles of which move about in the water in quest of prey, but which on any alarm are instantaneously contracted into mere buds, or disappear altogether into the cells from which they had issued. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than some of these beings, whether form or colour is considered ; but they are still more interesting from their marvellous structure, as compound animals, originating from a single egg or germ, and simple at first, but budding according to certain laws peculiar to each particular kind, and growing like little trees or shrubs, of which each bud has an individuality of its own, its own mouth, and tentacles, and stomach, and power of propagation, whilst yet it partakes in the common individuality of the whole ; an organic connection being maintained throughout every part—a separate life and yet also a united life, so that it would be hard for a moralist to determine, if it were of any importance, the bounds of the *meum* and *tuum*, and still harder for a metaphysician to settle the relations of the *Ego* and *non-Ego*. There are zoophytes which are found in fresh water, while others are found only in the sea. According to science, there are numerous orders and species of zoophytes, but we refer only to those found on the shores of the sea within the action of the tides, and leave out of view the classes which form corals and sponges, or which are of a microscopic character.

Of the sea-side zoophytes, there are many kinds, all less or more curious, as differing from what one is accustomed to in animal life. Some grow tall in a plant-like form, others are soft and simple, adhering to shells or rocks, of which latter kind the *Actinias*, or sea-anemones, called animal-flowers, are the most prized. Others, called *Tubularias*, rooted on rocks, shells, and stones by a stem above a foot high, have a scarlet head resembling a beautiful pink. Several bunches resembling clusters of grapes, forming the eggs, are borne externally on the head. Each egg, on attaining maturity, drops out of its cluster, and falling below, is hatched into a young zoophyte. At first, this is a head only ; it is endowed, for some time, with the faculty of moving from place to place, and, after taking up a position, the stem grows downwards, by which it is then permanently rooted to the same spot. The species of *Flustra*, or sea-mat, resemble a leaf, one or both sides of which are composed entirely of cells like a slipper, each inhabited by an animal concealed within when at rest, and stretching out when active, but fixed by the lower extremity. The late Sir John Graham Dalyell, a writer on this subject, says of a sea-anemone which he kept for a long time : ‘ In the course of six years it produced between two and three hundred young, which also bred on attaining maturity. The embryos of this

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animal are carried in the tips of its hollow and transparent feelers ; they can be withdrawn entirely, or transferred from one to another,



Actinia, or Sea-anemone.

and after this extraordinary kind of gestation, are finally produced by the mouth. A tip containing an embryo having been amputated, the embryo survived five years after extraction, fed, and grew, and bred in its turn. The actinia is a most voracious creature, and after feeding greedily, the food is rejected in the form of a ball. No living creature it can overpower escapes its grasp.'

Notwithstanding the numerous investigations that have been made into the nature of zoophyte life, it is still involved in considerable mystery. They are creatures destitute of many of the chief organs of ordinary animals ; they have no eyes to see, feet to walk,

fins to swim ; they have no breathing or blood-circulating process, such as the higher animals have ; no heart for the maintenance of the circulation, no lungs or gills for respiration, and no nervous system has been discovered in them. But they have a stomach, which, in the simple zoophytes, such as sea-anemones, occupies the whole centre of the jelly-like animal, which may be likened to a thick bag, with tentacles surrounding its mouth ; and they have a power of discovering, seizing, and bringing to the mouth objects suitable for their nutrition, as well as of discovering the approach of objects which may be dangerous, on which they retract their tentacles, and contract themselves as much as possible. It may here be mentioned that the aquarium affords admirable opportunity for observations with the microscope. Not only will interesting objects, both animal and vegetable, be easily taken from it, to be subjected to a powerful microscope, but observations may continually be made by a good single lens—a Coddington lens is the best for the purpose—through the glass of the aquarium itself, and thus zoophytes and other minute animals may be studied in their life and activity. A little management will bring close to the surface of the glass whatever it is desired to observe, and the lens must be placed close to the glass on the outside. The minute polype may thus be seen, extending its circle of tentacles for prey, or shrinking back into its cell on the slightest agitation of the water. Many a form of wondrous beauty, and many not less wondrous habits, may be easily observed. Those beautiful animalcules called *Vorticellæ*, may be seen in a fresh-water aquarium to the greatest advantage—as they often attach themselves to the glass itself—with their flower-like form,

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their branching stalks and little bells or cups, as they stretch out the stalks to the utmost or suddenly retract them into a spiral. Or the pond-snail, the periwinkle, or the limpet may be watched, as they travel over the inner surface of the glass, licking up with rasping tongue the minute young *confervæ* which have established themselves there, every action of the mouth being most perfectly visible. To enjoy a good opportunity of observing some of the most curious forms of life either in a fresh-water or salt-water aquarium, it is necessary that the water be kept for a considerable time unrenewed. A little may be added, as evaporation takes place, but none must be taken away.



Vorticella (*Convallaria*).

Before commencing the marine aquarium, we would recommend a perusal of *Tenby, A Sea-side Holiday*, by Mr P. H. Gosse, to whose persevering investigations into zoophyte life the world is greatly indebted. We would also recommend a perusal of the *Book of the Aquarium*, by Shirley Hibberd, a work containing practical instructions and useful hints as to the stocking and management of fresh and sea water aquaria. The following quotation, referring to the marine aquarium, will afford a specimen of this valuable kind of information: 'The first danger to guard against is *overstocking*; the next danger is the association of animals that were never intended by nature to agree, as, for instance, *Dianthus* with *Carcinus*, or *Pholas* with *Asterina*. Where there are several vessels, appropriate one to *Actinia*, *Madrepores*, *Polyzoa*, and *Chitons*; another to molluscs only; another to such of the fishes as come within the range of our practice; and another to crustaceans, and you will be free of warfare. If you have but one vessel, be content with a few of the most attractive and interesting zoophytes, and do not crowd it with incongruous gatherings. At any time, a glass dish, a pickle-bottle, or even a common earthenware soup-plate, may be turned to account for a few rare and curious things, of kinds unsuitable for the tank that friends may send you, or that you may collect upon the sea-shore. Crabs sprawl over anemones, and torment them; and anemones entangle fishes with their barbed threads, and destroy them.'

Small fishes are amongst the most pleasing inmates of the aquarium. The little gobies, common in rock-pools on the sea-coast, can be kept in the marine aquarium with great ease, and afford much amusement by their liveliness, and the activity with



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which they dart out from their corners in quest of prey. They soon become tame enough to feed from the hand.



Sticklebacks and Nest.

In the fresh-water aquarium, no fish is more interesting than the stickleback, which takes possession of a place for itself, and maintains it against all intruders, resenting any approach to its chosen domain, and tumbling over the water beetle in its violent assaults. At the breeding season it becomes doubly interesting by its *nest-building*, a fact in its natural history not long known, but which the possessor of an aquarium may very probably have opportunity to observe.

Crabs are also very amusing; their voracity, their pugnacity, and their changes of shell, cannot fail to attract and reward attention. The hermit-crab, inhabiting the deserted shell of a whelk or other mollusc, and walking about with it on his back, is particularly interesting. But crabs are too active, and too rude in their activity, to be tolerated in an aquarium stocked with delicate zoophytes.



A simple form of an Aquarium.

Besides the risk of overstocking, and also of badly assorting, there is a danger of too much light and heat, and also of too great a depth

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of water. Comparatively shallow cases are preferable, composed partly of slate, for the sake of coolness and moderate light. Though square in form exteriorly, the case may have a sloping interior from front to back, on which the animals are placed. The keeping of the water free from impurities is of the utmost importance, and for this purpose all dead animals and floating waste matter should be removed with a feather, sponge-stick, or hand-net. Nor is it less necessary to maintain the due specific gravity of the water, in the salt-water aquarium, for as it becomes more dense or strong by evaporation, fresh additions require to be made. The proper density of sea-water is, of course, that of water taken from the ocean; and at this point it can be maintained by noticing a glass specific-gravity ball, which may be kept afloat on the surface—the ball rising as the density increases. Where natural sea-water cannot be obtained, an artificial kind may be made by a compound of common table-salt,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ounces; Epsom salts, quarter of an ounce; chloride of magnesium, 200 grains troy; and chloride of potassium, 40 grains troy; the whole dissolved, and liquor poured off clear from grounds, and then poured into fresh water until it register 1.027 by the hydrometer.

The Water-Spider (*Argynoreta aquatica*) is an interesting inmate of the fresh-water aquarium. It is a true spider, but remarkable for living mostly under water. The abdomen is covered with a kind of fur, which repels the water, and retains a bubble of air, so that



Water-Spider (*Argynoreta aquatica*).

the skin does not get wet, and the air-tubes, by which the spider breathes, are sufficiently supplied. Under water, the creature seems to be surrounded by a silvery pellicle. It sometimes comes out of the water, to chase insects, which are dragged into the water as soon as they are caught. The owner of the aquarium may have the

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pleasure of seeing the spider make nests for its residence, carrying down little bubbles of air from the surface at the extremity of its abdomen, by means of filaments which are situated there, and depositing them in a curious manner, by touching the edge of the plant to which the nest is to be attached. And so it proceeds, bringing down bubble after bubble, and weaving a web around them, within which it afterwards lives. Near the mouth of this nest, webs are made to float in the water, for the capture of water-insects, just as other spiders make their webs in the air. Sometimes the insects captured are brought to the surface to be devoured, sometimes they are carried into the nest. When the water-spider is placed in a jar, in which there are no water-plants, the nest is either affixed to the edge of the jar, or suspended by means of threads carried from one side of it to the other. Many interesting things may be observed in the natural history of the water-spider, and not the least interesting is the nest which it makes for its young. The eggs are deposited under water, enclosed in a web thicker than that of the spider's own ordinary residence, and much tougher and stouter, the roof also being much thickened.

As an aquarium requires almost constant attention, it is proper to say that no one should attempt to keep one who is not prepared to give it the due degree of consideration and management. Where, as in the case of the Zoological Society of London, a public institution is inclined to undertake the cost and trouble of maintaining aquaria for exhibition, no objection can be made, and so far they may be successfully kept. Mr Lloyd, however, discommends their being introduced as part of the attractions of ordinary conservatories; the brilliant light and other conditions required for ordinary greenhouse plants being destructive to the plant-animals in an aquarium. On the whole, the simple parlour or drawing-room aquaria are the kinds which are most successful. Nor need any one refrain from indulging in this amusement on account of the dinginess of his dwelling. 'A room,' says Mr Lloyd, 'on the first floor of a house in a densely-populated part of London, closely surrounded by high buildings, with one window facing due east, glazed with ground glass, and having its aperture of an area equalling only one-twelfth of the area of the four walls of the apartment, is found to yield ample light enough for several flourishing aquaria. The same result is attained in another room, with a due west window, glazed with fluted glass, of an area of only one-twentieth of that of the walls. These are actual instances, cited in opposition to the conservatory notion.'

It should be added, that the collecting of marine plants and zoophytes on rocky shores at times of low water may form an amusing occupation, and serve to relieve the tedium which is not unusually experienced at sea-bathing quarters. Instructions how to select, preserve, and carry away these gatherings, will be obtained from the manuals to which we have referred. In various places,

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retired officers of the preventive service make a kind of business of gathering zoophytes, and offering them for sale at most inconsiderable prices. While (1861) at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, we found one of these obliging persons (Mr Matthew Hale) engaged in this occupation; and from his varied and interesting stock, he offered to send anemones and other specimens to any part of England, packed in wet sea-weed, which he declared kept them more lively and free from damage than if sent in jars of sea-water. As amateur-keepers of aquaria will not disdain to pick up practical information wherever it is to be found, they need hardly be recommended, when at the sea-side, to make the acquaintance of all such professional collectors.

Since writing the above, we have seen a very interesting work, amply illustrated, on the same subject—namely, the *Aquarium of Marine and Fresh-water Animals and Plants*, by G. B. Sowerby, F.L.S. London: Lovell Reeve, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.



*Serpula contortuplicata.*



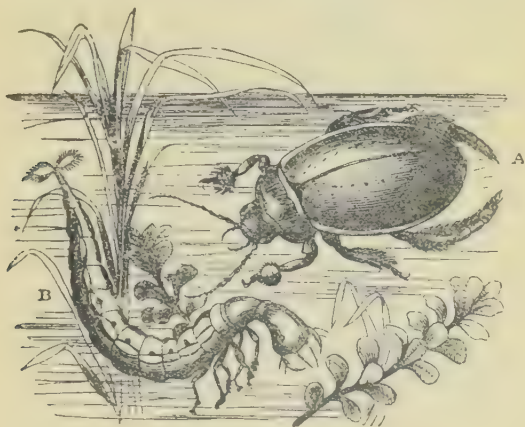
## THE INSECT VIVARIUM.

After the invention of the Wardian case, and of the Aquarium, the idea of the Insect Vivarium could not fail soon to suggest itself. Entomologists have long been in the practice of rearing caterpillars and other larvæ, keeping them in boxes and supplying them with their appropriate food, so as to enjoy opportunities of observing their transformations, and to obtain the perfect insect as a specimen for the museum. And thus have entomological collections been furnished with butterflies in all their splendour; ruthlessly killed, however, shortly after their emerging from the chrysalis, ere yet the lustre of their wings has been dimmed, or any of the fine scales rubbed off, as is apt to be the case with butterflies captured in their flight in groves, meadows, or moors. From this the transition was easy to an insect vivarium, partly formed of glass, and affording opportunity of observing insects in the different stages of life, whilst at the same time it added another pleasing ornament to the drawing-room or to the apartment of less pretentious name, in which the Spitalfields weaver, for instance, prosecutes the study of entomology; for it is an interesting fact that entomology has long been a favourite pursuit among the Spitalfields weavers, and one in which many of them have been most enthusiastic and successful.

The insect vivarium is made partly of slate or zinc, and partly of glass; the bottom, back, and sides being made of the former material, the front and top of the latter. A minute description is unnecessary; the form may be varied according to taste or convenience. The upper part ought not to be made entirely of glass, as much light is injurious to many larvæ, even of insects which in their perfect state rejoice in the brightest sunshine. But the life of a butterfly or other insect in its perfect state is generally very brief, and the vivarium must rather be adapted to its larval state and the observance of its transformations. There must be a sliding-door or other contrivance for ready access to the interior; and a plate of perforated zinc, or something similar, is necessary for ventilation; and to prevent the atmosphere within the case from becoming too moist, to the injury of insect life. The bottom of the vivarium is filled with earth, as in a Wardian case, broken pottery or the like being placed below it to secure perfect drainage, and in the earth are planted tufts of grass, ferns, and other plants suitable to the size of the case, and plants in pots are also introduced as may be found desirable. Tubes of zinc or tin are placed in the earth, to contain

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water, and thus to admit of the introduction of twigs of trees or any foliage requisite as the peculiar food of any kind of larva. It is also very desirable to have a portion of the space devoted to water insects, and for this purpose a miniature pond is formed by a water-tight partition, and water-plants and pond-snails are placed in it, as in the aquarium, to prepare it for its proper occupants. A few sticklebacks, minnows, or other small fishes, may also be placed in



Water Beetle :

. A, perfect beetle ; B, beetle in its larva state.

it, to make it more lively and pleasing. And now the vivarium is ready, and may be stocked with insects as opportunity is found ; water-beetles, and the larvæ of gnats and dragon-flies, may be placed in the pond, and caterpillars may be collected from the garden, the field, or the wood, care being taken to note their appropriate food and to provide them with sufficient fresh supplies. Caterpillars are extremely voracious, and grow with great rapidity. The larva of the dragon-fly is very interesting from its ferocious aspect and habits ; that of the gnat is still more so from its playful gamboling in the water, and its occasional suspending of itself at the surface of the water by the star-like breathing apparatus in which its abdomen terminates. But the variety of interesting objects of study is endless ; and a vivarium affords excellent opportunity for observing many of the most wonderful things in nature, and for adding new discoveries to science, whilst the mind of the observer is always agreeably occupied and often filled with new delight as he watches habits and transformations, which, whether known or unknown before, come under his notice at least for the first time. There is no little pleasure to be found in watching the caterpillar as it spins

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its cocoon, or encloses itself in its hard chrysalis, which perhaps it suspends from a leaf or twig ; or in seeing the dragon-fly creep up the stem of a water-plant, burst the hard integuments which have



Dragon-fly escaping from its Chrysalis :

*a*, insect emerging ; *b*, insect just emerged ; *c*, insect nearly ready to fly.

covered his body, in the chrysalis or *pupa* state, and wait, as if impatient, till the rapid development of his splendid wings enables him to take flight in the air.

The insect vivarium being ready, perhaps it may be well for those who have not already much knowledge of entomology to begin with some of the common insects which are easily procured and fed. Thus they may observe the transformations, which are not less interesting in these than in the rarest species. The cabbage butterfly may readily be found in the garden as a caterpillar feeding upon cabbage leaves, and being provided with fresh leaves daily, its wants are supplied. By and by it encloses itself in a case, as a chrysalis, and comes forth a butterfly, ready to spread its wings in the sun, and to feed on the honey of flowers. There are two species of cabbage butterfly common in this country, a larger and a smaller, both nearly white. The caterpillars of the gooseberry may also be tried, of which there are several kinds, some the larvæ of lepidopterous insects, moths ; but the most common kind is the larva of a species of sawfly. Much pleasure may be afterwards found in bringing home and rearing the larvæ, which are the pests of the farmer and gardener, as those which feed upon the leaves of the turnip and

other crops ; and this study may become useful, for these are not yet sufficiently understood. And something new may always be found in the fields and woods. The attention requisite to provide supplies of food will give occasion for pleasant walks, tending to health of body and refreshment of mind, far more than walks undertaken for mere health's sake and without any other more special object. Let notes be kept of all observations, and it will almost certainly be found that something is noticed which others also will regard with interest, and which forms a small, yet not worthless addition to the science of natural history. Much yet remains to be observed ere the wonders of entomology are fully known.

If mulberry leaves can be obtained, the silkworm may be introduced into the vivarium ; and apart from the interest which it derives from its economical importance, the spinning of its cocoon may be watched with admiration and delight. But even little moths, such as in their larva state feed upon cloth, wool, leather, and similar substances may thus be studied, and all of them will be found interesting ; and the more that their various peculiarities are observed, the more interesting will the study become.

The interest felt in the feeding and growth of the larvæ is, of course, small in comparison with that connected with transformations. There is first the formation of the chrysalis, and then the emergence from it. For a short time before its first transformation, the larva refuses food—a contrast to its former habits, for nothing can exceed the voraciousness of larvæ—and seems wholly occupied in seeking a suitable place of retirement in which to spend its chrysalis days. Some kinds suspend themselves from leaves, or from anything which offers itself ; some bind leaves together by fine silken threads, and conceal themselves within ; some burrow in the ground. Every kind has its own peculiar habit, which is well worthy of notice. The emergence from the chrysalis is not less interesting, whether it be the hard angular chrysalis of the butterfly, the cocoon of some of the moths, or the curious case of the dragon-fly, the caddis-fly, or the ephemera.

The small insects called *aphides*, or plant-lice, are a good subject of study. A twig or portion of a plant covered with them may be placed in the vivarium, so that they are near the glass, and can easily be observed by the aid of a magnifying lens. Their slow awkward movements, their sucking proboscis, the strange projections from their back, which look like horns directed backwards, and the secretion of drops of honey-dew, will first arrest attention, and then their extremely rapid viviparous multiplication. In autumn, the observer may be fortunate enough to witness the production of the winged insects, the last generation of the year—the many previous ones being wingless—intended to perpetuate the race by eggs in the ordinary manner of insects.

Whatever insects may be placed in the vivarium should not only



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be watched, but studied as much as possible. And the observer who feels a real interest in such study of the wonders of nature, and derives pleasure from it, will naturally seek to acquaint himself with all that has been observed before. Every one who keeps a vivarium should seek to know what the insects are which he places in it, and what is already known about them. The same remark, indeed, applies to the aquarium, and even to the fern-case or the flower-plot; an intelligent mind will seek to know something about the plant which is cultivated, were it only in what part of the world it is found wild. But as to animals, the desire is more strongly felt to know their nature and their habits. We can enjoy the beauty of the plant, although we know nothing of botany, but we necessarily become zoologists to a certain extent in studying the habits of animals. And every such study has a beneficial effect on the mind, enlarging, refining, and elevating. Let the name of every creature placed in the aquarium or insect vivarium be ascertained if possible, and the description of it in scientific books compared with the living specimen. Books, otherwise as dry as the Dictionary, will become interesting when thus used. Other books will be found delightful, because of the accounts which they contain of the habits of animals, and of all the wondrous facts of their natural history. He who keeps an aquarium or insect vivarium, and seeks to know all he can about its inmates, not only from personal observation, but from books, will find himself brought, as it were, into a new world, of which the wonders are never to be exhausted.

The insect vivarium is not costly at first, and to keep it up requires no expense whatever, but only the care and attention which are more than amply rewarded. Like the fern-case and the aquarium, it is equally suitable for persons in humble life, and for those in affluent circumstances. It gives the artisan a profitable occupation for his leisure hours, leading the dweller in the city occasionally to visit rural scenes in order to collect insects, or to find for them the food which they require, and thus contributes to his health as well as to his mental elevation. Nor is it less beneficial to those who have more leisure hours than they well know how to employ.

Much interesting information not only concerning the insect vivarium, but concerning insects themselves, may be found in a little volume (to which we are indebted for our frontispiece), entitled *The Butterfly Vivarium, or Insect Home*, by H. Noel Humphreys. London, William Lay, 1858.—For further study of entomology, such as the vivarium may be expected to lead to, we may recommend that well-known and standard book, Kirby and Spence's *Entomology*, a book as interesting as it is scientific, and (for lepidopterous insects—viz., butterflies, moths, and hawk-moths), Westwood's *Butterflies of Great Britain, with their Transformations*.



## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

**T**HE dog has not inaptly been described as a gift of Providence to man—an aid almost indispensable for his conquest and management of the lower animals. Unlike other creatures, he voluntarily abandons the companionship of his own species, becomes a deserter from their camp, and, enlisting himself as a humbler member of human society, is found a willing and loving servant, the companion and friend of his master. Unlearned in virtue or any of the ordinary actions which command popular approbation, the dog, from the prompting of his own feelings alone, practises the most perfect integrity. Uncalculating as regards his own comfort or convenience, he is found adhering to his master through all shades of fortune, even unto disgrace, penury, and want; nor will any temptation make him abandon the fond and stricken object of his undying affection. A long course of domestication and peculiar treatment have, as is well known, divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties, all less or more distinct as respects size, appearance, and special qualities and dispositions; yet no kind of cultivation has altered, nor can misuse obliterate, the leading features of the animal. The character of the dog for tractability, attachment,

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general docility to his master's interest, and benevolence, remains the same. In all ages and countries, therefore, has this remarkable animal been cherished for his services ; and these, in a rude state of society, are so essential to personal enjoyment, that the happiness of a future state of existence has been supposed to be incomplete without them.

‘Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or Milky-way;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heaven;  
Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced,  
Some happier island, in the watery waste;  
Where slaves once more their native land behold;  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company!’

The admirable quality of inflexible attachment has rendered dogs the familiar and esteemed companions of men of the highest attainments and rank. Emperors, prelates, statesmen, judges, men of all ranks and professions, and, it may be added, ladies of the highest fashion, have been gratified by their companionship. The late Lord Eldon had a small dog, Pincher, which he highly valued, and pensioned at his decease. Scott was immoderately fond of dogs—one in particular, a stag-hound, called Maida, being the constant companion of his rambles. Byron, likewise, if we may judge from the following lines, supposed to be inscribed on the monument of a Newfoundland dog, must have entertained a kindly feeling towards these animals :

‘When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests below;  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should have been.  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,  
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power;

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Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,  
Degraded mass of animated dust !  
Thy love is lust ; thy friendship, all a cheat ;  
Thy smiles, hypocrisy ; thy words, deceit !  
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.  
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :  
To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise ;  
I never knew but one—and here he lies.'

## PERSONAL ATTACHMENT.

The attachment of the dog to his master becomes a ruling passion, and, united with a retentive memory, has led to some remarkable disclosures of crime. We are told by Plutarch of a certain Roman slave in the civil wars, whose head nobody durst cut off, for fear of the dog that guarded his body, and fought in his defence. It happened that King Pyrrhus, travelling that way, observed the animal watching over the body of the deceased ; and hearing that he had been there three days without meat or drink, yet would not forsake his master, ordered the body to be buried, and the dog preserved and brought to him. A few days afterwards there was a muster of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The dog lay quietly by him for some time ; but when he saw the murderers of his late owner pass by, he flew upon them with extraordinary fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king ; which both excited the king's suspicion, and the jealousy of all who stood about him. The men were in consequence apprehended, and though the circumstances which appeared in evidence against them were very slight, they confessed the crime, and were accordingly punished.

An old writer mentions a similar case of attachment and revenge which occurred in France in the reign of Charles V. The anecdote has been frequently related, and is as follows : A gentleman named Macaire, an officer of the king's body-guard, entertained, for some reason, a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother-officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. It is not known whether the dog was muzzled, or from what other cause it permitted the deed to be accomplished without its interference. Be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where



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it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if anything could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly-turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. These cries were so touching, that passengers were attracted; and finally digging into the ground at the spot, they found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself from this time forth to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him, had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body shewed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the Isle of Notre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of an empty cask, into which it could retreat, if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leaped actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would inevitably have been strangled, had he not cried for mercy, and in his terror avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him; but it availed him little; he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. The dog which attracted such celebrity has been usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the château of Montargis.

Washington Irving mentions that in the course of his reading

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he had fallen in with the following anecdotes, which illustrate, in a remarkable manner, the devoted attachment of dogs to their masters :

‘An officer, named St Leger, who was imprisoned in Vincennes [near Paris] during the wars of St Bartholomew, wished to keep with him a greyhound that he had brought up, and which was much attached to him ; but they harshly refused him this innocent pleasure, and sent away the greyhound to his house in the Rue des Lions St Paul. The next day, the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark under the windows of the tower, towards the place where the officer was confined. St Leger approached, looked through the bars, and was delighted again to see his faithful hound, which began to jump and play a thousand gambols to shew her joy. Her master threw a piece of bread to the animal, which ate it with great good-will. St Leger did the same in his prison, and, in spite of the immense wall which separated them, they breakfasted together like two friends. This friendly visit was not the last. Abandoned by his relations, who believed him dead, the unfortunate prisoner received the visits of his greyhound only, during four years’ confinement. Whatever weather it might be, in spite of rain or snow, the faithful animal did not fail a single day to pay her accustomed visit. Six months after his release from prison, St Leger died. The faithful greyhound would no longer remain in the house, but on the day after the funeral returned to the castle of Vincennes, and it is supposed she was actuated by a motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shewn great kindness to this dog, which was as handsome as affectionate. Contrary to the custom of people of that class, this man had been touched by her attachment and beauty, so that he facilitated her approach to see her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. Penetrated with gratitude for this service, the greyhound remained the rest of her life near the benevolent jailer. It was remarked that even while testifying her zeal and gratitude for her second master, one could easily see that her heart was with the first. Like those who, having lost a parent, a brother, or a friend, come from afar to seek consolation by viewing the place which they inhabited, this affectionate animal repaired frequently to the tower where St Leger had been imprisoned, and would contemplate for hours together the gloomy window from which her dear master had so often smiled to her, and where they had so frequently breakfasted together.

‘In January 1799, the cold was so intense that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths, who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hôtel des

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Monnaies of Paris ; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm by barking with all his might near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth ; but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls ; he ran along the river as if he were mad ; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food ; but absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he shewed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater.'

Anecdotes of this kind are exceedingly numerous. A Westmoreland newspaper relates one respecting the dog of a Scotchwoman, named Jenny, who followed the profession of a pedler. She had a young child which the dog was very fond of, being in the habit of lying with it in the cradle. It happened, however, that the child became ill, and died. Jenny was at that time living at Hawkshead, but her infant was buried at Staveley. From the mother's distress of mind at the time, little notice was taken of the dog ; but soon after the funeral it was found to be missing, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. But the poor mother, passing through Staveley, thought she would visit the churchyard where the infant was interred ; when, behold ! there was the little dog lying in a deep hole, which it had scratched over the child's grave ! It was in a most emaciated state from hunger and privation.

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### FIDELITY.

Fidelity to the interests of his master is one of the most pleasing traits in the character of the dog, and could be exemplified by so many anecdotes, that the difficulty consists in making a proper selection. The following, however, is worthy of commemoration :

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag ; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language ; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of itself ; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

'Mercy !' cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so ; my poor dog is certainly mad : what must I do ? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me ; but with what regret ! O could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me ! But there is no time to lose ; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him.'

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired ; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight ; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind ; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that he had prevented a greater evil by despatching a



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mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual : ' I am most unfortunate,' said he to himself ; ' I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing ; no bag was to be found. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. ' Wretch that I am ! I alone am to blame ! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.'

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted ; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded ; he was oppressed and distracted ; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations ! His heart was ready to bleed ; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more ; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast ; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

A less tragical instance of this kind of fidelity occurred some years ago in England. A gentleman of Suffolk, on an excursion with a friend, was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which soon became the subject of conversation. The master, after a warm eulogium upon the perfections of his canine favourite, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large square stone by the side of the road—being first shewn to the dog. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back ; the gentleman rode on and reached home ; but, to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place, till two horsemen riding by, and attracted by

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his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bedchamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning with the prize he had made free with, in the pocket of which were found a watch and money, that were returned upon being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled to the admiration of all the parties.

## ANECDOTES OF SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

One of the most striking instances which we have heard of the sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog, occurred nearly a century ago among the Grampian Mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks in these high pasturages, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning, by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the

approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child ; and still, on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day ; and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers who frequent the Grampian Mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed ; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence !

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot ; and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

The following instance of watchful care on the part of a farmer's dog, is related in the *Sportsman's Cabinet* as being well authenticated :

‘ Mr Henry Hawkes, a farmer residing at Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market. On returning at night with his dog, which was usually at his heels, he again stopped at Aylesford, and, as is too frequently the case upon such occasions, he drank immoderately, and left the place in a state of intoxication. Having passed the village of Newhead in safety, he took his way over Snodland Brook, in the best season of the year a very dangerous road for a drunken man. The whole face of the country was covered with a deep snow, and the frost intense. He had, however, proceeded in safety till he came to the Willow Walk, within half a mile

of the church, when by a sudden stagger he quitted the path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand. Not apprehensive he was going astray, he took towards the river; but having a high bank to mount, and being nearly exhausted with wandering and the effect of the liquor, he was most fortunately prevented from rising the mound, or he certainly must have precipitated himself (as it was near high-water) into the Medway. At this moment, completely overcome, he fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever known, turning upon his back. He was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold, when his faithful dependent, which had closely attended to every step, scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a sort of protecting wall around his helpless master; then mounting upon the exposed body, rolled himself round and lay upon his master's bosom, for which his shaggy coat proved a most seasonable covering and eventual protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning, a person who was out with his gun, in expectation of falling in with some sort of wild-fowl, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself, to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman, by actions of the most significant nature, to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face, the countenance was immediately recollected; but the frame appearing lifeless, assistance was procured to convey it to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when a pulsation being observed, every possible means was instantly adopted to promote his recovery. In the course of a short time the farmer was sufficiently restored to relate his own story as already recited; and in gratitude for his extraordinary escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction. A gentleman of the faculty in the neighbourhood hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made him an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, 'that as long as he had a bone to his meat, or a crust to his bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend who had preserved his life;' and this he did in a perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog, in covering the most vital part, had continued the circulation, and prevented a total stagnation of the blood by the frigidity of the elements.'

The patience, the ingenuity, and fidelity of the shepherd's dog in assisting his master in his arduous profession, command our highest esteem; while his knowledge of what is desired of him, his tact in understanding the slightest signal, his sagacity in acting in cases of emergence on his own responsibility, make him the paragon of the brute creation. James Hogg, who possessed the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at



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one time had a dog called Sirrah, an animal of a sullen disposition, and by no means favourable appearance, which was an extraordinary adept in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows: 'About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the Shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the Shepherd in great affliction, "my man, they're a' awa'." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the Shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their own power to recover their lost charge—they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the Shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the Forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

In the execution of such duties, the shepherd's dog, as may be supposed, does not weigh moral considerations. His purpose is to serve his master, whether right or wrong, though, when employed on guilty objects, he is probably not ignorant that his work is of a clandestine nature, which it would not be faithful to disclose. Among the narratives which still entertain the fireside circle in Tweeddale, one of the most remarkable refers to an extraordinary case of sheep-stealing, in which a shepherd's dog was a subordinate though most active agent. The case occurred in the year 1772.

A young farmer at Ormiston, near Innerleithen, whose circumstances were supposed to be good, and who was connected with

many of the best store-farming families in the county, had been tempted to commit some extensive depredations upon the flocks of his neighbours, in which he was assisted by his shepherd. The pastoral farms of Tweeddale, which generally consist each of a certain range of hilly ground, had in those days no enclosures: their boundaries were indicated only by the natural features of the country. The sheep were accordingly liable to wander, and to become intermixed with each other; and at every reckoning of a flock, a certain allowance had to be made for this, as for other contingencies. For some time, Mr William Gibson, tenant in Newby, an extensive farm stretching from the neighbourhood of Peebles to the borders of Selkirkshire, had remarked a surprising increase in the amount of his annual losses. He questioned his shepherds severely, taxed them with carelessness in picking up and bringing home the dead, and plainly intimated that he conceived some unfair dealing was in progress. The men, finding themselves thus exposed to suspicions of a very painful kind, were as much chagrined as the worthy farmer himself, and kept their minds alive to every circumstance which might tend to afford any elucidation of the mystery. One day, while they were summering their lambs, the eye of a very acute old shepherd, named Hyslop, was caught by a black-faced ewe which they had formerly missed—for the shepherds generally know every particular member of their flocks—and which was now suckling its own lamb, as if it had never been absent. On inspecting it carefully, it was found to bear an additional *birn* upon its face. Every farmer, it must be mentioned, was in the habit of impressing with a hot iron a particular letter upon the faces of his sheep, as a means of distinguishing his own from those of his neighbours'. Mr Gibson's *birn* was the letter T, and this was found distinctly enough impressed on the face of the ewe. But above this mark there was an O, which was known to be the mark of the tenant of Ormiston, the individual already mentioned. It was immediately suspected that this and the other missing sheep had been abstracted by that person—a suspicion which derived strength from the reports of the neighbouring shepherds, by whom, it appeared, the black-faced ewe had been tracked for a considerable way in a direction leading from Ormiston to Newby. It was indeed ascertained that instinctive affection for her lamb had led this animal across the Tweed, and over the lofty heights between Kailzie and Newby; a route of very considerable difficulty, and probably quite different from that by which she had been led away, but the *most direct* that could have been taken. Mr Gibson only stopped to obtain the concurrence of a neighbouring farmer, whose losses had been equally great, before proceeding with some of the legal authorities to Ormiston, where Millar, the shepherd, and his master, were taken into custody, and conducted to the prison of Peebles. On a search of the farm, no fewer than thirty-three score of sheep belonging to

various individuals were found, all bearing the condemnatory O above the original *birns*; and it was remarked that there was not a single ewe returned to Grieston, the farm on the opposite bank of the Tweed, which did not *minny* her lambs—that is, assume the character of mother towards the offspring from which she had been separated.

The magnitude of this crime, the rareness of such offences in the district, and the station in life of at least one of the offenders, produced a great sensation in Tweeddale, and caused the elicitation of every minute circumstance that could possibly be discovered respecting the means which had been employed for carrying on such an extensive system of depredation. The most surprising part of the tale is the extent to which it appears that the instinct of dumb animals had been instrumental both in the crime and in its detection. While the farmer seemed to have deputed the business chiefly to his shepherd, the shepherd seemed to have deputed it again, in many instances, to a dog of extraordinary sagacity, which served him in his customary and lawful business. This animal, which bore the name of Yarrow, would not only act under his immediate direction in cutting off a portion of a flock, and bringing it home to Ormiston, but is said to have been able to proceed solitarily, and by night, to a sheep-walk, and there detach certain individuals previously pointed out by its master, which it would drive home by secret ways, without allowing one to straggle. It is mentioned that, while returning home with their stolen droves, they avoided, even in the night, the roads along the banks of the river, or those that descend to the valley through the adjoining glens. They chose rather to come along the ridge of mountains that separate the small river Leithen from the Tweed. But even here there was sometimes danger, for the shepherds occasionally visit their flocks even before day; and often when Millar had driven his prey from a distance, and while he was yet miles from home, and the weather-gleam of the eastern hills began to be tinged with the brightening dawn, he had left them to the charge of his dog, and descended himself to the banks of the Leithen, off his way, that he might not be seen connected with their company. Yarrow, although between three and four miles from his master, would continue, with care and silence, to bring the sheep onward to Ormiston, where his master's appearance could be neither a matter of question nor surprise.

Near to the thatched farmhouse was one of those old square towers, or peel-houses, whose picturesque ruins were then seen ornamenting the course of the Tweed, as they had been placed alternately along the north and south bank, generally from three to six hundred yards from it—sometimes on the shin, and sometimes in the hollow of a hill. In the vault of this tower, it was the practice of these men to conceal the sheep they had recently stolen; and while the rest of their people were absent on Sunday

at the church, they used to employ themselves in cancelling with their knives the ear-marks, and impressing with a hot iron a large O upon the face, that covered both sides of the animal's nose, for the purpose of obliterating the brand of the true owner. While his accomplices were so busied, Yarrow kept watch in the open air, and gave notice without fail, by his barking, of the approach of strangers.

The farmer and his servant were tried at Edinburgh in January 1773, and the proceedings excited an extraordinary interest, not only in the audience, but amongst the legal officials. Hyslop, the principal witness, gave so many curious particulars respecting the instincts of sheep, and the modes of distinguishing them both by natural and artificial marks, that he was highly complimented by the bench. The evidence was so complete, that both culprits were found guilty, and, according to the barbarous policy of those times, they expiated their crime on the scaffold.

The general tradition is, that Yarrow was also put to death, though in a less ceremonious manner; but this has probably no other foundation than a *jeu d'esprit*, which was cried through the streets of Edinburgh as his dying speech. We have been informed that the dog was in reality purchased, after the execution of Millar, by a sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, but did not take kindly to honest courses, and his new master having no work of a different kind in which to engage him, he was remarked to shew rather less sagacity than the ordinary shepherd's dog.

An instance of shrewd discrimination in the shepherd's dog, almost as remarkable as that of poor Yarrow, was mentioned a number of years ago in a Greenock newspaper. In the course of last summer, says the narrator, it chanced that the sheep on the farm of a friend of ours, on the water of Stinchar, were, like those of his neighbours, partially affected with that common disease, maggots in the skin, to cure which distemper it is necessary to cut off the wool over the part affected, and apply a small quantity of tobacco-juice, or some other liquid. For this purpose, the shepherd set off to the hill one morning, accompanied by his faithful canine assistant, Laddie. Arrived among the flock, the shepherd pointed out a diseased animal; and making the accustomed signal for the dog to capture it, 'poor Malie' was speedily sprawling on her back, and gently held down by the dog till the arrival of her keeper, who proceeded to clip off a portion of her wool, and apply the healing balsam. During the operation, Laddie continued to gaze on the operator with close attention; and the sheep having been released, he was directed to capture in succession two or three more of the flock, which underwent similar treatment. The sagacious animal had now become initiated into the mysteries of his master's vocation, for off he set unbidden through the flock, and picked out with unerring precision those sheep which were affected with maggots in



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their skin, and held them down until the arrival of his master, who was thus, by the extraordinary instinct of Laddie, saved a world of trouble, while the operation of clipping and smearing was also greatly facilitated.

Hundreds of such anecdotes, we believe, could be told of the shepherd's dog, but we shall content ourselves with the following, as an instance of sagacity and maternal tenderness in the animal : In October 1843, a shepherd had purchased at Falkirk, for his master in Perthshire, four score of sheep. Having occasion to stop a day in the town, and confident of the sagacity of his 'collie,' which was a female, he committed the drove to her care, with orders to drive them home—a distance of about seventeen miles. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps ; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two further ; then allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her own young ones and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the dumb animal on the road. However, when collie reached her home, and delivered her charge, it was found that the two pups were dead. In this extremity, the instinct of the poor brute was, if possible, yet more remarkable. She went immediately to a rabbit brae in the vicinity, and dug out of the earth two young rabbits, whom she deposited on some straw in a barn, and continued to suckle for some time, until one of the farm-servants unluckily let down a full sack above them, and smothered them.

## EDUCABILITY OF DOGS

The possibility of teaching dogs to perform various feats is well known. Fetching and carrying, going to a baker's shop with a penny and getting a loaf in exchange, and such-like performances, demonstrate only a mean species of cleverness. It is only when they attain the power of acting an independent part in a well-sustained scene, that their performances rise to the wonderful.

An aged gentleman has mentioned to us that, about eighty years ago, a Frenchman brought to London from eighty to a hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, the remainder spaniels, but all nearly of the same size, and of the smaller kind. On the education of these animals their proprietor had bestowed an immense deal of pains. From puppyhood upwards, they had been taught to walk on their hind-legs, and maintain their footing with surprising ease in that unnatural position. They had likewise been drilled into the best

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possible behaviour towards each other; no snarling, barking, or indecorous conduct took place when they were assembled in company. But what was most surprising of all, they were able to perform in various theatrical pieces of the character of pantomimes, representing various transactions in heroic and familiar life with wonderful fidelity. The object of their proprietor was, of course, to make money by their performances, which the public were accordingly invited to witness in one of the minor theatres.

Amongst their histrionic performances was the representation of a siege. On the rising of the curtain, there appeared three ranges of ramparts, one above the other, having salient angles and a moat, like a regularly constructed fortification. In the centre of the fortress arose a tower, on which a flag was flying; while in the distance behind appeared the buildings and steeples of a town. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword, of an appropriate size. All these were dogs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, consisting also of dogs, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege. In the foreground of the stage were some rude buildings and irregular surfaces, from among which there issued a reconnoitring party; the chief, habited as an officer of rank, with great circumspection surveyed the fortification, and his sedate movements, and his consultations with the troops that accompanied him, implied that an attack was determined upon. But these consultations did not pass unobserved by the defenders of the garrison; the party was noticed by a sentinel, and fired upon, and this seemed to be the signal to call every man to his post at the embrasures.

Shortly after, the troops advanced to the escalade; but, to cross the moat, and get at the bottom of the walls, it was necessary to bring up some species of pontoon, and accordingly several soldiers were seen engaged in pushing before them wicker-work scaffoldings, which moved on castors towards the fortifications. The drums beat to arms, and the fearful bustle of warfare opened in earnest. Smoke was poured out in volleys from shot-holes; the besieging forces pushed forward in masses, regardless of the fire; the moat was filled with the crowd; and, amid much confusion and scrambling, scaling-ladders were raised against the walls. Then was the grand tug of war. The leaders of the forlorn-hope who first ascended were opposed with great gallantry by the defenders; and this was perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. The chief of the assailants did wonders; he was seen now here, now there, animating his men, and was twice hurled, with ladder and followers, from the second gradation of ramparts; but he was invulnerable, and seemed to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse. The scene became of an exciting nature. The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of

trumpets, and the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of reality that for the moment made the spectator forget that he was looking on a performance of dogs. Not a bark was heard in the struggle.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes, the chief surmounted the third line of fortifications, followed by his troops; the enemy's standard was hurled down, and the British flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were manned by the conquerors; and the smoke cleared away—to the tune of *God save the King*.

It is impossible to convey a just idea of this performance, which altogether reflected great credit on its contriver, as also on the abilities of each individual dog. We must conclude, that the firing from the embrasures, and some other parts of the *mécanique*, were effected by human agency; but the actions of the dogs were clearly their own, and shewed what could be effected with animals by dint of patient culture.

Another specimen of these canine theatricals was quite a contrast to the bustle of the siege. The scene was an assembly-room, on the sides and the further end of which seats were placed; while a music-gallery, and a profusion of chandeliers, gave a richness and truth to the general effect. Livery-servants were in attendance on a few of the company, who entered and took their seats. Frequent knockings now occurred at the door, followed by the entrance of parties attired in the fashion of the period. These were, of course, the same individuals who had recently been in the deadly breach; but now all was tranquillity, elegance, and ease. Parties were formally introduced to each other with an appearance of the greatest decorum, though sometimes a young dog would shew a slight disposition to break through restraint, but only to the increased amusement of the beholders. Some of the dogs that represented ladies were dressed in silks, gauzes, laces, and gay tasteful ribbons. Some wore artificial flowers, with the flowing ringlets of youth; others wore the powdered and pomatumed head-dress of riper years, with caps and lappets, in ludicrous contrast to the features of the animals. Doubtless the whole had been the result of judicious study and correct arrangement, for the most animated were habited as the most youthful. The animals which represented gentlemen were judiciously equipped; some as youthful, and others as aged beaux, regulated by their degrees of proficiency, since those most youthfully dressed were most attentive to the ladies. The frequent bow, and return of courtesy, produced great mirth in the audience; but when the noses of the animals neared each other, it produced a shriek of delight from the youthful spectators. On a sudden, the master of the ceremonies appeared. No doubt he was the chief in the battle-fray. He was now an elegant fellow, full of animation; he wore a superb court-dress, and his manners were in agreement with his costume. He approached many of the visitors: to some of the gentlemen he

gave merely a look of recognition; to the ladies he was generally attentive; to some he projected his paw familiarly, to others he bowed with respect; and introduced one to another with an air of elegance that surprised and delighted the spectators. There was a general feeling of astonishment at some of the nicer features of the scene, as at the various degrees of intimacy which individuals expressed by their nods and bows of recognition.

As the performance advanced, the interest increased. A little music was heard as from the gallery, but it was soon interrupted by a loud knocking, which announced the arrival of some important visitor, and expectation was raised. Several livery-servants entered, and then a sedan-chair was borne in by appropriately dressed dogs; they removed the poles, raised the head, and opened the door of the sedan; forth came a lady, splendidly attired in spangled satin and jewels, and her head decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers! She made a great impression, and appeared as if conscious of her superior attraction; meanwhile the chair was removed, the master of the ceremonies, in his court-dress, was in readiness to receive the *élégante*, the bow and courtesy were admirably interchanged, and an air of elegance pervaded the deportment of both. The band now struck up an air of the kind to which ball-room companies are accustomed to promenade, and the company immediately quitted their seats, and began to walk ceremoniously in pairs round the room. Three of the ladies placed their arms under those of their attendant gentlemen. On seats being resumed, the master of the ceremonies and the lady who came in the sedan-chair arose; he led her to the centre of the room; Foote's minuet struck up; the pair commenced the movements with an attention to time; they performed the crossings and turnings, the advancings, retreatings, and obeisances, during which there was a perfect silence, and they concluded amid thunders of applause. What ultimately became of the ingenious manager with his company, our informant never heard.

Fully as interesting an exhibition of clever dogs took place in London in the summer of 1843, under the auspices of M. Leonard, a French gentleman of scientific attainments and enlightened character, who had for some years directed his attention to the reasoning powers of animals, and their cultivation. Two pointers, Braque and Philax, had been the especial objects of his instruction, and their naturally inferior intellectual capacities had been excited in an extraordinary degree. A writer in the *Atlas* newspaper thus spoke of the exhibition of these animals: 'M. Leonard's dogs are not merely clever, well-taught animals, which, by dint of practice, can pick up a particular letter, or can, by a sort of instinct, indicate a number which may be asked for; they call into action powers which, if not strictly intellectual, approximate very closely to reason. For instance, they exert memory. Four pieces of paper were placed



upon the floor, which the company numbered indiscriminately 2, 4, 6, 8. The numbers were named but once, and yet the dogs were able to pick up any one of them at command, although they were not placed in regular order. The numbers were then changed, with a similar result. Again, different objects were placed upon the floor, and when a similar thing—say a glove—was exhibited, one or other of the animals picked it up immediately. The dogs distinguish colours, and, in short, appear to understand everything that is said to them.

‘The dog Braque plays a game of dominoes with any one who likes. We are aware that this has been done before; but when it is considered that it is necessary to distinguish the number of spots, it must be admitted that this requires the exercise of a power little inferior to reason. The dog sits on the chair with the dominoes before him, and when his adversary plays, he scans each of his dominoes with an air of attention and gravity which is perfectly marvellous. When he could not match the domino played, he became restless and shook his head, and gave other indications of his inability to do so. No human being could have paid more attention. The dog seemed to watch the game with deep interest, and what is more, he won.

‘Another point strongly indicative of the close approach to the reasoning powers, was the exactness with which the dogs obeyed an understood signal. It was agreed that when three blows were struck upon a chair, Philax should do what was requested, and when five were given, that the task should devolve on Braque. This arrangement was strictly adhered to. We do not intend to follow the various proofs which were afforded of the intelligence of the dogs; it is sufficient to say that a multiplicity of directions given to them were obeyed implicitly, and that they appeared to understand what their master said as well as any individual in the room.

‘M. Leonard entered into a highly interesting explanation of his theory regarding the intellectual powers of animals, and the mode he adopts to train and subdue horses, exhibiting the defects of the system generally pursued. His principle is, that horses are not vicious by nature, but because they have been badly taught, and that, as with children, these defects may be corrected by proper teaching. M. Leonard does not enter into these inquiries for profit, but solely with a scientific and humane view, being desirous of investigating the extent of the reasoning powers of animals.’

It does not appear possible that dogs should be educated to the extent of those of M. Leonard, unless we can suppose that they acquire a tolerably exact knowledge of language. That they in reality learn to know the meaning of certain words, not merely when addressed to them, but when spoken in ordinary conversation, is beyond a doubt; although the accompanying looks and movements in all likelihood help them in their interpretation. We

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have known a small spaniel, for instance, which thoroughly understood the meaning of 'out,' or 'going out,' when spoken in the most casual way in conversation. A lady of our acquaintance has a dog which lives at enmity with another dog in the neighbourhood, called York, and angrily barks when the word York is pronounced in his hearing.

The late Dr J. Macculloch has related, of his own knowledge, that a shepherd's dog always eluded the intentions of the household regarding him, if aught was whispered in his presence that did not coincide with his wishes. Sir Walter Scott has told a number of anecdotes of a dog called Dandie, the property of a gentleman, which knew on most occasions what was said in his presence. His master returning home one night rather late, found all the family in bed, and not being able to find the boot-jack in its usual place, said to his dog: 'Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack; search for it.' The dog, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened, proceeded to a distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which his master had left that morning under a sofa. James Hogg, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, declares that dogs know what is said on subjects in which they feel interested. He mentions the case of a farmer 'who had a bitch that for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of his life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot: and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. She could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family.' The same writer speaks of a clever sheep-dog, named Hector, which had a similar tact in picking up what was said. One day he observed to his mother: 'I am going to-morrow to Bowerhope for a fortnight; but I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs.' Hector, which was present, and overheard the conversation, was missing next morning; and when Hogg reached Bowerhope, there was Hector sitting on a knoll, waiting his arrival. He had swum across a flooded river to reach the spot.

Still more surprising, the dog may be trained not only to know the meaning of words, but to speak them. The learned Leibnitz reported to the French Academy that he had seen a dog in Germany which had been taught to pronounce certain words. The teacher of the animal, he stated, was a Saxon peasant-boy, who, having observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to various sounds of the human voice, was prompted to endeavour to make him speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions, a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object; yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three

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years the boy had taught it to pronounce thirty German words. It used to astonish its visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c. ; but it is proper to remark, that it required its master to pronounce the words beforehand ; and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions it was forced to make.

The educability of the dog's perceptive faculties has been exemplified in a remarkable manner by his acquired knowledge of musical sounds. On some dogs, fine music produces an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and finally, to flee from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. Some dogs manifest a keen sense of false notes in music. Mrs S. C. Hall, when residing at Old Brompton, possessed an Italian greyhound which screamed in apparent agony when a jarring combination of notes was produced accidentally or intentionally on the piano. These opposite and various manifestations shew what might be done by education to teach dogs a critical knowledge of sounds. A gentleman of Darmstadt, in Germany, as we learn, taught a poodle dog to detect false notes in music. We give the account of this remarkable instance of educability as it appeared in a French newspaper.

Mr S——, having acquired a competency by commercial industry, retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cultivation and enjoyment of music. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement : this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S—— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part or other in the general domestic concert ; and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. Poodle perceived the meaning of these unkind chastisements, and instead of becoming sulky, shewed every disposition to howl on the instant a false note was uttered, without waiting for the formality of a blow. By and by, a mere glance of Mr S——'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was

infallibly signalised by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation was entirely negative; if you sung with expression, and played with ability, she remained cold and impassible. But if your execution exhibited the slightest defect, you had her instantly shewing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. For a length of time, there was not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr S—— and his wonderful dog were not invited, or at least *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band—whether violin, clarionet, hautbois, or bugle—all of them were obliged to execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looked at its master, erected its ears, shewed its grinders, and howled outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produced on it the same effect.

It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature was confined to the mere *execution* of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its ultimate and perfected intelligence extended even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurred in a piece of music, the animal shewed symptoms of uneasy hesitation; and if the error was continued, it infallibly gave the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle was the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S—— and his friends took a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions, the creature lost all self-command, its eyes shot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls responded to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter required to be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience was tried to excess, it became altogether wild, and flew fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S——, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing (but latent) before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog was certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers were not displayed on a wider stage.



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The operative establishments of London and Paris would perhaps have been greatly the better of a visit from the critical Poodle.

It is now settled, as a philosophical question, that the instruction communicated to dogs, as well as various other animals, has a hereditary effect on the progeny. If a dog be taught to perform certain feats, the young of that dog will be much easier initiated in the same feats than other dogs. Thus, the existing races of English pointers are greatly more accomplished in their required duties than the original race of Spanish spaniels. Dogs of the St Bernard variety inherit the faculty of tracking footsteps in snow. A gentleman of our acquaintance, and of scientific acquirements, obtained, years ago, a pup which had been produced in London by a female of the celebrated St Bernard breed. The young animal was brought to Scotland, where it was never observed to give any particular tokens of a power of tracking footsteps until winter, when the ground became covered with snow. It *then* shewed the most active inclination to follow footsteps; and so great was its power of doing so under these circumstances, that, when its master had crossed a field in the most curvilinear way, and caused other persons to cross his path in all directions, it nevertheless followed his course with the greatest precision. Here was a perfect revival of the habit of its Alpine fathers, with a degree of speciality as to external conditions, at which, it seems to us, we cannot sufficiently wonder.

## SAGACITY.

A habit of close observation, with or without instruction, leads dogs to reason on the circumstances by which they are affected. Dogs, for example, on the banks of the large rivers in the southern states of America, practise a method of deceiving alligators. When about to cross a river, the dog barks loudly, to bring the watchful alligators to the spot; having by this *ruse* withdrawn his enemies to a wrong point, he runs to another part of the bank, and goes over in safety.

There are few persons who have not seen mendicants guided by dogs through the winding streets of a city to the spot where they are to supplicate alms from passengers. Mr Ray, in his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds*, informs us of a blind beggar who was led in this manner through the streets of Rome by a dog. This faithful and affectionate animal, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish the streets and houses where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever he came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the mendicant began to ask alms, the dog lay

down to rest ; but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and without either order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. 'I observed,' says Mr Ray, 'not without pleasure and surprise, that when a small copper coin was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the old man's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hand of his master.'

Dogs, however, will go greater lengths than assist their masters in begging. An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice ; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

That dogs should, on occasions such as that now related, find their way alone, for hundreds of miles, by roads with which they can have little or no acquaintance, and even across seas and ferries, is one of the most surprising features in their character ; though cats, as is well known, will undertake equally remarkable adventures. Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings of Natural History*, gives an instance of this sagacity, for which he says he was indebted to Lord Stowell. 'Mr Edward Cook, after having lived some time with his brother at Tugsten, in Northumberland, went to America, and took with him a pointer dog, which he lost soon afterwards, while shooting in the woods near Baltimore. Some time after, Mr and Mrs Cook, who continued to reside at Tugsten, were alarmed at hearing a dog in the night. They admitted it into the house, and found that it was the same their brother had taken with him to America. The dog lived with them until his master returned home, when they mutually recognised each other. Mr Cook was never able to trace by what

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vessel the dog had left America, or in what part of England it had been landed. This anecdote confirms others which I have already mentioned relative to dogs finding their way back to this country from considerable distances.' Lieutenant Shipp, in his Memoirs, mentions the case of a soldier in India, who, having presented his dog to an acquaintance, by whom he was taken a distance of four hundred miles, was surprised to see him back in a few days afterwards. When the faithful animal returned, he searched through the whole barracks for his master, and at length finding him asleep, he awoke him by licking his face.

In Turkey, dogs form associations for mutual defence and aggression. Each quarter of Constantinople has (or, at least, had) its own dogs, which will not tolerate the intrusion of dogs from other quarters, though all will occasionally unite against a common enemy. Anecdotes are related of dogs in our own country seeking the assistance of neighbour dogs to punish injuries they have sustained; from which we may know that they possess a means of discovering their intentions to each other. A remarkable case of this kind is related in the *Cyclopædia of Natural History*: A gentleman residing in Fifeshire, and not far from the city of St Andrews, was in possession of a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was remarkable alike for its tractability and its trustworthiness. At two other points, each distant about a mile, and at the same distance from this gentleman's mansion, there were two dogs, of great power, but of less tractable breeds than the Newfoundland one. One of these was a large mastiff, kept as a watch-dog by a farmer, and the other a staunch bull-dog that kept guard over the parish mill. As each of these three was lord-ascendant of all animals at his master's residence, they all had a good deal of aristocratic pride and pugnacity, so that two of them seldom met without attempting to settle their respective dignities by a wager of battle.

The Newfoundland dog was of some service in the domestic arrangements, besides his guardianship of the house; for every forenoon he was sent to the baker's shop in the village, about half a mile distant, with a towel containing money in the corner, and he returned with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and not over-civil curs in the village, as there are in too many villages throughout the country; but in ordinary the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog returned from the baker's shop, he used to be regularly served with his dinner, and went peaceably on house-duty for the rest of the day.

One day, however, he returned with his coat dirtied and his ears scratched, having been subjected to a combined attack of the curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off; and, upon looking

after him, it was observed that he was crossing the intervening hollow in a straight line for the house of the farmer, or rather on an embassy to the farmer's mastiff. The farmer's people noticed this unusual visit, and they were induced to notice it from its being a meeting of peace between those who had habitually been belligerents. After some intercourse, of which no interpretation could be given, the two set off together in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's bulldog as an ally.

The straight road to the village where the indignity had been offered to the Newfoundland dog passed immediately in front of his master's house, but there was a more private and more circuitous road by the back of the mill. The three took this road, reached the village, scoured it in great wrath, putting to the tooth every cur they could get sight of; and having taken their revenge, and washed themselves in a ditch, they returned, each dog to the abode of his master; but when any two of them happened to meet afterwards, they displayed the same pugnacity as they had done previous to this joint expedition.

It does not appear, however, that all casual, or apparently casual, interferences of dogs for the benefit of each other pass off in this momentary way; for there is another well-authenticated anecdote of two dogs at Donaghadee, in which the instinctive daring of the one by the other caused a friendship, and, as it should seem, a kind of lamentation for the dead, after one of them had paid the debt of nature. This happened while the government harbour or pier for the packets at Donaghadee was in the course of building, and it took place in the sight of several witnesses. The one dog in this case also was a Newfoundland, and the other was a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good-natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is an approved means of putting an end to their hostilities; and it is natural to suppose that two combatants of the same species tumbling themselves into the sea would have the same effect. It had; and each began to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself; but at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, which, being no swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals—they never fought again; they were always together: and when the Newfound-



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land dog had been accidentally killed by the passage of a railway wagon over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time.

### BENEVOLENCE.

The benevolence of dogs generally, but of the Newfoundland variety in particular, has often excited marks of high admiration. A writer on this subject observes that he once saw a water-spaniel, unbidden, plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur, maliciously thrown in. The same motive seemed to animate a Pomeranian dog, belonging to a Dutch vessel. This creature sprang overboard, caught a child up, and swam on shore with it, before any person had discovered the accident. A Yorkshire newspaper (November 1843) mentions a case not less humane and sagacious. A child, playing on Roach's Wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, and by which the child held on, but was unable to get on the top. The dog, seeing it was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, where a girl of nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation; and after licking the face of the infant it had thus saved, it took a leap off the stage, and swam round to the end of the wharf, and immediately after returned with the child's hat in his mouth.

Newfoundland dogs have frequently been of service in the case of shipwreck. Youatt, in his *Humanity of Brutes*, relates the following case: A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

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The most remarkable anecdote of this class, however, is that regarding a Swiss chamois-hunter's dog. This animal being on the glaciers with an English gentleman and his master, observed the first approaching one of those awful crevices in the ice to look down into it. He began to slide towards the edge; his guide, with a view to save him, caught his coat, and both slid onward, till the dog seized his master's clothes, and arrested them both from inevitable death. The gentleman left the dog a pension for life.

The presentiment of approaching danger, of which we have given the above example, evinces a higher degree of reasoning power than that shewn in ordinary acts of sagacity or personal attachment. In the notice given by Captain Fitzroy of the earthquake at Galcahuasco, on the 20th of February 1835, it is mentioned that all the dogs had left the town before the great shock which ruined the buildings was felt. Very extraordinary stories have been told of dogs discovering and circumventing plans to injure the persons of their masters, in which it is difficult to place implicit credit. We give one of the most marvellous of these anecdotes, as it is usually related.

Sir H. Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his favourite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labour of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master who had never shewn him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

To save further trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight, the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark: Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to

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procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible ; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed by the hope of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the unaccountable sagacity of the dog, and his devoted attachment to his master. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, 'More faithful than favoured,' is still preserved among the family pictures.

Presentiments of approaching danger, such as those now related, are to be traced only to the animal's close observation and watchful jealousy of disposition. Looks, signs, and movements are noticed by him which escape an ordinary observer. The idea that dogs have presentiments of death, and howl on such occasions, is a superstition now all but vanished.

## ECCENTRICITIES IN DOGS.

Although attachment to a master is the general characteristic of the dog, there are exceptions to this rule. The spotted carriage-dog seems regardless of man, and attaches himself exclusively to horses ; he is happy only in the stable, or when running beside or near the heels of the horses in his master's carriage. Small domesticated dogs often shew a regard for the cats which have been their fireside companions. The clever author of *Tutti Frutti* relates the following instance of this kind of attachment : 'I have a poodle which I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him towards my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness, an absolute passion, for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk ; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed, she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle shewed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth ! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him.'

Instances of dogs forming no particular attachment, and seeking

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amusement entirely on their own account, are more rare. A French author has related an amusing instance of canine independence. He states that, at the beginning of the Revolution, there was a dog in Paris known by the name of Parade, because he always attended regularly the military parades at the Tuileries. A taste for music was probably the cause of this fancy. He always stood by, and marched with the band; and at night went to the Opéra, Comédie Italienne, or Théâtre Feydau; dined with any musician who expressed, by a word or gesture, that his company was asked; yet always withdrew from attempts to be made the property of any individual.

A few years ago, the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of attending all the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. 'The removal of my books and papers,' said he, in telling the story, 'of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, which, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. "Is this your dog, my friend?" said I to a fireman. "No, sir," answered he; "it does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog."—"The firemen's dog!" I replied. "Why so? Has he no master?" "No, sir," rejoined the fireman; "he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at."

'The communication was so extraordinary, that I found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, was able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity.

'Some time afterwards, I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and, to my surprise, here I again met with the "firemen's dog," still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibi-



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tion of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place.

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterwards appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman at one of the police-offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew 'Tyke,' as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he [the fireman] attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew Tyke for the last nine years; and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal; and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he was a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the office.

A number of interesting anecdotes will be found in Jesse's work, *Anecdotes of Dogs*. London: Henry G. Bohn.



## THE HEROINE OF SIBERIA.

**ONE** of the most popular stories ever written, is that entitled *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*. It was the production of Madame Cottin, a French authoress, and has been translated into every European language, the English version having been constantly read for more than half a century with the most eager interest, especially by young persons. It has passed through numberless editions, and still enjoys unabated popularity. Though published by Madame Cottin as a fiction, the tale is well known to have been founded on an incident which occurred during the reign of Paul I., emperor of Russia, who died in 1801. We propose, from authentic sources, to narrate the interesting incident as it actually occurred.

The real name of the young heroine was Prascovie Lopouloff. Her father, who belonged to a noble family originally from the Ukraine, was born in Hungary, where the chances of life had induced his parents to settle. Early in life, Lopouloff entered the Austrian service as an officer of the Black Hussars, but afterwards marrying a Russian lady, adopted her country as his own. He lived, however, but a short time in retirement : and once more taking up arms, served for many years in the Russian army, making several campaigns against the Turks. He so distinguished himself at the sieges of Ismaïl and Otchakoff, that he obtained the special commendations of his superiors.

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Some time after his return from these campaigns, Lopouloff was arrested, tried, and condemned to exile in Siberia for life. His imputed crime has never transpired; for his trial by an inferior tribunal, as well as its revision in the superior Russian courts, was conducted in profound secrecy, and its record has been since lost. His appeals for a mitigation of this harsh sentence were disregarded, and he, his wife, and infant daughter, were summarily driven with other prisoners to the district selected for his penal residence.

Siberia, as most of our readers may have learned, comprehends not only a vast proportion of the immense Russian empire, but more than a third of Asia.\* It is the coldest and least agreeable region in the world; hence parts of it have been selected by succeeding Russian autocrats as penal settlements for criminals, who, according as their offences are great or small, are sent to the most frigid or to the most genial of its localities. To mark different degrees of punishment, the prisoners are also condemned to work in the mines with which Siberia abounds, to till the ground for the benefit of the state, or simply to suffer banishment from home and kindred without being obliged to partake in forced labours. All are allowed a pension from the government, which, though it varies as much in amount as the degrees of punishment, yet is never more than sufficient to keep body and soul together. In some rare cases the emperors have permitted the friends of the condemned, who happen to be affluent enough, to send them occasional assistance; but this is never allowed to exceed one thousand roubles per annum.† Again, the wives and families of some of those condemned for lesser crimes are allowed to live with them in the places of banishment.

Whatever Lopouloff's offence may have been, it is clear that it was of no great enormity, for the whole of the indulgences were extended to him. In the first place, he was sent to the most genial district of the vast wilderness, namely, a village called Ishim, in a province of the same name which joins the southern boundary of the Tobolsk province, the chief town of which (also called Tobolsk) is the capital of all Siberia. Ishim may be generally described as consisting of arid plains, divided by lakes of stagnant and unwholesome water, separating it from the country of the Kirghis, a wandering people. It is bounded on the east by the river Irtysh, and on the west by the Tobol, the naked and barren shores of which present to the eye fragments of rocks promiscuously heaped together, with here and there a solitary fir-tree rearing its head. Nevertheless there are, towards the banks of the Irtysh, woods of some extent. Yet, despite its unpromising character, Ishim is so universally considered the best part of the territory, that it has received the appellation of the

\* Siberia extends 3500 miles from east to west, and 1200 miles from north to south.

† At the time to which this history refers, most of the currency of Russia was in paper, and a rouble equalled about 10*s*. 4*d*. sterling. The silver roubles—then rarely, but now universally current—are equal to 3*s*. 1*½**d*. sterling.

'Italy of Siberia.' But this is chiefly owing to the four months' summer which it enjoys, though the rest of the year is intensely cold. A heavy snow generally covers the earth in September, and seldom disappears till May; but during the intervening season, nature loses no time in her operations. The celerity with which the trees are covered with verdure and the fields with crops, is scarcely credible. The operations of the husbandman are of course obliged to be equally rapid; and from this circumstance many prisoners not condemned to forced labour—together with their relatives, if they have any—find a term of active and not unprofitable employment during the short agricultural season.

When Lopouloff arrived at Ishim, he was informed that the emperor had apportioned him the miserable pittance of ten kopecks\* a day to subsist upon. This is the sum invariably allotted to prisoners who, like Lopouloff, are not condemned to labour in the public works. It was fortunate that when his heavy misfortune fell upon him, Lopouloff's family consisted only of his wife and infant daughter, and the solace which they afforded him very much softened the rigour of his altered situation. Prascovie, the daughter, was too young to feel the full force of the punishment inflicted on her parents, and as she grew up, seemed happy and contented with her lot, because she had known no other. Before she was twelve years old, she was able, by the labour of her own little hands, to add a few comforts to her parents' bare subsistence. Sometimes she assisted the laundresses of the village; at others, she helped the farmers by doing such work as her strength permitted, at harvest-time working with the reapers. In payment for such assistance she occasionally received money, but more frequently eggs, vegetables, and sometimes corn. Her mother occupied herself entirely in the affairs of their poor and meagre household, and seemed to bear her deplorable fate with patience. Lopouloff, on the contrary, accustomed from his earliest youth to affluence and an active military life, was less resigned to his fate, and seemed at intervals plunged into a depth of despondency which his misfortunes, great as they were, hardly justified.

Some years of his exile had passed over when he addressed a petition for a modification of his sentence through the governor of Siberia to the emperor, which was conveyed by an officer who happened to pass through Ishim on the business of the state, and who promised to support its prayer with all the court influence he possessed. Years, however, passed without any reply arriving; and the appearance of any government courier or traveller in Ishim—which was a very rare event—added to the torment of deferred hope to which Lopouloff was a prey.

During one of these wretched moments Prascovie, returning from

\* A kopeck is the one-hundredth part of a silver rouble, or about two-thirds of a farthing.



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the harvest-field, found her mother bathed in tears, and her father with a countenance so pale and so full of desperation, that she trembled with dread. She threw herself into her father's arms, entreating him to tell her the cause of his extreme wretchedness ; and he, touched by her affection and her tears, told her that a court messenger had again arrived, and his petition still remained unheeded. For the hundredth time he bewailed the hard fate by which, for his fault, she and her mother were condemned to continue with him, for the rest of their lives, the miserable existence they now dragged on. Prascovie was deeply affected by this information. Till now her father—absorbed in inwardly bewailing his fate—had never openly avowed his real situation, to which he forbade his wife ever to make allusion ; so that up to this moment Prascovie was not fully aware that her father was an exile.

It was at this epoch that Prascovie Lopouloff first entertained the idea of travelling on foot to St Petersburg, to demand from the emperor in person her father's pardon. She was about fifteen years old ; and from the day she conceived this romantic project, a degree of animation was infused into her character for which her parents could not account. She kept her resolution a profound secret, not having courage to reveal so wild and apparently impossible a scheme. Near the cottage was a wood, to which she retired when leisure permitted, and there, in the deepest solitude, she prayed to God to give her strength of mind, first to acquaint her father of her intentions, and next to carry them into effect. After much hesitation, she at last found herself strong enough to tell her father. Having gone as usual to the wood, and prayed to be inspired with persuasive words, she returned towards the cottage, intending to tell her mother first, so that her project might be communicated through the more sympathising and approachable of her parents. She perceived her father seated at the door smoking his pipe, and immediately decided not to lose that opportunity. Courageously standing before him, she began to explain her plan, and asked with the most ardent importunity permission to depart for St Petersburg. Lopouloff listened with attention, and did not interrupt her with a single word. When she had finished, he rose with the utmost gravity, took her by the hand, and led her into the cottage, where his wife was preparing the dinner. 'Wife!' cried Lopouloff, 'I bring you good news, and with it a powerful protector. Prascovie has made up her mind to leave us immediately, go to St Petersburg, and ask the emperor to be so good as to give me a free pardon, without more ado!' He then, in a more merry mood than his daughter had ever seen him, repeated all Prascovie had advanced. 'She would do better to mind her work,' replied the wife, 'than filling her mind with such nonsense.'

Poor Prascovie had fortified herself with strong arguments against the anger or the serious objections of her parents, but their ridicule

seemed to annihilate her hopes. She cried bitterly ; and her father, the moment his unusual gaiety had passed away, resumed the ordinary severity of his character ; but Madame Lopouloff soothed her distress by embracing her. ‘Come, daughter,’ she said, handing her the table-cloth, ‘be a good girl ; prepare the table, and you shall depart for St Petersburg when you have more leisure.’ This scene was better calculated to disgust the girl with her project than the severest reproaches. The humiliation, however, which she felt at being thus treated like a child soon passed away. At least one point had been gained—the ice was broken, and now that her parents were aware of her desires, she returned to the charge whenever opportunity offered. Her entreaties to be allowed to go were so importunate, and so often repeated, that at length her father losing patience, scolded her seriously, and forbade her to speak on the subject again. Her mother, with more kindness, endeavoured to persuade her that she was too young to think of such an enterprise.

In this manner three years passed away, during which Madame Lopouloff suffered from a dangerous illness, and Prascovie was obliged to be silent on her favourite subject till more favourable times. But she never failed to join to her ordinary prayers an earnest supplication that the Almighty would put it into her father’s heart to allow of her pious mission. During the last three years, the illness of her mother, and her own growing experience, gave greater weight to her character in her father’s eyes ; and she was able at length boldly to discuss her project when opportunity served. Lopouloff and his wife still considered it as one of those childish ideas which often remain in the mind after the character has been formed : still, the extraordinary frequency of her entreaties, and the energy with which they were urged, had their effect ; the more so as her health and spirits manifestly suffered by their repeated refusals. They no longer treated her project as a wild pleasantry, but tried to dissuade her from it with tears and caresses. ‘We are old,’ they would say, ‘with neither fortune nor a friend in the whole of Russia ; have you then the courage to abandon, in this desert, the parents of whom you are the sole consolation ?’ Prascovie could in such cases only reply with tears ; but her resolution was, nevertheless, not in the smallest degree shaken.

During her unceasing meditations, a difficulty presented itself far more real than her parents’ opposition. She could not travel without a passport, and it was by no means likely that the governor of Tobolsk would grant one. However, she determined to make the attempt, and applied to a person in the village who was in the habit of drawing up petitions for such purposes. Her father’s signature was necessary, and when the document was drawn up, Prascovie entreated Lopouloff’s consent to send it away, to which he, after some resistance, consented, adding to the despatch a new letter regarding his own personal affairs.

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From this moment, the despondency by which the girl had been afflicted since her mother's illness disappeared, and her parents were charmed to perceive her natural health and gaiety return. This happy change was solely caused by the strong presentiment which she felt that she would obtain the passport, as soon as time enough elapsed to expect a reply. She often loitered on the road, in the hope of meeting the courier charged with the letters for Ishim. After enduring the pangs of hope deferred for six months, the post brought at length a sealed packet addressed to Lopouloff. It was eagerly opened, and Prascovie's delight scarcely knew bounds when it was found to contain her long-wished passport. To Lopouloff's petition, however, there was no answer ; and all the hopes of favour which for a moment possessed his mind on seeing the passport, were instantly changed to disappointment when he saw his own petition was disregarded. In the first moment of ill-humour, he threatened to withdraw his consent from the perilous enterprise on which his daughter's mind was set.

But no discouragement daunted our heroine. She continued praying to the Almighty, and hoping on, without allowing the smallest doubt of His protection, or of the success of her undertaking, to damp her ardour ; and a few days after the receipt of the passport, a little incident occurred which gave new life to her hopes. Her mother, though a person of strictly religious principles, put faith in certain superstitions existing in the Greek Church, whose tenets are universal in Russia. When, for instance, in any little perplexity, it was her practice to seek, in certain trifling events, prognostics of the future. One means which she employed for this purpose cannot be contemplated without censure ; she would take the Bible, and opening it at hazard, endeavour to extract from the passage which first caught her eye, something analogous to her situation, from which a sort of prophecy might be drawn.\* Every evening it was Lopouloff's practice to read a chapter of Holy Writ aloud to his family ; propounding, as he went on, the meaning of difficult passages, and explaining such Slavonic words as Prascovie did not understand. At the end of a wretched evening which had been thus partly employed, there was a mournful silence amongst the three solitary beings, when Prascovie, addressing her mother with scarcely any other intention than to commence a conversation, said : ' Please, mother, to open the Bible and read the eleventh line on the right-hand page.' Madame Lopouloff took the sacred volume with eagerness, and opened it with a pin. She counted the lines, and in an unusually loud and impressive voice read these words : ' Now the angel of God called

\* This superstitious custom is not peculiar to Russia. Mohammedans, especially those of Egypt, perform the same sort of ceremony with the Koran. Even in Scotland—a country in which Holy Writ is more venerated, perhaps, than in any other—the custom of 'picking for texts' for the purposes of augury, was common up to the present century.

to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not.\*

This passage offered a striking analogy to Prascovie's project, and her mother, looking stedfastly at Lopouloff, spoke concerning the extraordinary appositeness of the text. But he never favoured such unreasonable divinations, and said: 'Think you that you possess the power to interrogate the Deity by opening His holy word with a pin, and that He will deign to answer your foolish and presumptuous demand? Prascovie replied by declaring that her trust was in the Almighty, and while that continued faithful and unimpaired, there was nothing which she might not accomplish. Lopouloff, though astonished at her perseverance, was so reluctant to consent to her departure, that he kept the passport locked away, lest she should go clandestinely.

At length he found that her health was visibly giving way, and that he must either consent to her extraordinary undertaking, or perchance lose her altogether. On a certain day, after one of her most touching and eloquent solicitations, he was overcome by her devotion, and exclaimed to his wife: 'What is to be done with this child? We must, I suppose, let her go after all.'

Prascovie, transported with joy, threw herself on her father's neck. 'Be sure,' she exclaimed, 'that you will never repent having listened to me. I will go to St Petersburg, will throw myself at our sovereign's feet; and that Providence which inspired me with the desire to undertake the journey, and who has touched your heart to consent to my going, will assuredly dispose the emperor in our favour.'

'Alas!' replied Lopouloff, 'do you suppose, poor child, that you will be able to speak to the emperor as easily as you talk to me? No, no; sentinels guard every avenue of his palace, and they will not allow you to pass the threshold. Poor, and in rags, without influence or any sort of protection, who will dare to present you to his notice?' Prascovie felt the force of these observations without being discouraged. The strong presentiment of success which she felt, overcame the most startling objections. She pressed more earnestly than ever the folly of further delay, and began to prepare for her departure.

The entire fortune of the family was found to amount to no more than a silver rouble, and all Lopouloff's endeavours to augment this small sum were fruitless. The day of the cruel separation was fixed for the Feast of the Holy Virgin. The evening before, as soon as the news spread throughout the village that Prascovie was really about to start on her perilous errand, all the acquaintances of the Lopouloffs crowded to their cottage. In place, however, of assisting or encouraging Prascovie in her enterprise, they said everything they



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could think of to dissuade her from it, with the exception of two. These, who were amongst the poorest and most obscure of the prisoners, had been more intimate with Lopouloff than his natural pride allowed others to be. They had long looked with interest on Prascovie's design, and disagreed with all their neighbours about the probable result of it. 'We have seen things accomplished apparently far more impossible, against all hope,' one of them remarked. 'She is sure to find in her way protectors, who, if they once know her, will love her as dearly as we do, and will aid her with all their might.'

At daybreak on the following morning these two men returned to take leave of her. They found everything ready for the long journey. When Lopouloff handed to his daughter the silver rouble, the kind visitors endeavoured to add to her slender means; one offering for her acceptance thirty copper kopecks, and the other a silver piece of twenty kopecks, which was all they had to live upon for many days. Prascovie, though she refused their generous offer, was much affected by it. 'If Providence,' she told them, 'bless my undertaking, and any favour be accorded to my parents, rest assured that you shall partake of its benefits.' She had scarcely said this when the first rays of the sun entered the chamber in which they were seated. 'The hour is come,' she continued; 'we must now separate.' She then seated herself, as did her parents and the two friends—a custom always observed in Russia on such occasions.\*

Prascovie having received on her knees a benediction from her parents, tore herself courageously from them, and quitted the cottage which had been her home since infancy. Her two poor friends accompanied her for the first *verst*† Her father and mother stood immovable on the threshold, and following her with their tear-filled eyes, motioned, when afar off, a last adieu; but Prascovie looked not behind, and soon disappeared in the distance.

When her two friends had accompanied her as far as they durst, Prascovie fortunately fell in with a group of girls who were journeying to a village through which she was obliged to pass. After an unimportant adventure, she passed the first night of her journey in the *isba*, or cabin, of one of her new companions. The next day she continued her march. At the first moment she felt a short tremor of fear at being quite alone; but the history of Hagar in the desert returned to her memory, and gave her courage. Having walked for some hours, she became perplexed as to the right road, and, with a degree of simplicity which was natural to her, asked

\* When a Russian is about to commence a long journey, he invariably seats himself just before the time for taking a last farewell. Whoever is present imitates him. After a short while spent in speaking of indifferent things, they all rise, and each embraces the traveller in turn before he departs.

† The Russian *verst* is about five furlongs and a quarter, or a little more than five-eighths of a British mile.

some passengers the 'way to St Petersburg.' Such a question from a person so many hundred miles from that capital caused a laugh at her expense. 'Which, then,' she rejoined, 'is the way to Kiev?'"\* This caused a second explosion of merriment, for the latter city is situated far out of the road to St Petersburg.

'Whichever way you please, my dear,' was the reply; 'it is all the same; every road leads either to Kiev, to Paris, or to Rome.' Chance, however, guided her correctly.

Some stages before arriving at Kamouïcheff, a violent storm overtook her. Though she had travelled far that day, she redoubled her speed; but all to no purpose. A violent gust of wind threw a tree directly across her path, so as to prevent further progress, and she found herself obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. Here, though suffering intensely from fatigue and cold, she remained till daylight; then to seek a better shelter. Happily, a peasant happening to pass that way in a sort of car, took pity on her, and drove her to the next village. But there she was mistaken for a person of bad character; for her clothes were muddy, and her features haggard, from long exposure to the recent storm. No one would afford her shelter, and at length she went to the church: 'At least,' she said, 'they will not drive me thence.' The door, however, was closed, and she sat on the steps shivering with cold. A mob of children collected around her, denying repose by their insults and grimaces. After enduring this for two hours, Prascovie was accosted by a benevolent woman, who directed the attention of the *starost* (mayor of the village) to her situation. She told her tale, and he demanded to see her passport. This she produced. The *starost* pronounced it to be correct, and the good lady invited her to her house. In attempting, however, to rise from the steps, she found her legs so swollen that she could not stand. At the sight of her sore and naked feet (for she had lost her shoes in the storm), the insults of the crowd were changed to pity, and each vied with the other who should assist her. A vehicle was brought, and in it she was taken to the house of the lady who first accosted her, with whom she stayed several days.

Having been supplied with new shoes, Prascovie continued her journey, but more slowly than at first; for winter was fast approaching. She met with various kinds of treatment; but managed to travel several hundred versts with only one remarkable adventure, and that we shall relate. On arriving late one evening at a village, she sought a lodging in vain. At last an old man, who had previously repulsed her, followed and invited her into his hut. There she found an aged woman. Both these people had a bad expression of countenance, which alarmed their guest. The woman closed the

\* This city stands on the right of the river Dnieper. In it is the cathedral of St Sophia, to which pilgrims of the Greek Church largely resort to view the numerous relics it contains.

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door securely and silently after Prascovie had seated herself. The cabin was lighted by burning splinters of pine-wood thrust into a hole in the wall, and by their lurid light she noticed the eyes of both her hosts fixed upon her. After a time, they asked whither she was going. She told them ; on which the man remarked that she must have plenty of money about her, to be able to undertake so long a journey. She declared she had only a few kopecks ; but they in a harsh manner accused her of lying. However, she was pressed to go to rest, which she did in the fireplace,\* taking care to place her pocket and her wallet in such a position that her hosts might examine their contents, so as to prove that she had spoken truly. Sure enough, when they knew she was asleep, they commenced their search ; but to their manifest disappointment they found nothing worth stealing. The old woman climbed to where she lay ; she awoke, and her blood ran cold. She begged hard for her life ; and again protested that she had no more money than she had stated. But the old wretch, without replying, searched her dress, and making her take off her boots, looked even into them, her husband holding a light all the while. Finding all was in vain, they left her more dead than alive. At length fatigue soon had its effect, and she slept so soundly, that it was high day before she awoke. On descending to the floor of the hut, she was astonished at the change in the manner of her host and hostess : they were most kind and affable. She wished to get away at once, but they insisted on her stopping to eat something. The old woman instantly went to the fire, and filled a basin of *stchi* (soup made with sour cabbage and salt meat), whilst the husband drew a great cup of *kvas*, or beer, made from rye malt. Thus encouraged by their kindness, she partly answered their questions, and related her whole history.

When Prascovie was taking leave, the old woman begged her to forget what had happened. 'Think,' she said, 'it was a dream. Your pitiable condition and goodness softened our hearts ; and you will find, when you next count your money, that we are not the people you take us for.' Accordingly, when Prascovie had walked a couple of versts, she had the curiosity to look at her purse, and found to her astonishment that they had added forty kopecks to her stock, instead of depriving her of any. Thus her artless manner and affecting errand won the hearts even of professed robbers ; which the wretched old couple, she afterwards learned, had the character of being.

Winter had now begun, and Prascovie was frequently detained for more than a week at a time, in consequence of the depth of the snow. At length she reached Ekaterinburg, and was received

\* The Russian peasantry invariably sleep either upon the benches which surround their cabins, or in the fireplaces, which are very spacious.

in an inn, the hostess of which, finding she was without money, enumerated the names of such individuals in the town as were well known for their benevolent characters, and who would in all probability assist her when they knew her story. Amongst others, a certain Madame Milin was mentioned as most eminent for her charities. Before, however, Prascovie commenced the smallest undertaking, she invariably went to church. On this occasion it happened to be Sunday, and she knelt down before the altar and prayed. In quitting the church, a lady who had been remarking her fervent piety accosted her, desiring to know who she was. Prascovie answered in a few words, and added, that she was on her way to seek the assistance of Madame Milin, of whom every one spoke so highly. 'Perhaps,' said the new friend, 'the kind deeds of this lady have been much overrated; come with me; I may be able to provide for you better.' Though the girl conceived a bad idea of the lady, from her dropping a hint unfavourable to a person of whom she had heard so much good, yet, without refusing to follow her, she did not assent in words to the proposition. 'Well,' continued the lady, 'if you are so anxious to visit Madame Milin, this is her residence. Let us see how you will be received. If not well, perhaps you may be the more willing to accept of *my* hospitality.' They entered the house, and, addressing a servant, inquired if the mistress was at home. The domestic was astonished at this question.

'Can I see Madame Milin?' inquired Prascovie. The servant, half bewildered, pointed to her new friend, exclaiming: 'Why, *that* is Madame Milin!' The kind lady laughed at the little trick she had played, and led Prascovie into the house, causing every comfort and attention to be administered to her.

The hardships of the rest of Prascovie's long journey were materially lessened by the kindness and influence of her benefactress. Besides keeping her in her house till the spring, she taught her to read and write; for the poor girl had hitherto received no education, as her father, in his despair, saw no better destiny for her than passing her existence in Siberia amidst the lowest classes of society, and in the performance of the most menial labours.

When the time came for her departure, Madame Milin, after having provided her with everything she required, secured a place in a boat which was destined for Nijni, and gave her in charge of a merchant who was going to that place. Before passing the Ural Mountains, which divide Ekaterinburg from Nijni, the travellers were transported on the rivers which rise in the same mountains and run towards the north. They thus journeyed by water till they came to the mountains, to cross which they disembarked. These not being very high in that district, nor difficult to pass, were soon left behind, and they once more embarked on the waters which fall into the Volga. Prascovie, not having sufficient means to travel



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by the land, profited by the numerous boats which convey iron and salt by the rivers Tchoussova and Kama. At the mouth of the latter stream, near the Volga, an accident occurred by which she nearly lost her life. During one of the violent storms which are very frequent in these regions, the boatmen, desirous of keeping their bark in the middle of the stream, pulled with great force an immense oar that served as a rudder, and immersed one side of the barge, on which many passengers were seated, before they had time to get out of the way. Three persons were thrown into the river, one of whom was Prascovie. She, however, received no greater hurt than a severe cold, caught in consequence of not being able to change her clothes.

Unfortunately, the merchant who accompanied Prascovie in the early part of her journey from Ekaterinburg had fallen sick in the mountains, and when she arrived at Nijni, she was without friend or protector. This was the first large town which she had ever seen, and it presented to her an aspect more disheartening, and a misery more poignant, than she had felt before. She had braved the dangers of the storm and the desert, but she was not prepared to encounter the solitude of great towns, in which poverty finds itself alone amidst a crowd, and where, as if by some horrible enchantment, the poor behold on all sides eyes which pay no regard to them, and ears that are deaf to their complaints.\* In short, Prascovie, during her whole journey, had never felt so discouraged as now. She sought her never-failing resource, the church, and, as in former cases, not in vain. A nun of a neighbouring convent, filled with pity, conducted her to the abbess, who, receiving her with the utmost kindness, invited her to remain as long as she pleased. This was a fortunate offer, as a violent fever attacked her, which caused her to keep her bed. When convalescent, she went through all the religious offices of the convent, adhering to its rules with the strictest precision. Indeed in this life she found so much happiness, that she resolved, in the event of succeeding in her mission, to become a nun.

Prascovie found it impossible to continue her journey till the winter set in, to render the sledge trains available. But when it arrived, she took leave of the kind abbess (who gave her a letter of recommendation to a friend of hers, Mademoiselle de S.), and started for Moscow in a covered sledge. She arrived at that city safely, and proceeded at once to St Petersburg in the carriage of a merchant, a friend of Mademoiselle de S. Her journey to the capital was not marked by any very striking circumstance. She reached it about

\* The city of Nijni-Novgorod (vulgarly called Nijgorod), or Lower Novgorod, is the capital of the important Russian province of the same name. It contains a stationary population of 36,000 persons, besides a vast number of strangers constantly passing through; for it is the grand entrepôt of trade for the interior of the empire. The city is built on a steep hill 400 feet high.

the middle of February, nearly eighteen months after her departure from Siberia.

Prascovie lodged for a time at the house of the merchant with whom she travelled, as she experienced some difficulty in finding out the residences of two ladies to whom she had letters of introduction—one, the Princess de T——, an aged and benevolent lady ; and the other Madame de L——. Unfortunately, they both resided at Vassili-Ostrov, on the other side of the Neva. This river was frozen over, but the ice was on the point of breaking up ; and from the dangers always dreaded from a rapid thaw, the police forbade any one to cross it. In this strait, she was advised by the merchant at whose house she stayed to get a lawyer to draw up a petition to the Senate, praying a revision of her father's sentence. This was done ; and Prascovie went to deliver it in person. She reached the Senate-house, and penetrated to one of the offices, trembling all the while, through finding herself for the first time amongst such a crowd of men. She presented her petition to one of the secretaries, who, glancing at it coldly, and perceiving it was ill worded and informal, returned it without speaking a word. Presently an old soldier, who acted as doorkeeper, came up to her, and supposing she was a mendicant, took her by the arm and led her to the door.

Still she was not to be daunted, and returned to the Senate-house day after day, placing herself on the stairs, in the hope that at length some good senator would take charge of her supplication. She repeated her visits for fifteen mornings without success, or without any attention being paid to her. Once, indeed, a government officer, who had remarked her perseverance, took her petition from her. She felt a ray of hope. But, alas ! instead of retaining the document, the officer took from his pocket a roll of bank-notes, selected one for five roubles, and placing it within the paper, refolded, returned it, and instantly disappeared. This act of kindness, though it disappointed, affected Prascovie much. ' Surely,' she thought in her simplicity, ' this gentleman must be some relation to Madame Milin.'

Prascovie continued her daily attendance at the Senate, without success, till Easter, when it broke up for some weeks. But by this time the swing-bridges which cross the Neva, and which are removed during the flooding season, were replaced, and the merchant's wife drove Prascovie in her droschy to Vassili-Ostrov, to deliver her letter of introduction to Madame de L——. This lady received her with the utmost affection ; for her story had been already narrated to her in a letter from Madame Milin. She had a relation connected with the court, to whom she offered to introduce Prascovie ; for although she was on ill terms with him at present, yet this was Easter, a season when all family quarrels were made up. Accordingly, Madame de L—— kept Prascovie to dinner, and soon several of the company, previously invited to the peace-making, arrived.

When the relation she had spoken of entered the room, he exclaimed, after the custom in such cases : '*Christos voscres*' (Christ is risen). He then embraced the hostess, who replied : '*Voïsterio voscres*' (In truth he has risen). By this ceremony the previous misunderstanding was effectually made up, and the influential relative received Prascovic—who was now introduced to him—with all the more pleasure. During dinner, Madame de L—— detailed the whole of her story, and he promised to use his influence with the court to obtain a repeal of Lopouloff's sentence, as any steps taken through the Senate would occupy a vast deal of time.

Meantime the Princess de T—— had been apprised, through Mademoiselle de S. of Moscow, of Prascovic's arrival in St Petersburg, and sent for her to the merchant's house. On arriving at the princess's palace, our heroine was dazzled by the splendour of the apartments, and mistook the gaudily-dressed livery servants for some of the senators she had seen in her frequent attendance at the Senate-house. Her artless wonder and rustic simplicity won the heart of the princess, who, having assigned a fitting apartment to her, determined to use all the interest she possessed in procuring her father's pardon. Through the influence of the chancellor of the empress-mother, that august personage condescended to see her. Prascovic's joy at this news almost deprived her of her senses. On recovering, she offered up a sincere thanksgiving to Heaven.

About six o'clock she was conducted to the imperial palace, dressed in her ordinary costume. While approaching it, she thought of her father's words, which represented the palace so difficult to enter. 'If he could see me now,' she said to her companion ; 'if he knew before whom I am going to appear, how surprised and delighted he would be !'

Without the smallest ceremony, Prascovic was conducted into the presence of the empress-mother. Her majesty received her with affability, and interrogated her with interest respecting her history and her noble enterprise. She replied without timidity, but without boldness. She did not, she said, ask for mercy for her father, for he was innocent of the crime imputed to him ; all she demanded was a revision of his sentence. The empress praised her courage and filial piety, of which she promised to acquaint the emperor ; and finished the gratifying interview by ordering 300 roubles to be paid her for her present necessities.

Prascovic could scarcely believe that the events of the last few days were real, and on awakening the morning after her interview with the empress-mother, to assure herself she had not dreamt what had actually happened, she opened one of her drawers, and was not convinced till she saw the money her imperial benefactress had given her. Shortly afterwards, the dowager-empress not only assigned her an income for life, but presented her to the reigning emperor and his consort. All difficulties were now nearly vanquished.

M. de K., then Minister of the Interior, to whom the emperor remitted Lopouloff's case for revision, was an excellent and benevolent man, who endeavoured to lessen as much as possible the time which the necessary legal forms took ere Lopouloff's recall could be decreed. In this interval Prascovie had become an object of interest to the whole court. She was taken to see all the remarkable places in St Petersburg, and invited to the houses of the highest amongst the nobility.

While her father's case was thus prosperously entertained, she did not forget that of the two prisoners who had encouraged and assisted her while others ridiculed her enterprise. Her court friends, however, advised her by no means to bestir herself in that matter until her father's affair was settled. That blessed event soon followed; and the emperor sent to inform her that he had transmitted a definitive ukase to Siberia for Lopouloff's release, together with a sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of his journey to the interior of Russia. M. de K., who announced this delightful news, added, that his majesty requested to know if she had anything to ask personally for herself. Without hesitation she solicited the pardon of her two friends. On learning this the emperor was so struck with her generosity in transferring his favours from herself to the two prisoners, that he instantly granted her request, and a few posts after that which bore the ukase for Lopouloff's release, a similar decree for his fellow-prisoners was despatched.

Let us now for a moment remove the scene to Siberia. Lopouloff and his wife mourned the absence of their daughter as one lost to them perhaps for ever. So far from expecting she would succeed in her mission, they feared she would not survive her perilous undertaking. During her long absence, the only consolations they received were administered by the two prisoners so often mentioned. They never failed to instil hope into the bereaved parents, while the rest of the villagers continued to add to their fears by their forebodings. At length the unexpected ukase arrived. Neither Lopouloff nor his wife could for some time believe in the reality of their good-fortune. As soon as Lopouloff's joy had subsided sufficiently to enable him to understand that he was free, he hastened to his two friends to impart the glad tidings to them. At first they received it with the most cordial delight; but when, a moment after, they reflected on the contrast which their own hopeless condition presented, they gave way to a feeling of despair. Lopouloff did all he could to cheer them, and offered a part of the sum sent by the emperor for travelling expenses. This they refused. 'We do not want it,' was the reply of the elder prisoner; 'I have still the piece of money which your daughter refused at her departure.'

Preparations were soon made for the departure of Lopouloff and his wife from the region of punishment to which they had been so many years condemned. Their first destination was the convent at



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Nijni, where Prascovie had promised to meet them. On the night before their departure, they had taken an affecting farewell of their two friends, and had bid adieu to the rest of their neighbours, when Lopouloff was roused from his bed by a state courier. On opening the packet delivered to him by that officer, he instantly perceived to his great joy that it contained the pardon of the unfortunates, whose release was the only thing wanted to complete his sum of happiness. He instantly repaired to their cabin, and having communicated his errand, was a joyful witness of their happiness. They fell on their knees, and after thanking the Almighty for their deliverance, prayed that every blessing might be showered upon the head of their benefactress, Prascovie.

We now draw the history of the Siberian heroine to a conclusion, and we wish it were in our power, consistently with truth, to do so in that pleasing manner which has been adopted by Madame Cottin. Lopouloff and his wife met their daughter, as appointed, at the convent of Nijni; and after the first emotions of joy had subsided, she informed them that it was her resolution to shew her thankfulness to God for her father's release, by becoming a nun, and residing in the convent during the remainder of her existence. The happiness of the parents was much qualified by this unforeseen intelligence; but seeing that their daughter's resolve was unalterably fixed, they gave an unwilling consent. They passed eight days together at the convent in an alternation of joy and sorrow. Amidst the solemn rites with which that ceremony is accompanied, Prascovie took the veil, devoting the rest of her days to religious retirement. The slender means which Lopouloff possessed, prevented him from living at Nijni; and his wife having relations at Vladimir, they repaired thither to end their days in the sweets of liberty. The final parting was indeed sorrowful.

It was the fate of the gentle Prascovie not to live to an old age in the retirement she had chosen. She died on the 8th of December 1809, in a hermitage near the convent.





## SELECT POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.



MY loved, my honoured, much-respected friend !  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;  
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end :  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;  
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh ;  
 The shortening winter-day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough :  
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,  
This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through  
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,  
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,  
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
At service out, amang the farmers roun' :  
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
A cannie errand to a neibor town :  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
Comes hame perhaps to shew a braw new gown,  
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,  
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:  
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;  
Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears ;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,  
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey ;  
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play ;  
'And oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !  
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might :  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !'

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,  
 With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,  
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben :  
 A strappin' youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en ;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave ;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave :  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love !—where love like this is found !  
 O heartfelt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !  
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !—  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food ;  
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :



POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,  
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;  
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide ;  
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace  
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride ;  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
And 'Let us worship GOD !' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,  
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—  
How Abram was the friend of GOD on high ;  
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;  
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
How HE, who bore in Heaven the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :  
How his first followers and servants sped,  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :  
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;  
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's  
command.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :  
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'\*  
That thus they all shall meet in future days :  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear ;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide,  
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
The power incensed, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;  
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide ;  
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
'An honest man's the noblest work of God ;'  
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;  
What is a lordling's pomp ?—a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

\*Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

## POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

And oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide  
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part  
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !),  
Oh, never, never Scotia's realm desert ;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !  
—ROBERT BURNS.

## THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?  
And are ye sure he's weel ?  
Is this a time to talk o' wark ?  
Mak haste, set by your wheel.  
Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door ?  
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck ava ;  
There's little pleasure in the house,  
When our goodman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,  
Put on the mickle pot ;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday's coat :  
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw ;  
It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
For he's been lang awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,  
Have fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare :

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw ;  
It's a' for love of my goodman,  
For he's been lang awa.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

Oh, gie me down my bigonet,  
My bishop-satin gown,  
For I maun tell the bailie's wife,  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue,  
It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
For he's baith leal and true.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,  
His breath's like caller air,  
His very foot has music in't,  
When he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,  
That thrillèd through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe ;  
Till death we'll never part :  
But what puts parting in my head ?  
It may be far awa :  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.  
For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave ;  
Could I but live to mak him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck, &c.



POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.\*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,  
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?  
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,  
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;  
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,  
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,  
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!  
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,  
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,  
Now rests in the mools where their mammy is laid;  
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,  
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour of his birth,  
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,  
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,  
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,  
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:  
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,  
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

—WILLIAM THOM.

TO MY MOTHER.

O THOU whose care sustained my infant years,  
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;  
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,  
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,  
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;  
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

Oh say, amid this wilderness of life,  
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?  
Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief  
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee?

\* Motherless child.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,  
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?  
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,  
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,  
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?  
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,  
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,  
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,  
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,  
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,  
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;  
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,  
That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,  
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,  
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,  
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

—DAVIDSON, AN AMERICAN POET.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.\*

YOU took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,  
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;  
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,  
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?  
No; I would rather share *your* tear than any other's glee,  
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE WORLD TO  
ME.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne;  
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.  
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,  
I cry, 'O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;  
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;  
Oh, look with mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole!'  
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,  
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?  
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,  
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.  
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,  
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong:

\* The above admirable lines, we understand, originally appeared in the *Monthly Repository* for May 1834, under the signature of M. L. G.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind ;  
 I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind ;  
 I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got  
 Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.  
 But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,  
 Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know ?  
 Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me ;  
 Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.  
 If you will read, I'll sit and work ; then think when you're away ;  
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.  
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,  
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers ;  
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,  
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

CASA WAPPY.\*

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
 Our fond, dear boy—  
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
 Where life is joy ?  
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;  
 Even by its bliss we mete our death,  
 Casa Wappy !

\* \* \* \*

Thou wert a vision of delight  
 To bless us given ;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight,  
 A type of heaven :  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self than a part  
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy !

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,  
 'Twas cloudless joy ;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Beloved boy !  
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,  
 That found thee prostrate in decay,  
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy !

\* From *Domestic Verses*, by Delta D. M. MOIR, Esq., 1842. Casa Wappy was the self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, snatched away after a very brief illness.

POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
Earth's undefiled ;  
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
Our dear, sweet child !  
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;  
Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my sight ;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light !  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,  
With glance of stealth ;  
The hair thrown back from thy full brow  
In buoyant health :  
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,  
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,  
Thy clasping arms so round and white,  
Casa Wappy !

The nursery shews thy pictured wall,  
Thy bat, thy bow,  
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;  
But where art thou ?  
A corner holds thine empty chair,  
Thy playthings idly scattered there,  
But speak to us of our despair,  
Casa Wappy !

Even to the last thy every word—  
To glad, to grieve—  
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird  
On summer's eve ;  
In outward beauty undecayed,  
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,  
Casa Wappy !

\* \* \* \*



POEMS OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
In life's spring-bloom,  
Down to the appointed house below,  
The silent tomb.  
But now the green leaves of the trec,  
The cuckoo and 'the busy bee,'  
Return—but with them bring not thee,  
Casa Wappy !

'Tis so ; but can it be—while flowers  
Revive again—  
Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
For aye remain ?  
Oh ! can it be, that o'er the grave  
The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
Yet God forget our child to save?—  
Casa Wappy !

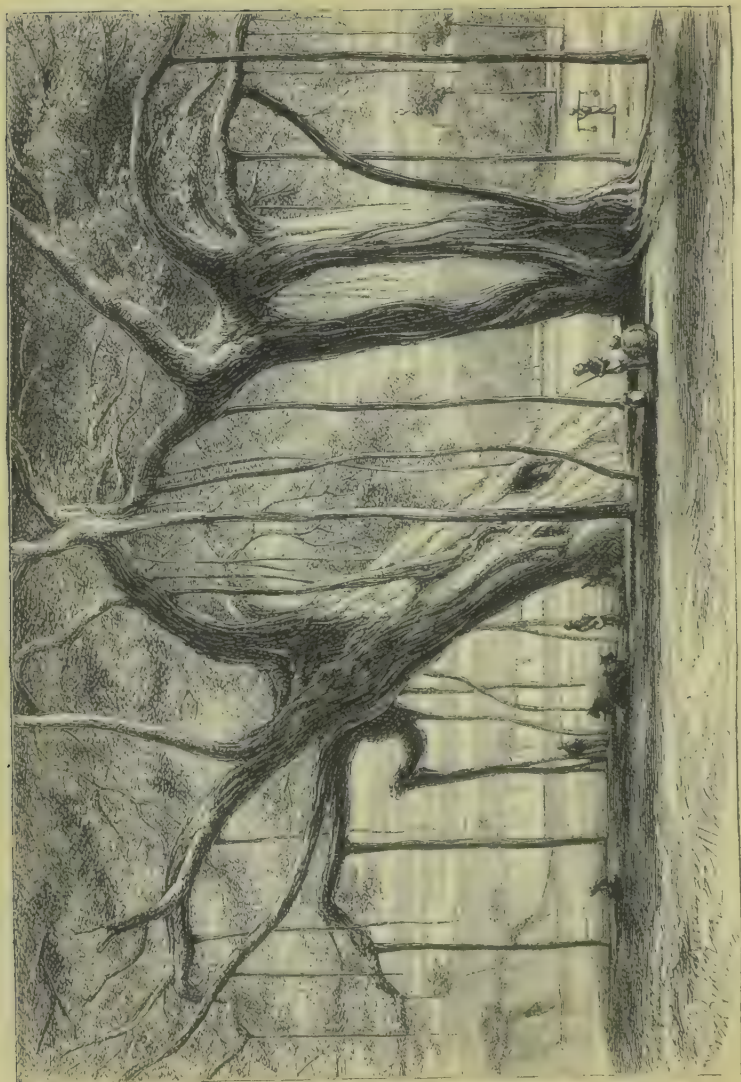
It cannot be : for were it so  
Thus man could die,  
Life were a mockery, Thought were woe,  
And Truth a lie ;  
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,  
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,  
And all our hopes to meet again,  
Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !  
With beam of love,  
A star, death's uncongenial wild  
Smiling above ;  
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
That led thee back from man to God,  
Casa Wappy !

\* \* \* \*







CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION—THE BANYAN-TREE.

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OF

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*New and Revised Edition*

VOL. II.



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force to himself. And still more, again, is the interest excited, when such a man sees his fair fame clouded by undeserved accusations, and fails to obtain justice until gray hairs mark the declining years of life. Such a man was the lately deceased Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, Admiral of the Red, and Rear-admiral of the Fleet.

## THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

### BIRTH, HOME, AND BOYHOOD.

Thomas Cochrane, born at Annsfield, in Lanarkshire, on the 14th December 1775, was descended from a very old Scottish family. He himself believed that the first Cochrane was a Scandinavian sea-rover, who, in a remote age, settled on the shores of Renfrew and Ayr; and such a rover would certainly not have been an inapt ancestor for him. But be this as it may, there are records of the family so far back as the year 1262, as chieftains of the barony of Coveran, Cochran, or Cochrane. Robert Cochran, about four centuries ago, was a great favourite with James III. of Scotland, and by this favouritism won for himself the enmity of many Scottish nobles. A later representative of the family, William Cochrane, as a reward for mediating between Charles I. and his angry subjects in the north, was raised to the peerage in 1641, under the title of Lord Cochrane of Dundonald; and in 1669 the title was elevated to the higher one of Earl of Dundonald. The Dundonalds were powerful in Scotland during the remainder of that century, but in the following century they merely took rank among the nobility of average influence.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest son of the ninth earl; his mother was a daughter of Captain Gilchrist of the royal navy. As the patriarchal estates had nearly all left the family, owing to rebellions, forfeitures, mortgages, and other causes, Thomas inherited little beyond the chance of an earldom. His father made many attempts to resuscitate the family fortunes, by entering into commercial and manufacturing enterprises. Among these were schemes for preparing soda from common salt; for the employment of alumina as a mordant for dyers and calico-printers; for preparing British gum as a substitute for gum-Senegal in calico-printing; for the manufacture of sal-ammoniac; for producing white-lead by a new process; and for extracting tar from pit-coal. All these schemes—as well as numerous experiments on the gas produced from coal, and on the application of chemistry to agriculture—evinced considerable chemical knowledge and general intelligence; but they proved disastrous to the family in a pecuniary sense.

When it became necessary to adopt some definite mode of life, young Cochrane, through the aid of his uncle Alexander, a captain in the navy, entered into the naval service. Before this, however, an attempt was made to obtain for him a position in the army; but his dislike of the stiff martinet rules of military drill proved too strong to be surmounted. In his *Autobiography*, he gives an amusing account of his first and only experience as a military officer: 'By way of initiation into the mysteries of the military profession, I was placed under the tuition of an old sergeant, whose first lessons well accorded with his instructions, "not to pay attention to my

## THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

foibles." My hair, cherished with boyish pride, was formally cut, and plastered back with a vile composition of candle-grease and flour; to which was added the torture incident to the cultivation of an incipient *queue*. My neck, from childhood open to the Lowland breeze, was encased in an inflexible leathern collar or stock, selected according to my preceptor's notions of military propriety; these almost verging on strangulation. A blue semi-military tunic, with red collar and cuffs, in imitation of the Windsor uniform, was provided; and to complete the *tout ensemble*, my father, who was a determined Whig partisan, insisted on my wearing yellow waistcoat and breeches—yellow being the Whig colour, of which I was admonished never to be ashamed. A more certain mode of calling into action the dormant obstinacy of a sensitive high-spirited lad could not have been devised, than that of converting him into a caricature, hateful to himself and ridiculous to others. As may be imagined, my costume was calculated to attract attention, the more so from being accompanied by a stature beyond my years. Passing one day near the Duke of Northumberland's palace at Charing Cross, I was beset by a troop of ragged boys, evidently bent on amusing themselves at the expense of my personal appearance, and in their peculiar slang indulging in comments thereon far more critical than complimentary. Stung to the quick, I made my escape from them; then rushing home, begged my father to let me go to sea with my uncle, in order to save me from the degradation of floured head, pigtail, and yellow breeches.'

## ENTERS THE NAVY.

At length this poor son of a poor earl, on the 27th June 1793, entered on board H.M.S. *Hind* at Sheerness, as midshipman, he being then in his eighteenth year. He was a stripling over six feet in height, was older than middies usually are on entering the service, was nephew to the captain of the ship, and was a lord (Lord Cochrane) to boot. These characteristics might possibly have interfered with a due obedience to discipline, were it not that he had a real love for sea-life, which rendered him willing to bend to the necessary conditions of the service. Fortunately, he was placed under a skilful though rough lieutenant, who speedily trained him to good seamanship. The *Hind* started on a cruise to the coast of Norway, to look out for French privateers or convoys. Once, while on this duty, in return for hospitalities received on shore, many Norwegians were invited to visit the ship; the ladies were 'whipped' or hoisted up by means of ropes and a sort of chair with ease and comfort. Unfortunately, however, there was a parrot on board who had learned most of the boatswain's calls. While one lady was being lifted in the chair, the parrot called out: '*Let go.*' The seamen, thinking it was the boatswain's command, *did* let go; and the lady had an unexpected though temporary dip in the sea.



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On returning from Norway, young Cochrane was transferred from the *Hind* to the *Thetis*, a more powerful frigate, which was placed under his uncle's command. The *Thetis* was ordered to join the squadron of Admiral Murray, sent out in 1794 to capture some of the French settlements in North America. When about nineteen years of age, our hero was promoted by Admiral Murray to the rank of junior lieutenant; and soon afterwards he became acting-lieutenant of the *Africa*, under Captain Home. Cochrane, in his *Autobiography*, speaks of the 'dreary five years' that the squadron spent near the North American coast, capturing few prizes, and being engaged in few exciting adventures; cruising among the fogs of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, instead of joining in the brilliant achievements that marked the maritime wars of Europe.

### CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: 1798—1801.

Towards the close of 1798, Cochrane received the appointment of junior lieutenant of the *Barfleur*, the flag-ship of a fleet with which Lord Keith was blockading the Mediterranean ports of Spain. This was a kind of service that at first gave slender hope for activity, seeing that the Spanish fleet shewed little tendency to quit the defensive batteries of Cadiz, and hazard a naval battle. On the 6th of May 1799, however, there was a formidable assemblage of hostile ships. A French fleet, which came quietly round to Cadiz, consisted of thirty-three sail of the line; and a Spanish fleet of twenty-two sail, in the harbour, swelled the number to fifty-five sail of the line, besides several frigates belonging to the enemy. Lord Keith had under him at the time fifteen sail of the line and one frigate. The Spaniards, however, did not come out of the harbour, and the French did not want to fight; for their purpose was to liberate the Spanish fleet from Cadiz, and accompany it to Toulon. Young Cochrane and other officers of the *Barfleur* burned with impatience to be 'up and doing,' to connect their names with some achievement that would bring them honour or prize-money, or both. On one occasion, when Lord Keith knew, but Earl St Vincent (his superior in the Mediterranean command) did not know, the 'whereabouts' of the French, St Vincent sent peremptory orders which Keith felt compelled to obey, although they carried him away from the very direction in which he knew the French were sailing. In June, Keith succeeded St Vincent as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean; and Cochrane shifted with him from the *Barfleur* to the *Queen Charlotte*, a larger and finer ship. Again and again was the search for the two hostile fleets renewed: a weaker force running up and down the Mediterranean to intercept, fight, and capture two fleets of much greater strength. Now at Toulon, now at Minorca, now at Gibraltar; then at Cadiz, at Tetuan, at Carthage—the 'big ones' were always running away from the 'little ones.' At last

it became certain that they had emerged from the Mediterranean altogether, and were proceeding northward along the Portuguese coast to the Bay of Biscay. Lord Keith pursued, but had the mortification of seeing them enter safely at Brest, where he could not get at them. The whole affair was most distasteful to young officers like Cochrane, affording not the smallest opening for a brush with the enemy. Keith, foiled in his chase, went to Torbay; and while he was there, the French and Spanish fleets, stealing quietly out of Brest, sailed down again towards the Mediterranean!

Cochrane's first experience in the Mediterranean was thus anything but gratifying to him. While Keith was at Torbay, Nelson was achieving brilliant things off the Sicilian coast, and was making himself the idol of the navy. Cochrane never served under Nelson, but they conversed once at Palermo; and the former treasured up a maxim which Nelson impressed upon him in regard to naval warfare: 'Never mind manœuvres; always go at them!' This was just after Cochrane's own heart; he did 'go at them' all his life, whenever he had an opportunity.

A more busy scene was now in store for the energetic young Scotchman. Early in 1800, Cochrane was placed in command of the *Speedy* sloop. If ever a man owed success to himself and his crew, and not to his vessel, such was now the case. The *Speedy* was a sloop of 158 tons, armed with fourteen 4-pounders, and manned, 'or rather crowded,' as he expressed it, with fifty-four officers and men. He asked for and obtained two 12-pounders, but found that his little craft was too weak to carry them. When, in his old age, the Earl of Dundonald wrote his *Autobiography*, he dwelt with a sort of comic affection on the little vessel which, as the young Lord Cochrane, had formed his first command nearly sixty years before. 'Despite her unformidable character,' he says, 'and the personal discomfort to which all on board were subjected, I was very proud of my little vessel, caring nothing for her want of accommodation, though in this respect her cabin merits passing notice. It had not so much as room for a chair, the floor being entirely occupied by a small table surrounded with lockers, answering the double purpose of store chests and seats. The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high; so that the object could only be accomplished by rolling on the locker, a movement sometimes attended with unpleasant failure. The most singular discomfort, however, was that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight, and putting my head through, to make a toilet-table of the quarter-deck.'

Nevertheless, in this little tub of a vessel, Cochrane did that which made the French and Spaniards very uneasy, and proportionably won for him a reputation at home. Besides boarding and searching innumerable neutral vessels, he had much fighting and some capturing. On the 10th of May he captured the *Intrepide*, a

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French privateer of six guns and forty-eight men—his first prize. On the 14th he recaptured two merchant-ships which had been seized by armed boats of the enemy. On the 16th of June he captured a small vessel off Elba; and on the 22d recaptured a prize from a French privateer. On the 25th he followed a Spanish privateer, the *Assunçion*, of ten guns and thirty-three men, right under a fort near Bastia, attacked and captured her, and carried her off though pursued by five gun-boats. On the 9th July his boats 'cut out' a Spanish ship lying actually within the range of the guns of Cape Sebastian, and brought it away; on the 19th and 31st he captured two French privateers; and on the 3d of August he took his long train of prizes safely into Leghorn Roads.

Far into the year 1801 did this cruise extend, and numerous were the adventures to which it led. The *Speedy* sailed hither and thither, capturing French and Spanish merchant-ships, privateers, and regular vessels of war, not only off the Spanish coast, but throughout the whole of the western half of the Mediterranean. Cochrane was seldom dismayed by disparity of numbers or strength. His tactics sometimes bore a laughable resemblance to those of a little man when fighting another a head taller than himself; there is a chance, in such a case, that the giant will hit *over* instead of *at* the dwarf. An instance of this kind presented itself on the 6th of May. He fell in with a large Spanish xebec frigate, the *Gamo*. Cochrane ran up close to it without firing a shot, although receiving two broadsides while so doing. 'To have fired our pop-gun 4-pounders at a distance,' he says, 'would have been to throw away the ammunition; but the guns being doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her main-deck. . . . My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was one upon which I mainly relied for victory—namely, that, from the height of the frigate out of the water, *the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads*; while our guns, being elevated, could blow up her main-deck.' The Spaniards, not liking this state of things, made arrangements for boarding the *Speedy*; but Cochrane deemed it much more suitable that *he* should board the Spanish vessel instead. Consequently, the surgeon taking the helm, all the rest of the crew, officers and men, clambered up into the big ship. Some of the English sailors, at Cochrane's suggestion, blackened their faces, and came upon the Spaniards up the bows of the ship in such guise as to startle them by a diabolical appearance. Cochrane was particularly fond of queer devices of this kind. 'In difficult or doubtful attacks by sea,' he observes, 'and the odds of 50 men to 320 come within this description, no device can be too minute, even if apparently absurd, provided it have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention whilst you are concentrating your own. In this and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success in no slight degree depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the

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enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard.' The big ship was captured by the little one. Cochrane drew up the following curious balance-sheet concerning the *Gamo* and the *Speedy*:

| GAMO.                          | SPEEDY.                       |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Main-deck guns—                | Main-deck guns—               |
| 22 long 12-pounders.           | 14 4-pounders.                |
| Quarter-deck guns—             | Quarter-deck guns—            |
| 8 long 8-pounders,             | None.                         |
| 2 24-pounder carronades.       |                               |
| Number of crew, 319.           | Number of crew, 54.           |
| Broadside of shot, 190 pounds. | Broadside of shot, 28 pounds. |
| Tonnage, 600 and upwards.      | Tonnage, 158.                 |

The killed and wounded in the *Gamo* actually exceeded in number the whole crew of the *Speedy*; and Cochrane found it no easy matter to convoy his prize, with 263 unhurt Spanish prisoners, safely to Minorca. This he did, however, and received the warm thanks of Lord Keith for his gallantry.

On another occasion during this cruise, plot and counterplot were exhibited in an amusing way. The *Speedy* had become known to the Spanish authorities as a mischievous and audacious little vessel, and a plan was laid to capture it. 'When off Plane Island, we were very near "catching a Tartar." Seeing a large ship inshore, having all the appearance of a well-laden merchantman, we forthwith gave chase. On nearing her, she raised her ports, which had been closed to deceive us, the act discovering a heavy broadside; a clear demonstration that we had fallen into the jaws of a formidable Spanish frigate, now crowded with men, who had before remained concealed below. That the frigate was in search of us there could be no doubt, from the deception practised. To have encountered her with our insignificant armament would have been exceedingly imprudent, while escape was out of the question; for she would have outsailed us, and could have run us down by her mere weight. There was therefore nothing left but to try the effect of a *ruse*, prepared beforehand for such an emergency. After receiving at Mahon (Minorca) information that unusual measures were about to be taken by the Spaniards for our capture, I had the *Speedy* painted in imitation of the Danish brig *Clomer*—the appearance of this vessel being well known on the Spanish coast. We also shipped a Danish quarter-master, taking the further precaution of providing him with the uniform of an officer of that nation. On discovering the real character of our neighbour, the *Speedy* hoisted Danish colours, and spoke her. At first this failed to satisfy the Spaniard, who sent a boat to board us. It was now time to bring the Danish quarter-master into play in his officer's uniform; and to add force to his explanations, we ran the quarantine flag up to the fore, calculating on the Spanish horror of the plague, then prevalent along the Barbary coast. On the boat



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coming within hail—for the yellow flag effectually repressed the enemy's desire to board us—our mock-officer informed the Spaniards that we were two days from Algiers, where at the time the plague was violently raging. This was enough. The boat returned to the frigate, which, wishing us a good voyage, filled and made sail; and we did the same.' Such are the moralities of war!

During this cruise in the Mediterranean, Cochrane, sojourning at Malta for a few days, went to a fancy-ball in the dress of a common boatswain, with marline-spike and lump of grease all complete; was refused admittance; fought a duel next day in consequence; and sent a ball through the thigh of the unfortunate official whose punctilio had led to the quarrel. On another occasion he had an interview with the terrible Dey of Algiers, to expostulate with him on a matter of piracy, and had a narrow escape from losing his head for his trouble.

### MADE PRISONER—QUARRELS WITH THE ADMIRALTY— GOES TO COLLEGE.

At length, after thirteen months' cruise in the *Speedy*, the daring young officer and his little craft came to trouble. While on the way from Minorca to Gibraltar, diving into all the nooks and corners in search of adventures, he fell in with three large men-of-war. Resistance was useless, and the throwing overboard of guns and heavy stores did not lighten the *Speedy* sufficiently to enable her to escape. Cochrane surrendered to Captain Pallière of the *Dessaix*, on the 3d of July 1801. The French had long been in search of him as a most dangerous and daring man; and they were so glad at catching him, that they treated him with the greatest possible courtesy and respect. The detention was not of long duration, for an exchange of prisoners shortly afterwards took place.

Cochrane's exploits had certainly been remarkable. In thirteen months he had captured 50 vessels, 122 guns, and 534 prisoners. Commendation had of course been awarded to him more than once; but it is worthy of remark that, throughout his *Autobiography*, he complains of official persons as always doing something or other injurious or unfair towards him. Earl St Vincent, after commanding in the Mediterranean, was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; thus exchanging professional for political or governmental service. St Vincent and Keith had not been on cordial terms; Keith had been the friend of Cochrane; and the latter seems to have arrived by a sort of logic at the conclusion that the earl was unfavourable to him. Sir Alexander Cochrane, on behalf of his nephew, wrote to the earl, narrating the remarkable adventures of the *Speedy*, and soliciting the promotion of the young officer to the rank of captain—on the ground both of personal merit, and of the entire absence of fortune in the family. The solicited

rank was conferred on the 8th of August, a date which placed him lower in the list of captains than if the appointment had been dated from any one of the brilliant achievements which had gained him renown. This he attributed to 'some sinister influence at work.' When Cochrane became a captain, he wrote to Earl St Vincent three or four times, soliciting promotion for a gallant fellow-officer who had served well and faithfully under him in the *Speedy*. In one of these letters, while combating an unfavourable reply received from the earl, the hot and eager Cochrane incautiously touched upon a matter which had been much discussed among naval men. Sir John Jervis, in 1797, had won the great battle of St Vincent, thereby earning for himself a peerage and a pension of £3000 a year. It was contended, however, among the younger spirits of the navy, that the battle was really gained by the inshore squadron under Nelson, the commander-in-chief being merely a spectator, at a distance which involved the loss of only one man in his own ship. Cochrane owned, nearly sixty years afterwards, that it was an ill-timed matter for him to have touched upon, in writing to one who had commanded at St Vincent, and who then commanded at the Admiralty. At anyrate, he settled down into a conviction that spite and not justice dictated the conduct of the officials towards him. 'From the receipt of that letter, Earl St Vincent became my bitter enemy; and not only he, but his successors thought it incumbent on them to perpetuate his lordship's displeasure.'

The Admiralty, wearied with Cochrane's pertinacity, and perhaps irritated at his bold language, refused to give him another ship; and thus he was forced to retire on a naval captain's half-pay. How could he, a *lord* too, live upon that? He must do something; and so he thought of a parliamentary career. To 'expose the Admiralty' now seemed to be the strongest motive by which he was impelled. That the Admiralty needed exposure, as a preliminary to reform, is beyond all question; but there was a personal as well as a patriotic incentive on his part. Earl St Vincent and Lord Cochrane, unpleasantly as they were placed towards each other, thought alike on one subject—the monstrous corruption that at that time pervaded all the departments of the Admiralty. Any iniquity was connived at that would buy votes to the government in the House of Commons; and thus contractors and purveyors were permitted to rob the nation to an enormous extent. The First Lord had generally been a politician; St Vincent was a seaman; he took a seaman's view of these matters, and worked hard to bring about a more healthy state of things; but the other officials thwarted him; and thus his term of service at the Admiralty was one of much discomfort to him.

Now occurred an episode in Cochrane's career highly honourable to him. He went to Edinburgh towards the close of 1802, took cheap lodgings, entered the university ('an unusual spectacle for a post-captain fresh from the quarter-deck to enter himself as a

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student among boys!'), worked hard at several studies which had been neglected in his early youth, and lived on his half-pay and the remains of his prize-money—waiting for some opportunity of getting elected to parliament, or else of getting command of a ship. Among the many remarkable features in Cochrane's life, this was certainly not the least so. A captain and a lord thus living and studying as a means of rising in the world, presents a picture worthy of respect, despite any shortcomings that may have marked his character. He and Lord Palmerston attended Dugald Stewart's lectures at the same time.

### SERVICES IN THE ARAB AND THE PALLAS: 1803—1806.

When the peace of Amiens was broken by renewed war with France in 1803, Lord Cochrane, thirsting for active life, applied again to the Admiralty. He met with difficulties, but at length obtained an appointment to the *Arab*. This proved to be an old collier brig, hastily purchased for any service she might be able to render. When ready, Cochrane made a cruise in the *Arab* round the Land's End, and then joined the Channel fleet. Bonaparte was at that time forming a flotilla of gun-boats with which to invade England, and at the same time collecting a fleet at Brest to make a feigned descent on Ireland. The *Arab* was found to be quite unfitted for watching the enemy at Boulogne; and Cochrane, much to his chagrin, was sent on a cruise to the Orkneys, where there was no probability of active service, and where his days wore away monotonously. His chafed spirit found utterance in such words as these: 'The Board had fairly caught me; but a more cruel order could not have been devised by official malevolence. It was literally naval exile in a tub, regardless of expense to the nation.' He clung to the notion that there was a spite against him at the Admiralty. His command of the *Arab* lasted from October 1803 to December 1804.

When Lord Melville succeeded Earl St Vincent at the Admiralty, he rejoiced Cochrane by placing him in command of the *Pallas*, a new frigate of thirty-two guns. This was the first and only occasion on which Cochrane availed himself of the system of impressment of seamen; he could not get a crew without it, just then; but he always hated the plan, as his *beau idéal* of a good seaman was one who would work willingly and heartily. The *Pallas* was sent on a short cruise to the Azores, during which it captured three Spanish merchantmen; the property found in them was very valuable, and Cochrane and his men obtained a large amount of prize-money. Among other articles were three golden candlesticks, which had been presented by the citizens of Mexico to some church in Spain, but had made the voyage across the Atlantic at an inauspicious period. Cochrane, who always had a love of oddity in his composition, stuck

these three golden candlesticks on the tops of the three masts of his ship, thereby greatly astonishing the people of Plymouth on his arrival there. Another of the captured ships contained several bales of 'pope's bulls, dispensations for eating meat on Fridays, and indulgences for peccadilloes of all kinds, with the prices affixed;' these he consigned to the waves; and they probably went to the bottom instead of reaching Mexico.

Now took place Cochrane's first adventure in the political world. A general election was at hand; and he, obtaining leave of absence, became a candidate for the borough of Honiton; but as he refused to bribe, the majority of the 'worthy and independent electors' refused to vote for him; and so he lost the election. He adopted a course, however, that throws a strange light on the maxims of political morality in those days. He sent ten guineas apiece to all the electors who had voted for him, not as a bribe for something to be done, but as a reward for something that had been done.

After this electioneering freak, Cochrane returned to the *Pallas*, and took charge of a convoy to Quebec on the 28th May 1805. On the voyage he nearly suffered shipwreck, by being thrown  $13\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  out of his reckoning, owing to a defect in the binnacle compass. He convoyed one fleet of merchantmen out, and another home, not much satisfied with this sleepy kind of work. He invented a ship's lamp, and told a story concerning it which shewed how rooted was his conviction that the 'people' at the Admiralty had declared perpetual war against him. He drew the attention of the authorities to his lamp, but without effect. 'Some few years afterwards, the clamour of shipowners compelled the Board to direct its attention to the subject; and, passing over my communications, they offered a reward of fifty pounds to the inventor of the most suitable for the purpose. On this, I directed my agent, Mr Brooks, to offer my lamp *in his own name*, feeling convinced that my connection with it would, if known, insure its rejection. He did so; and after repeated trials against others at Sheerness, Spithead, and St Helena, the fifty-pound prize was adjudged to Mr Brooks. The fact afterwards becoming known, *not a lamp was ever ordered*, and the merchantmen were left to the mercy of privateers, as before. I do not relate this anecdote as telling against the *directing* powers of the Admiralty; but with the *administrative* powers it was then and afterwards clearly a fixed rule that no invention of mine should be carried into effect.'

Early in 1806, Cochrane was ordered to join with the *Pallas* the squadron of Admiral Thornborough, to cruise off the French and Spanish coasts. Here his daring made itself as conspicuous as in the Mediterranean. He was always capturing vessels of some kind or other; terrifying the enemy with the audacity of his movements. No less than three large corvettes were run ashore by their captains, to afford escape for the crews; any one of which was powerful



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enough to have overcome the *Pallas*, if the actual number of the men on board had been known. Cochrane followed Nelson's advice to 'go at them' without manœuvring; but he interpreted manœuvring to mean fixed and formal rules of strategy; he evidently delighted in all kinds of tricks and pranks to deceive the enemy as to his strength, plans, and movements. Again does Cochrane complain of the feeling entertained towards him by officials. He reported to Thornborough, Thornborough to St Vincent, and St Vincent to the Secretary of the Admiralty. St Vincent used these words: 'The gallant and successful exertions of the *Pallas* reflect very high honour on her captain, officers, and crew, and call for my warmest approbation.' This appeared to Cochrane as 'cold and reluctant praise,' and produced a renewal of his old complainings. On the 15th of May he made a daring attack on a frigate and three brigs: the *Minerve* of forty guns, and the *Lynx*, *Sylphe*, and *Palinure* of sixteen guns each. He inflicted terrible injury on the enemy; but captured nothing, and had his own ship nearly knocked to pieces. Cochrane notices a curious device adopted by the British government for addressing proclamations to the French people in spite of Bonaparte. Numerous small kites were constructed, to which were attached a number of proclamations printed in the French language. Cochrane was furnished with a supply of these; and his instructions were, to append a match to the kite-string, light it, and fly the kite over the land; when the match burnt the string, the kite fell, and the proclamations found their way (possibly) into the hands of country persons. What was the practical value of this scheme, we are not told.

### ENTERS PARLIAMENT—ADVOCATES REFORM OF ABUSES.

We now come to Cochrane's more decided and successful attempt to enter parliament. While the *Pallas* was being repaired after the hard knocks she had received, her captain entered the political arena. He organised a procession, himself in a coach-and-six, and numbers of his officers and men in coaches-and-four; and thus he entered to court the sweet smiles of the electors of Honiton. They remembered the gifts of ten guineas apiece, and in July 1806 they elected him as member for their borough. They then held out their hands for more gold; this he refused to give, but was in a manner compelled to provide an entertainment, which cost £1200. All this reads unpleasantly, but was thought nothing of in those days.

At length came the opportunity for which Cochrane had so long yearned—a fight with the Admiralty in the House of Commons. He made applications for Lieutenant Haswell of the *Pallas*, as he had before done for Lieutenant Parker of the *Speedy*; and as the Admiralty shewed no inclination to comply with his wishes, he threatened to bring the subject before the House of Commons. Both officers received promotion on the 15th of August, and Cochrane attributed

that to a wholesome terror of his threats; but he nevertheless complained that the promotions were not of such a kind as those officers merited.

His entry into parliament did not long interrupt his naval career. On the 23d of August 1806, he was appointed to the command of the *Impérieuse* frigate, and was allowed to take over with him his old familiar crew from the *Pallas*. The vessel was hastily fitted out for service and was sent to sea in a crank condition. As a consequence, Cochrane nearly ran ashore near Ushant, and thus nearly fell into the hands of the enemy—being unable to get the ship well under command. His office was to assist the blockading squadron then in the Basque Roads, on the western coast of France; and he was employed in little other than blockading during the remainder of the year, returning to Plymouth early in 1807.

Another chapter in Cochrane's political career now opened. Parliament was dissolved in April, and a general election ordered. Cochrane and his Honiton friends had not worked well together; they worried him with applications for places and recommendations, while he disappointed them by giving them neither places nor money. He resolved to try for the important city of Westminster, as a means of improving his personal position, and of strengthening his advocacy of naval reform in the House of Commons. There were five candidates: Lord Cochrane, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr Sheridan, Mr Eliot, and Mr Paul. After the usual amount of electioneering tactics, Cochrane was returned at the head of the poll, and Burdett as his colleague. Cochrane afterwards said: 'I must record it to the honour of my Westminster friends, that during my long connection with them no elector ever asked me to procure for himself or relatives a place under government; whilst the multitude of applications for place from my late constituents formed, as has been said, a source of intolerable annoyance.'

He did not long delay the unfurling of his flag as a reformer. On the 7th of July he moved a resolution for the appointment of a committee, to inquire how far any members of parliament, in themselves or their relations, were interested in any 'offices, posts, places, sinecures, pensions, situations, fees, perquisites, or emoluments,' at the public expense. In his speech, although not in his resolution, he plainly expressed his belief that votes had been bought on both sides of the House at the expense of the nation. The attempt was too bold to meet with much support; but the House appointed the committee, with a less formidable duty to fulfil. Cochrane believed that from that moment he became a man unacceptable to Whigs and Tories alike in parliament, as he had long been to the Admiralty; and on the same ground—namely, their dread of the troublesome pertinacity of any one who would insist on looking behind the scenes in search of abuses, with a view to their exposure. On the 10th of July he brought forward a motion on naval abuses; dwelling forcibly

on the need of reform in the management of ships and crews, founded on occurrences which had come within his own personal observation. He found little favour with the House generally, for his motion was negatived without a division.

#### CRUISE IN THE *IMPÉRIEUSE*: 1807—1809.

Our hero still continued his curious alternation between politics and naval life—now going out to fight the French, now coming home to fight the officials. He received orders to join Lord Collingwood's fleet in the Mediterranean. He himself believed that the government hoped by that means to get rid of him from parliament; but whether such was the plan or not, the electors of Westminster retained him as their representative, giving him unlimited leave of absence.

On the 12th September 1807, the *Impérieuse* sailed from Portsmouth with a convoy of thirty-eight sail of merchantmen, and then to engage in active service against the enemy. Cochrane was indefatigable, sailing hither and thither throughout the Mediterranean, but without the command of a squadron. It would be useless to detail the services he rendered, in the Mediterranean, round the coast of Spain, and back again to the Mediterranean, during the later months of 1807 and the first half of 1808. He attacked the enemy wherever he saw them, unless when greatly superior in power to himself, and captured a large number of prizes.

A change of tactics occurred in June, owing to Spain having joined England in resisting France. Now, all the operations on the Spanish coast were to be of a friendly character, so far as they affected the Spaniards. Hence commenced the gigantic PENINSULAR WAR, one of the greatest in which England was ever engaged. Its exact date may be set down as the 6th of June 1808, when Napoleon proclaimed his brother Joseph 'King of Spain and the Indies,' and when the Junta, or Spanish parliament, repudiated Napoleon and Joseph alike.

Cochrane renewed his cruise in the *Impérieuse*, but this time his visits to the various towns on the Spanish coast were welcomed by the inhabitants, and he was *fêted* more than once at places where his guns and his prowess had shortly before been felt. Some of his operations on shore were of a remarkable kind. General Duhesme was near Barcelona with a French army; and Cochrane, whenever the slightest opportunity offered, landed his seamen and marines, and aided the Spaniards in checking the French—blocking up the roads along which they wished to pass; cutting off their supplies; and, in some instances, capturing small bodies of men with their guns. It was a sort of adventurous fighting in which he greatly delighted. Among other instances of this kind was the capture of the castle of Mongat, an important post completely commanding a pass on the

road from Gerona to Barcelona : he destroyed the castle, and took the French garrison prisoners on board his ship. Month after month were these operations continued. Cochrane was incessantly engaged on the coast of Spain, and on the French coast from thence to Marseille, harassing the French in every practicable way, capturing several prizes, and rendering himself the terror of the enemy. 'In these cruises,' he says, 'our greatest difficulty was to procure fresh water, which was only to be obtained on the enemy's coast ; so that the men had frequently to be placed on short allowance. As we were now destitute of this necessary, I determined to run for the entrance of the Rhone, and fill up with water by a novel expedient. Our fore-topmast studding-sails were sewn up and converted into huge bags, nearly water-tight ; these, as the water at the river's mouth was brackish, were sent in the boats higher up the stream to fill. The bags being there filled, were towed alongside the ship, and the water pumped as quickly as possible into the hold by means of the fire-engine—the operation being repeated until we had obtained a sufficient supply. Having thus replenished our water, we made an attempt to obtain fresh meat also at the enemy's expense. Whilst engaged in watering, a number of cattle had been observed grazing on the banks of the river, and a party was taken on shore to secure some. But this time circumstances were against us.

As has before been stated, when Cochrane was not engaged actively against the enemy, his thoughts recurred to the authorities at home, and his standing quarrel with them. Lord Collingwood thanked him for his singular and daring exertions on the Spanish and French coasts ; but from the British government he obtained no thanks whatever, and the enterprise was not such as to bring much prize-money. Collingwood, in a dispatch to the Admiralty, declared his belief that Cochrane had 'prevented a body of French troops, which were intended for Figueras, from advancing into Spain, by giving them employment in defence of their own coasts.' Cochrane says that, in spite of this favourable notice from his commander, he obtained nothing in return but hatred from the corrupt British government, 'because I had connected myself with a Radical constituency, and had set up as a reformer of naval abuses.' Strong language this ; but such abounds in his *Autobiography*. His anger with the home authorities, however, did not at all damp his appetite for attacking the enemy. He had an intense liking for the excitement of his adventurous life, and fought the French for the mere pleasure of doing it, irrespective of all chances of promotion or prize-money. In a contest on the coast, on the 15th November, an incident in gunnery of a very extraordinary kind occurred. The French fired a shot which entered the muzzle of one of Cochrane's guns just when it was being fired ; the two balls were in the gun at one time, and, as a consequence, it burst. Later in the month, and early in December, Cochrane was engaged in a formidable attempt



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to preserve the town of Rosas from falling into the hands of the French; he was engaged in operations on shore, as if he had been a military instead of a naval officer, especially in defending a castle from a skilfully conducted siege.

Lord Cochrane frequently consoled himself, under the influence of vexation at the conduct of the home authorities, by collecting the unbiassed opinions of disinterested persons. The following he stated to have been written by Sir Walter Scott, but he did not name the work from which the extract was taken: 'Lord Cochrane, during the month of September 1808, with his single ship the *Impérieuse*, kept the whole coast of Languedoc in alarm, destroyed the numerous semaphoric telegraphs, which were of the utmost consequence to the numerous coasting convoys of the French; and not only prevented any troops from being sent from that province into Spain, but even excited such dismay, that 2000 men were withdrawn from Figueras to oppose him, when they would otherwise have been marching farther into the Peninsula. The coasting-trade was entirely suspended during this alarm. Yet with such consummate prudence were all Lord Cochrane's enterprises planned and executed, that not one of his men was either killed or hurt, except one who was signed in blowing up a battery.'

The opening of the year 1809 found Cochrane still in command of the *Impérieuse*, and still cruising along the French and Spanish coasts of the Mediterranean. So incessant had been his exertions, that he longed now to have a sojourn at home. Still more did he long, as member of parliament for Westminster, to expose certain malversations which had come under his notice. There were establishments at the English stations in the Mediterranean called Admiralty Courts, where prizes were examined, and prize-money awarded. Against the practice of these courts he inveighed in very strong language. He asserted that the officials of those courts were reaping colossal fortunes at the expense of naval officers and seamen, who were wasting their lives and blood for official gain. To such an extent was this carried, that a ship captured without cargo never yielded a penny to the captors, the whole proceeds being swallowed up by the Admiralty Court. With cargo, some trifling surplus might remain; but what between pilfering and official fees, the award was hardly worth the trouble of capture. The effect of this upon the navy was most disastrous; and not upon the navy only, but upon the nation also, which had upwards of 1000 ships in commission, without any result at all commensurable with the expenditure. 'Captains were naturally disinclined to harass themselves and crews for nothing, and avoided making prizes certain to yield nothing but the risk and trouble of capture, and which, in addition, might bring them into debt, as was the result in my own case.' He adds: 'It will now be evident why I preferred harassing the French army in Spain to making prizes for the enrichment of

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officials of the Maltese and other Admiralty Courts. It was always my aim to serve my country before my own interests ; and in this case I judged it better to do so where the service could be most effectual.'

### SERVICES IN THE BAY OF BISCAY—STRUGGLE WITH LORD GAMBIER : 1809.

On arriving in England, instead of being allowed to resume parliamentary duties, Cochrane had a new service at sea marked out for him. A large French fleet, intended to operate against the British West India Islands, was blockaded by Lord Gambier in the Bay of Biscay. The Admiralty consulted Cochrane on the practicability of wholly destroying that fleet by means of fire-ships. He sketched a scheme which he thought would be effective, and the Admiralty accepted it ; but it placed him in an anomalous position. He went out to join Gambier's fleet, ostensibly to command the fire-ships and explosion-ships which were to blow up the French fleet. It was a miserable arrangement ; for all the admirals and captains in Gambier's fleet construed it into an indignity, that a new-comer should thus be placed over them in an enterprise of a daring and noteworthy kind. Cochrane had not sought the duty, and was thus, without his own intention or wish, placed on an unpleasant footing with other officers. Gambier was in the habit of distributing religious tracts among his crew. Cochrane injudiciously, as he afterwards admitted, sent some of these tracts to William Cobbett, who was a personal friend of his among the Radicals, together with sundry comments on the discipline and organisation of Gambier's ships. The use which Cobbett made of this information did not improve the state of matters between Cochrane and those around him. Proceeding with his duty of destroying, or endeavouring to destroy, the Brest fleet, Cochrane had an explosion-ship fitted under his own direction. 'The floor of the vessel was rendered as firm as possible, by means of logs placed in close contact, into every crevice of which other substances were firmly wedged, so as to afford the greatest amount of resistance to the explosion. On this foundation were placed a large number of spirit and water casks, into which 1500 barrels of powder were emptied. These casks were set on end, and the whole bound round with hempen cables, so as to resemble a gigantic mortar, thus causing the explosion to take an upward course. In addition to the powder-casks were placed several hundred shells, and over these again nearly 3000 hand-grenades ; the whole, by means of wedges and sand, being compressed as nearly as possible into a solid mass. . . . The explosion-vessels were simply naval mines, the effect of which depended quite as much on their novelty as engines of war as upon their destructiveness. It was calculated that,

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independently of any mischief they might do, they would cause such an amount of terror as to induce the enemy to run their ships ashore, as the only way to avoid them and save their crews.'

Armed with such dreadful engines of mischief, Gambier's fleet prepared to attack the French. Cochrane wished to attack on the 10th of April, directly the fire-ships were ready, and before the French became aware of their character; but Gambier insisted on delay; and the French were thus enabled to make defensive arrangements. Their fleet, under Admiral Allemand, was in Aix Roads, and consisted of 10 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and a store-ship. Allemand took in as much sail as possible, to avoid feeding the flame; and armed seventy-three boats and launches, whose duty would be to board and tow off the British fire-ships as they arrived. The frigates were placed half a mile in front of the line-of-battle ships; and a boom of great timbers, nearly half a mile in length, and presenting a right angle in the middle, was in front of the frigates. The islands of Aix, Oleron, &c., near the coast off Rochefort, aided by their fortifications the defence of the fleet. The British fleet was very large, consisting of 11 ships of the line, 7 frigates, 5 gun-brig sloops, 6 gun-brigs, 3 smaller vessels, and 23 fire-ships and explosion-vessels. Many an English sailor said, then and afterwards, that Nelson would have undertaken the work with a much smaller force than this; for it was larger than Allemand's, irrespective of the fire-ships and explosion-vessels.

The momentous attack was not followed with the hoped-for results. Cochrane, in an undaunted manner, fired off one of the explosion-ships with his own hand, when very near the French in a dark night, rowing out hastily in an open boat to get away before the fuse had reached the combustibles. 'For a moment, the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of 1500 barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel; whilst the water was strewn with spars, shaken out of the boom.' In other quarters, however, the operations had not been very successful; of more than twenty fire-ships, only four reached the enemy's position, and not one did any damage. Cochrane bitterly complained of the way in which those fire-ships were handled; and then as bitterly complained that Gambier, who was with the fleet fourteen miles out at sea, did not come in to attack the French when their panic began at the explosion-ship. Cochrane telegraphed to Gambier over and over again, as soon as daylight came, by means of flag-signals, that most of the French ships could easily be captured. From this time ensued a series of cross-purposes. Gambier did not capture or destroy the French fleet, which Cochrane asserted could easily be done; and Cochrane was sent by his superior with dispatches to England, as if to get rid of him as a troublesome person.

Fifty-one years after this occurrence, Captain Hutchinson, who had been lieutenant of the *Valiant* at the time, wrote to the Earl of Dundonald, to confirm the earl's statements as to the events of the day, and to relate certain anecdotes which had come under his personal notice. The French fleet, it appears, was in a panic when Cochrane commenced his attack. They ran their ships on shore, and escaped in a fright. The French government afterwards admitted this to have been the case. 'There was one man, however,' Hutchinson said, 'who *did* remain when all the remainder of the crew had quitted. This was a quarter-master on board the *Ocean*, who, indignant at the cowardly desertion of the ships, hid himself when the crews were ordered to quit; and this was the salvation of that three-decker and two other ships, in an extraordinary way. A little midshipman belonging to one of our smaller vessels (I believe a brig) had been sent in a jolly-boat that night with a message to another ship, and having delivered it, instead of returning immediately to his own vessel, he proposed to his men to go and look at the French ships from which the crews had been seen to flee. His men of course were willing, and they approached cautiously very near to the three-decker (the night being very dark) before they could observe any stir on board or around her. They were then suddenly hailed by the quarter-master before mentioned with a loud "*Qui vive ?*" (Who goes there?). Of course the poor little midshipman took it for granted that the ship was occupied by more than one man; and he hastily retreated, glad to escape capture himself. Had he known the truth, *that little midshipman, with his jolly-boat and four men, might have taken possession of a three-decker and two seventy-fours!*'\*

Now occurred a crisis in Lord Cochrane's professional life. The ministers proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier. Lord Cochrane threatened, as member for Westminster, to oppose it, on the ground that Gambier had effected nothing to deserve thanks, and that he had neglected to destroy the French fleet in Aix Roads. Lord Mulgrave tried to dissuade him from this, as a course inconsistent in a naval officer; but Cochrane contended that, as a member of the House of Commons, he had rights and duties which overrode all professional considerations, and which he would honestly use without regard to the personal consequences to himself. As soon as this intention became known, Lord Gambier demanded a court-martial. Two months elapsed before the court was held; but at length it commenced on the 26th July 1809, on board the *Gladiator*,

\* The *Autobiography* which Lord Cochrane lived to write, in his green old age as Earl of Dundonald, was the means of bringing to light many such curious anecdotes as the above, which would else have possibly been lost to the world. After the publication of the first volume in 1860, he received numerous communications from aged naval officers: many of which, including the above, were printed in the second volume. Half a century had not blunted the memory of the veterans.



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at Portsmouth. The court-martial, after a nine days' trial, acquitted Lord Gambier; but it was six months later before the vote of thanks was moved and carried in the Commons.

Few things are more remarkable than the immense space of time which elapsed before Lord Cochrane was placed right with the public on this and other subjects. Had he not lived to a patriarchal age, he would not have had the pleasure of seeing justice rendered to himself. Certain charts, concerning which we need not weary the reader, were necessary to prove whether Gambier or Cochrane was more in the right concerning the famous affair in the Aix Roads. These charts were in the possession of the Admiralty; but for *more than half a century* he was not permitted to have a sight of them; when they *did* come to light, they supported the assertions which he had made in 1809. Writing as a white-haired old man in 1860, he said that, in 1859 and 1860, he had applied to two successive First Lords of the Admiralty, Sir John Pakington and the Duke of Somerset, for permission to inspect charts at the Admiralty; that the permission had been courteously given; that he there found the evidence for which he had been applying half a century in vain; and then he added: 'It will in the present day be difficult to credit the existence of such practices and evil influences of party-spirit in past times, as could permit an administration, even for the purpose of preserving the *prestige* of a government, to claim as a glorious victory a neglect of duty which, to use the mildest terms, was both a naval and a national dishonour.'

To return to the events of 1809. 'From this time forward,' said the Earl of Dundonald in 1860—that is, from the date when Lord Gambier was acquitted by the court-martial—'I never trod the deck of a British ship-of-war at sea, as her commander, till *thirty-nine* years afterwards, when I was appointed by her present Most Gracious Majesty to command the West India squadron.' Thirty-nine years of enforced absence from British sea-life for such a man! It was almost tantamount to taking away from him the very air he breathed. Cochrane was evidently much out of favour in official quarters; and he made another attempt to agitate for naval reform in the House of Commons. When a vote of thanks to Gambier was proposed, in April 1810, Cochrane moved as an amendment that the minutes of the court-martial should be produced, in order to shew that the acquittal was contrary to the evidence; but the House rejected the amendment, and passed the vote of thanks.

## MISCELLANEOUS PROCEEDINGS: 1809—1813.

Just about that time, a military and naval expedition to Walcheren was much talked of, to capture and destroy the French fleet in the Scheldt, and to destroy Bonaparte's arsenals at Flushing, Antwerp, and Termeuge. It was to be one of the largest armaments ever

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sent forth from England, and was to be commanded by the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan.\* If this were the proper place, we might notice one of the most disastrous and humiliating defeats ever borne by Englishmen, through the incompetence of their rulers and commanders; but we have only to do with it so far as concerned Lord Cochrane. He sketched a plan for destroying the enemy's works and fleets, and sent it to the Admiralty; but not only was his plan refused; he himself was forbidden to join the expedition, the *Impérieuse* being placed under another officer. Forty thousand troops, 35 sail-of-the-line, 23 frigates, and nearly 200 smaller vessels, made a miserable business of the Walcheren expedition. What would have been the result had Cochrane joined it, cannot of course be said, though the probability is that he would have fallen again into disfavour by commenting freely on the incapacity of his superiors.

Deprived of active duties at sea, Cochrane entered the arena of politics. He joined Sir Francis Burdett and Major Cartwright in the advocacy of parliamentary reform, and became an extreme Radical, according to the views of those days—although he lived to see such radicalism recognised and advocated by large majorities in the House of Commons. This is one of the many matters on which the venerable Earl of Dundonald lived to see justice done to the dashing and impetuous Lord Cochrane—the same man under two different aspects, fifty years apart. He succeeded on one occasion in inducing the House to inquire into the misdoings of the several Admiralty Courts. On another occasion he defended the privilege of liberty of speech, which had been placed in danger by the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower. On a third occasion he attacked the monstrous system on which pensions were given, not according to merit, but according to parliamentary influence. The pensions given to meritorious officers who had lost limbs in the service, were as nothing compared to those given in other ways. There were, too, sinecure offices in those days which *now* we look at with astonishment. Lords Arden, Camden, and Buckingham all held sinecure posts which brought them in more than £20,000 a year each. Cochrane's mode of stating these facts, in a speech in the House on the 11th of May 1810, was amusing as well as startling: '32 flag-officers, 22 captains, 50 lieutenants, 180 masters, 36 surgeons, 23 pursers, 91 boatswains, 97 gunners, 202 carpenters, and 41 cooks, in all 774 persons, cost the country £4028 less than the net proceeds of the sinecures of Lords Arden, Camden, and Buckingham. All

\* A pungent satire on these two officers, relating to their dilatory and ill-organised proceedings, was put forth by a witty writer of the period:

'The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,  
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'

the superannuated admirals, captains, and lieutenants put together have but £1012 more than Earl Camden's sinecure alone. All that is paid to the wounded officers of the whole British navy, and to the wives and children of those dead or killed in action, do not amount by £214 to as much as Lord Arden's sinecure alone. What is paid to the mutilated officers themselves is but half as much. Should 31 commissioners, commissioners' wives, and clerks, have £3899 more amongst them than all the wounded officers of the navy of England? I find, upon examination, that the Wellesleys receive from the public £34,729, a sum equal to 426 *pair of lieutenants' legs*, calculated at the rate of allowance of Lieutenant Chambers's legs. Calculating for the pension of Captain Johnstone's arm, Lord Arden's sinecure is equal to the value of 1022 captains' arms. Two of these comfortable sinecures would victual the officers and men serving in all the ships in ordinary in Great Britain—namely, 117 sail of the line, 105 frigates, 27 sloops, and 50 hulks. Three of them would maintain the dock-yard establishments at Portsmouth and Plymouth.'

Such curious political arithmetic as this was of course very distasteful to official persons generally; and Cochrane fell more and more out of favour. The *Impériouse* obtained another commander, and he was left at home in idleness.

In 1811, Cochrane went to Malta, to investigate the conduct of the Admiralty Court there. The oddity of his character here again appeared. He wished to get hold of a 'table of fees,' to ascertain whether the court was legally justified in claiming the enormous fees charged for adjudicating in matters of prize-money. The existence of such a table was either denied or evaded. 'As by act of parliament, they ought to have been hung up in the court, I made careful search for them, but without success. Entering the judge's robing-room unopposed, I there renewed the search, but with no better result, and was about to return table-less; when, having been directed to a private closet, I examined that also, and there, wafered up behind the door of the judge's retiring-chamber, was the Admiralty Court table of fees! which I carefully took down, and re-entered the court, in the act of folding up the paper, previously to putting it in my pocket.' He at once sent off the paper to England, there to be brought before the notice of the House of Commons. The Malta authorities, finding what had been done, imprisoned him, and endeavoured to convict him of robbery. He contrived, in a strange way, to escape from them, and from the island, glad at anyrate to be able to send to England a document which he felt certain would not bear the test of proper examination.

In the following year (1812), Cochrane's inventive mind conceived the plan of a tremendous system of naval warfare, the nature of which was kept a profound secret, lest it should come to the knowledge of the enemy. He brought it before the notice of the Prince Regent; and a committee of officers was appointed to investigate its merits.

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The inventions were declared to be of a most destructive nature, but nothing was resolved on concerning their immediate use. Lord Cochrane faithfully kept to his determination, as a British subject, not to make a profit of his invention, by selling it to the enemy; he kept his secret through all the miseries and disappointments of subsequent years. At various times between 1812 and 1856, these projects of Lord Cochrane's were brought directly or indirectly under public notice. Many persons doubted the efficacy of the plans; many disliked them because of the hideous destruction they would produce; and nearly all admired the firmness of the inventor, in keeping the plans for the use of his own country alone. To this day the nature of the plans is only known to a very few officers. During the Crimean war, the name of 'Dundonald' was frequently appended to letters in the public journals, urging the adoption of his schemes for the destruction of the Russian fleets at Sebastopol and Cronstadt; but the plans, whatever they may be, have never yet been put in execution. Nothing can exceed the positiveness with which the Earl of Dundonald in his *Autobiography* asserts the power of his project to work any assignable amount of injury on an enemy. 'These plans,' he says, 'afford the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority, and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity—of at once commencing and terminating war by one conclusive victory. A hundred millions employed in war could not complete the ruin of our maritime opponents so effectually as could be done by the simple methods indicated in my plans; and that too in spite of the apparently formidable fortifications and other defences of ports and roadsteads.' All this reads incredible; but the old man never swerved for forty years in maintaining that such would be the practical effects of his mysterious agency.

Until now, Lord Cochrane had remained unmarried; but before the close of the year, he married a lady without fortune, Miss Katherine Corbett Barnes. One of his uncles, the Honourable Basil Cochrane, who had amassed a large fortune in the East Indies, had planned a marriage for him with the daughter of an official of one of the Admiralty Courts. Now, against Admiralty Courts he had been waging war for nearly twenty years; and he argued that if he married into that circle, the world would say he had done it to curry favour with his wealthy uncle. Cochrane here displayed the same obstinate originality as in so many other events of his life; he married the lady he had chosen, rejected the lady whom his uncle had chosen, and was at once cut off from any participation in his uncle's fortune. It was a happy step, however; for in his old age he declared the greatest treasure of his life had been the wife thus acquired.



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### THE STOCK EXCHANGE FRAUD—COCHRANE'S DISGRACE: 1814.

Passing over the year 1813, during which Cochrane was busily but unsuccessfully engaged in advocating naval and other kinds of reform, we come to 1814, the most miserable year in the life of this remarkable man; a year marked by an incident in every way extraordinary—the *Great Stock Exchange Fraud*. About midnight on the 20th February, a person calling himself Colonel de Bourg, aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, presented himself at the *Ship Hotel* at Dover, representing that he was the bearer of intelligence from Paris to the effect that Bonaparte had been killed by the Cossacks—that the allied armies were in full march for Paris—and that immediate peace was certain. After this announcement, he forwarded similar intelligence by letter to the port-admiral at Deal, with a view, as was supposed, of its being forwarded to London by telegraph; thus making the port-admiral the medium of communication with the government. The report was wholly false, and most unquestionably got up to influence the prices of funds on the Stock Exchange. It succeeded. The news spread like wildfire. Every one was rejoiced that the arch-enemy of European peace was at length dead; and the funds went up rapidly. The very next authentic dispatches from the continent, however, made known the fact that Bonaparte was *not* dead; and then those who had bought in at high prices bitterly complained of the fraud, to investigate which the Stock Exchange appointed a committee.

Such was the fraud. The two facts which came out as affecting Cochrane were—that one of his uncles made an enormous sum of money by it; and that the man who had disseminated the rumour was seen to enter Cochrane's house. Cochrane, in an affidavit afterwards made public, thus narrated all he knew on the subject. On the morning in question he breakfasted with his uncle, Mr Cochrane Johnstone, and went with him into the City. While there, a note came, requesting him to come home immediately. On returning, he found one Captain Berenger waiting for him. The captain, who was known to him, pleaded great distress, and earnestly entreated Cochrane to take him out with him in the *Tonnant*, to which Cochrane had just been appointed. Cochrane lent him a coat and hat, to enable him to make a visit where he said a military uniform would be inconsistent; and he then left the house in a coach. This Berenger appears to have been the man who originated the false rumours at Dover; and it also appears that his visit to Cochrane was made simply to aid his own escape from detection, regardless of consequences to his lordship.

The subject created an immense sensation. As De Bourg, or rather Berenger, had unquestionably been seen to enter Cochrane's

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house on the morning after the origination of the rumour, and as the uncle unquestionably realised a large sum of money by the fraud, the evidence looked so black as to lead to the trial of Cochrane. This trial was conducted by Lord Chief-justice Ellenborough, in a manner which has been severely commented on by later judges. His bias against the accused was evident from the first; and his charge to the jury led to the conviction of Lord Cochrane, with a fine, an imprisonment, and a condemnation to stand in the pillory. This was followed by his expulsion from the House of Commons—altogether a bitter ordeal for such a man as Cochrane.

There is no doubt now in the mind of any one that he was guiltless of participation in the fraud, although his uncle was guilty. For the first and only time, an English chief-justice was at the same time a cabinet minister; and the mode in which Lord Ellenborough made the second of these two offices affect his decision in the first, has met with severe condemnation. Lord Brougham and the late Lord Campbell endorsed this opinion. The latter, in his *Lives of the Chief-justices*, said that Ellenborough was blamed, 'not only by the vulgar, but by men of education on both sides in politics; and he found upon entering society and appearing in the House of Lords that he was looked upon coldly. Having now some misgivings himself as to the propriety of his conduct in this affair, he became very wretched. . . . In obedience to the public voice, the part of his (Cochrane's) sentence by which he was to stand in the pillory was remitted by the crown; and a bill was introduced into parliament altogether to abolish the pillory as a punishment, on account of the manner in which the power of inflicting it had been recently abused. It was said that these matters preyed deeply on Lord Ellenborough's mind and affected his health. Henceforth, he certainly seemed to have lost the gaiety of heart for which he had before been remarkable.'

It was a sad picture. The brilliant Lord Cochrane sentenced to pay a fine of £1000, to be imprisoned in the Marshalsea for twelve months, and to be placed in the pillory for an hour in front of the Royal Exchange! The last part of the sentence was, as we have seen, rescinded; but the fine was paid, and the imprisonment suffered. Nor was this all. He was expelled from the House of Commons, from the Navy List, and from the order of the Bath—all for an offence which, it is now universally believed, he did not commit! He lived forty-five years longer to see his good name restored to him; but no tongue can tell what his gallant spirit suffered during this interval. The electors of Westminster, refusing to believe in his guilt, re-elected him; but as he was a prisoner, he could not take his seat in the House. The Bank of England retains as a curiosity the £1000 note with which Cochrane paid the fine, and on which he wrote the following words: 'My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being

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resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.' This was written in July 1815, after a year's imprisonment.

### COMMANDS THE CHILI FLEET: 1817—1823.

There then occurred two years of enforced idleness. The vigorous and daring Cochrane found nothing to occupy his fertile mind, because the navy was cruelly closed against him. At length, however, about the middle of 1817, the heroic naval commander was called to a new scene. Chili, having thrown off its allegiance to Spain, and finding it needful to defend its liberties by sea as well as by land, offered to Lord Cochrane the command of such a fleet as it could manage to get together. Cochrane was at once appointed Vice-admiral of Chili, Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the naval forces of the republic. The Chilean fleet was certainly a small one, comprising only the *O'Higgins*, 50 guns; *San Martin*, 56; *Lantaro*, 48; *Chacabuco*, 20; *Galvarino*, 18; and *Aracauno*, 16. Two of the ships were traders, hastily mounted with guns.

Our hero's four years of service in Chili were years of activity and brilliant enterprise. Just as he was leaving Valparaiso to commence operations against the Spaniards, he received an unexpected volunteer in the person of his first-born, a child of five years old, who had made his escape from his mother, and appeared mounted on the shoulders of a lieutenant, waving his little cap and shouting: '*Viva la patria!*' Nothing would satisfy him but accompanying his father, which he accordingly did. Cochrane's first plans, in the early part of 1819, were frustrated by the fogs which so often prevail along that coast, and which he had not yet learned to understand. During a skirmish in the harbour of Callao, the child Cochrane, the boy-volunteer, was locked into the cabin, to keep him out of the way of harm; but not liking the confinement, he contrived to scramble out of the quarter-galley window, and joined his father on the deck. The men then dressed him in a miniature uniform which they had made for him; and he felt proud to employ himself in handing powder to the gunners. Whilst thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine standing close to the child; the father was in agony for a moment, but the little fellow ran up to him, crying: 'I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me: Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy!' This was indeed a 'chip of the old block.'

Cochrane's first attack had failed from various causes; but the Spaniards now knew, from the daring way in which it was made, that the terrible Englishman was near them; and ever afterwards they called him *El Diabolo*. The Spanish fleet in those waters consisted of the *Esmeralda*, 44 guns; *Venganza*, 42; *Sebastiana*, 28;

*Maypen*, 18; *Pezuela*, 22; *Potrilla*, 18; a schooner; seven armed merchantmen; and twenty-seven gun-boats. This force was very much larger than Cochrane's; but in such disparity he took positive delight. Very early in his operations, he had been able to liberate, in the small island of San Lorenzo, thirty-seven Chilian soldiers who had been imprisoned by the Spaniards for seven years; they had been forced to work in chains, and at night were chained by the leg to an iron bar in a filthy shed. Cochrane established a laboratory in San Lorenzo; and while rockets and fire-ships were being prepared there, he sailed hither and thither, capturing treasure-ships belonging to the Spaniards, and intercepting treasure-trains inland. While these things were doing, Lady Cochrane, who had taken up her abode in a villa outside Valparaiso, was attacked one night by a Spaniard, who threatened her with instant death unless she revealed the secret orders which had been given to her husband by the government. This she heroically refused to do: she was stabbed with a stiletto; and her life was saved only by the prompt attendance of servants, who secured the would-be assassin.

In September 1819, Cochrane set forth to attack Callao, the seaport of Peru. His squadron consisted of seven vessels, with two fire-ships, and four hundred soldiers to act as marines. On the 30th he entered the bay. He sent a flag of truce, challenging the viceroy of Peru to fight him, ship for ship; which challenge was of course prudently declined. Rafts were made to serve as rocket-rafts and mortar-rafts; but Cochrane was put to many shifts for want of efficient stores, and his first attack with rockets failed on this account. Nor did the fire-ships answer his purpose much more completely. To add to his vexation, a treasure-ship contrived to elude the attention of some of his cruisers, and to enter Callao safely with treasure to the value of half a million sterling. Cochrane, postponing a further attack on Callao for a time, steered to Pisco, where was a well-appointed Spanish force of one thousand men, supported on their right by a fort on the sea-shore. The marines under him stormed the fort and defeated the Spaniards in a very gallant way. Early in 1820, Cochrane conceived the daring plan of carrying Valdivia by storm. Circumstances beyond his own control had checked him at Callao; and he now resolved on something after his own heart. 'Cool calculation,' he said to General Miller, 'would make it appear that the attempt to take Valdivia is madness. This is one reason why the Spaniards will hardly believe us in earnest, even when we commence; and you will see that a bold onset, and a little perseverance afterwards, will give a complete triumph; for operations unexpected by the enemy are, when well executed, almost certain to succeed, whatever may be the odds; and success will preserve the enterprise from the imputation of rashness.' He was right. He had with him only a frigate, a schooner, and a brig. On the way, he narrowly escaped shipwreck in the frigate,



and only kept the vessel afloat by continual pumping—Cochrane repairing the pumps with his own hands. Valdivia, a noble harbour, was defended by a chain of nine Spanish forts; each fort had a ditch and rampart; and the whole mounted 118 guns, manned by 1600 troops. This was indeed a formidable place to attack with three small ships. The forts were, however, much isolated, with very indifferent passages between them; this led Cochrane and Miller to attack them singly, which was done with astonishing success. In truth, the Spaniards were so dismayed at the audacity of the attempt on the night of the 3d of February, that they failed to make due resistance; fort after fort fell to the invaders; and on the 5th, Valdivia, with the whole of the forts, surrendered to Cochrane. Large quantities of stores were captured, as well as much treasure.

When Cochrane returned to Valparaiso from Valdivia, the populace greeted him with enthusiasm, but the ministers of the republican government harassed him; for there was a clique against the great Englishman. The government, too, were desperately selfish; he obtained no reward; and his gallant men were left almost in rags, without pay or prize-money. Numberless difficulties impeded his path; and it was only by threats to resign that he could obtain any attention to the wants of the fleet. When these difficulties were surmounted, he set off once again, to assist in rescuing Peru from the Spaniards. Unfortunately, General San Martin, who commanded the military portion of the expedition, was wedded to his own plans, which clashed with Cochrane's; and, as a consequence, much precious time was lost. Cochrane occupied the dismal period with capturing the *Esmeralda*, a frigate lying under a fort defended by 300 guns. His manner of effecting this, by boats' crews rowed along silently on a dark night, was worthy of the man who had achieved such things in the Mediterranean. Month after month followed, in which Cochrane's prowess was repeatedly exhibited, to the discomfiture of the Spaniards. But all his larger plans were thwarted by San Martin, who was secretly planning to carve out a new republic for himself.

In 1821, while Cochrane was thus engaged, Lady Cochrane, who had won the hearts of the Chilians by her mingled grace and spirit, returned to England, to defend her husband from a new persecution intended for him. This was in the form of a Foreign Enlistment Act, the clauses of which were especially aimed at those who had engaged in a service that had for its object the expulsion of Spain from her American colonies.

The ending of Lord Cochrane's career in Chili was not such as his high and generous spirit had anticipated. He was surrounded by men who looked rather to their own interests than to the welfare of their country. San Martin contrived to make himself dictator or president of Peru, and then disavowed all obligations to Chili and to Cochrane, whose seamen and marines were reduced to the utmost

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want. Cochrane, almost maddened by what was going on around him, seized a treasure-ship belonging to the government of San Martin, with nearly three hundred thousand dollars on board, and paid his poor fellows their wages out of it, as well as supplying them with necessaries. He kept a strict account of these transactions, to render to the Chilian government.

### COMMANDS THE BRAZILIAN AND GREEK FLEETS: 1823—1827.

Tired out, and left almost unrewarded for his exertions, Lord Cochrane quitted the service of Chili in 1823. For *sixteen years* he endeavoured to obtain restitution of prize-money which had been unjustly withheld from him and his officers; but he never obtained it. He turned his attention to Brazil, which was at that time endeavouring to throw off the yoke of Portugal. Dom Pedro had assumed the title of Emperor of Brazil; and to enable him to contend against a force sent from Lisbon, he invited Lord Cochrane to take command of the young Brazilian navy. This consisted of the *Pedro Primeiro* (64 guns), *Maria de Gloria* (32), *Piranza* frigate, and two or three small vessels. The crews were men of all nations and colours, badly disciplined and worse paid; insomuch that Cochrane, 'First Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Brazilian Squadron,' had to look forward to hard and troublesome work. The Portuguese fleet opposed to him comprised a line-of-battle ship, five frigates, five corvettes, a brig, and a schooner. On the 3d of July, he gave chase to thirteen Portuguese war-ships, in the *Pedro* alone; and on the same night, after dark, he made a dash in among them, firing both broadsides. He then boarded some of the smaller ships, cut away their topmasts, disabled their rigging, threw their arms overboard, and compelled their officers to give their parole not to serve against Brazil until regularly exchanged. These were the kind of exploits which rendered him the Nelson of his day, and struck terror into his opponents. When he returned to Rio Janeiro, in November 1823, he was received with transports of enthusiasm; the emperor visited him personally on board the *Pedro*, and created him Marquis of Maranham. Cochrane's old luck attended him, however. During the whole of 1824 and 1825, he was contending against the authorities, who persisted in withholding prize-money from him and his men; the young emperor was well disposed towards him, but he could not make head against the officials who held the keys of the government. It would be sickening to detail all the machinations of the period. Suffice it to say that, after having achieved the liberation of Brazil, he was got rid of, and never to the day of his death received what was his due.

His services still being ignored by the government of his native country, Lord Cochrane, unable to live a life of inglorious ease, threw his sword once again into the scale of national freedom.

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Greece was at that time struggling to throw off the yoke of Turkey. It was very poor, and could not offer many inducements; but Lord Cochrane determined to offer his aid in spite of its poverty. Repeated applications had been made to him, and he accepted the command of the Greek navy—a navy *to be*, but not yet in existence. It was not till February 1827 that Cochrane found himself at the head of a small squadron in the Greek waters; but so miserably were affairs managed in the new state, that he found himself nearly powerless; and he shortly afterwards left the Greeks to achieve their own independence by themselves, which they did.

### RESTORATION TO RANK AND HONOURS: 1830—1860.

We now come to the end of the *active* life of this extraordinary man. He had got a little past the age of fifty; he had thirty-five more years of life in him, but during those thirty-five years he never drew a sword in actual warfare. A brighter though quieter time was coming for him. He had fought brilliantly for England, for Chili, for Peru, for Brazil, for Greece, and yet how strange had been his reward! Gradually the stain on his good name was removed in his native country; but it took long to accomplish this. After returning from Greece, Cochrane remained quiet in England, living on such fortune as he had been able to acquire. In 1831, his father died, and he then became Earl of Dundonald—an honoured but poor title, for estates there were none. William IV. was at that time king. He was among those who believed that Cochrane, innocent of the Stock Exchange fraud, had been cruelly treated by his native country; and the 'sailor king' was anxious to testify his good opinions of his brother-sailor. In a country like England, however, the sovereign cannot do much without the official sanction of his ministers; and it was only by slow steps that the great sea-captain had justice meted out to him. In 1832 a free pardon was granted to him under the Great Seal, in reference to the crime for which he had been convicted eighteen years before, but which the world *now* believes he never committed. His name was next replaced upon the Navy List, and he was made an admiral—to the great joy of the nation generally, among whom he had always been a favourite. It was contended by many that this reappointment and promotion ought to have been accompanied by the payment of captain's half-pay for eighteen years; but this was more than the government thought proper to accede to. Years rolled on, and Admiral the Earl of Dundonald remained with his family in England; there were no English wars to call for his sword; and his position as a flag-officer in the British navy precluded his acceptance of any adventurous services for other nations, even if any such had been suggested. In 1841 the Admiralty—from which his old enemies had died off or had retired—granted him the good-service

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pension of £300 a year. In 1847 he was restored to the order of the Bath, from which he had been so cruelly removed thirty-three years before ; and not restored merely, but graced with the higher rank of K.G.C., instead of his former rank of simply K.B. In 1848 he received the appointment of naval commander-in-chief of the North American and West India stations—a high and honourable command, and one of the most trustworthy which the government had to bestow. This service, of three years' duration, involved no fighting, but called for administrative tact and professional knowledge, combined with a hearty love for everything which tended to the welfare of the navy. In 1854 he was made Rear-admiral of England, with an additional salary of £342 per annum. A few years after this, Queen Victoria ordered the restoration of his knightly bearings in Henry VII.'s Chapel—the banner, the brass plate containing his lordship's arms, the helmet, the crest, the mantling, the sword—all, which the King at Arms had torn down so many years before, were now restored.

Let us understand the significance of the proceedings noticed in the last paragraph. They were virtually the homage paid by the national government to an injured man. When a jury has given a verdict, and a judge has passed sentence, it is an awkward thing for the government to disavow the proceedings ; but public men, of all ranks and parties, had gradually come to the conclusion that an immense injustice had been done ; and they were all willing that the Earl of Dundonald should receive some reparation for the ill rendered to him as Lord Cochrane. Happily for him, he lived to see this restitution.

The Earl of Dundonald retained his faculties in vigour to the last. In 1855, when eighty years of age, he entered eagerly into the discussions concerning the possibility of destroying the Russian fleets and forts by means of new and formidable explosive agents.

## DEATH AND FUNERAL.

He died on the 30th October 1860, having nearly completed his eighty-fifth year. His death was not so painless as his friends could have wished, for he had in his old age undergone two operations for lithotomy. It was worthy of the authorities and the nation to deposit his remains in Westminster Abbey, by the side of so many other gallant members of the public service. He was buried on the 14th of November. There assembled round his grave many whose names are dear to all of us, headed by the venerable Lord Brougham. The Admiralty, which had long before ill-used him, was represented by many gallant officers ; and Chili and Brazil, which had made him an ungrateful return for invaluable services, were represented by the ministers of those nations at the court of St James's.

Thus died a great sea-captain an ardent lover of liberty, an



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indomitable opposer of official corruption at all times and places, a friend of seamen and of everything that could tend to seamen's welfare, an acute inventor of mechanical and chemical appliances, and a warm-hearted and generous man in all the relations of life. His unhesitating audacity often brought him into troubles which he might easily have avoided ; but it resulted from a firm reliance on the honesty of his own intentions. A journal whose vocation is to supply weekly budgets of fun and frolic, but whose pages have been open to the pathos of Thomas Hood and other noble spirits, gave some stanzas of burning eloquence to the memory of Dundonald. Let us transcribe three of the earlier and four of the later of these stanzas :

' A sea-king, whose fit place had been by Blake,  
Or our own Nelson, had he been but free  
To follow glory's quest upon the sea,  
Leading the conquered navies in his wake.

A captain, whom it had been ours to cheer  
From conquest on to conquest, had our land  
But set its wisest, worthiest in command,  
Not such as hated all the good revere.

We let them cage the lion while the fire  
In his high heart burnt clear and unsubdued ;  
We let them stir that frank and forward mood  
From greatness to the self-consuming ire.

\* \* \* \*

He came  
Back to his England, bankrupt, save of praise,  
To eat his heart, through weary, wishful days,  
And shape his strength to bearing of his shame.

Till, slow but sure, drew on a better time,  
And statesmen owned the check of public will ;  
And, at the last, light pierced the shadow chill  
That fouled his honour with the taint of crime.

And then they gave him back the knightly spurs  
Which he had never forfeited—the rank  
From which he ne'er by ill-deserving sank,  
More than the lion sinks for yelp of curs.

Justice had lingered on its road too long :  
The lion was grown old ; the time gone by,  
When for his aid we vainly raised a cry,  
To save our flag from shame, our decks from wrong.'



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HAVE to-day, December 15, 1764, visited Dr Snarl, and received from him £10, the amount of my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hard-earned sum was attended with some uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room was I admitted into the presence of my reverend employer, who was seated in an easy-chair at his writing-desk. The money designed for me was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really, he is a man of much dignity; and I feel I can never approach him without the awe I should have in entering the presence of a king.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money. My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject which I had been for some time contemplating—a little increase of my salary. With an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavoured to break ground, but at every effort words and voice failed me.

‘Did you wish to say anything?’ observed the rector very politely.

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'Why—yes—pardon me; everything is so dear that I am scarcely able to get along in these hard times with this small salary.'

'Small salary! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 a year.'

'For £15! Without a family, one might indeed manage with that sum.'

'I hope your family, Mr Vicar, has not received any addition? You have, I think, only two daughters?'

'Yes, only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. Jenny, my eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve.'

'So much the better. Cannot your girls work?'

I was about to reply, when he cut the interview short by rising and observing, while he went to the window, that he was sorry he had no time to talk with me to-day. 'But you can think it over,' he concluded, 'whether you will retain your situation for a New-year's gift.'

He bowed very politely, and touched his cap, as if wishing me to be gone. I accordingly lifted the money, and took my leave, quite disheartened. I had never been received or dismissed so coldly before, and fear that some one has been speaking ill of me. He did not invite me to dinner, or to partake of any refreshment, as he had done on former occasions. Unfortunately I had depended on him doing so, for I came from home without breaking my fast. Having bought a penny loaf at a baker's shop in the outskirts of the town, I took my way homeward.

How cast-down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d. a day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the young ravens, will He not shield us with his Providence? Arouse thee, faint heart! We must deny ourselves some of our wonted luxuries.

*Dec. 16.*—I believe Jenny is an angel. Her soul is more beautiful than her person. I am almost ashamed of being her father; she is so much more pious than I am.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, 'You are disquieted, father?'

'Should I not be so?' I replied.

'No, you should not.'

'Dear child,' said I, 'we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can endure our harassments. You see our need is sore; £15 will hardly suffice for the bare necessities of existence; and who will assist us?'

■

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Polly seated herself on my knee, patted my face, and said : ' I wish to tell you something, dear father. I dreamt last night that it was New-year's day, and that the king came to C——, where there was a splendid show. His majesty dismounted from his horse before our door and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he ordered some of his own dainties to be brought in vessels of gold and silver. Military music sounded outside, and, only think, with the sounds some people entered, carrying a bishop's mitre on a velvet cushion. It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-books. The mitre was put on your head, and it became you grandly. Yet the oddity of the thing caused me to laugh till I was out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. Surely this dream has something to do with a New-year's present; and it is now only fourteen days till New-year's day.'

' Oh,' said I to Polly, ' how can you speak of such nonsense? Dreams can never come true but by accident.'

' But, father, are not dreams from God?'

' No, no, child; put away all such fancies.'

Although I said so to Polly, I write the dream down. When in despair, one is apt to seize on any trifle for support. A New-year's gift would certainly be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money-matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

*Dec. 17.*—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid but one. At five different places I paid off £7, 11s. I have therefore left in ready money £2, 9s. This must last a half-year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them greatly. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable; but Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbour Westburn and I took together; and this goes hard with me. Here in C——, without a newspaper, one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse races at Newmarket the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, ' To him who hath shall be given;' and ' From him who hath not shall be taken away.' I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Again murmuring; fy upon me. Wherefore should I complain? Not surely for a newspaper which I am no longer able to take. May not I learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in



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maintaining the freedom of Corsica, or any such matter of foreign news? I do not fear for Paoli, for he has 20,000 veterans.

*Dec. 18.*—How little makes a poor family happy! Jenny has procured a grand cloak at the slop shop for a mere trifle; and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I; but they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New-year's day; and Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venetians made him—the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the 20,000 sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in luxuries. Until New-year's day we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbour Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand and said: 'Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me.'

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

*The same day, eve.*—The baker is a somewhat narrow-minded man. Although I owe him nothing, he fears that I may. When Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen, or half-burnt, he broke out into a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon credit—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know everything. Every one in the village is telling how the rector is going to put another curate in my place. It is distressing, and will be the death of me. The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for anything but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that person treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a pound more than others for his meat; and when his abusive language could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then shewed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2, 1s. 3d. What shall I do if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if

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Dr Snarl appoint another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street !

Be it so ; God is in the street also !

*Dec. 19, early, A.M.*—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I shall do in my very difficult situation. I thought of Mr Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge ; but poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New-year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to Dr Snarl :

'REVEREND SIR—I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

'The office with which you have intrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity ; I have preached the word of God in all purity ; and I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. When I humbly asked for a little increase of my small salary, your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessities of life. I now leave your humane heart to decide.

'I have laboured sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old, and my hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

'My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no servant ; my daughter is maid, cook, washer-woman, tailoress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

'God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness ; indeed we could not have paid for medicines.

'My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing ; but C—— is a little place, and very rarely have they got any. Most persons here do their own household work ; none can afford to employ others.

'I assure you, in all humility, it will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20 ; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety.'

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After I had finished this letter, I threw myself upon my knees (while Polly carried it to the post-office), and prayed for a happy issue to my communication. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. A word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully did I come from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at her work at the window with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly frame of mind; and, seating myself at the desk, wrote my sermon, 'On consolations in poverty.'

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician; he knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

*The same day, forenoon.*—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had remained over-night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He wore an old well-worn surtout, and boots which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me, in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances, that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but unfortunately without employment, and intended to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly, he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings, he said, would be a great assistance to him. Giving his name, John Fleetman, he promised if I would favour him with that advance, that he would honourably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. There was no necessity for his depicting his distress to me so much at length, for his features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face, because, as he turned his eyes upon me, he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed: 'Will you leave me then, sir, without help?'

In reply, I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world, and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked : ‘ You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth ? ’

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one ; perhaps I did not know their hearts well enough.

I approached him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said : ‘ Mr Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor ; but I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour.’

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, ‘ How odd ! the stranger always comes first to me—and an actor to a clergyman ! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me, who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog which looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee.’

When I arrived at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted ; requesting Jenny’s advice. She said tenderly : ‘ I know, father, what you think, and therefore I have nothing to advise.’

‘ And what do I think ? ’

‘ Why, that you will do unto this poor actor as you hope God and Dr Snarl will do unto you.’

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks ; it humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up ; and, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

*The same day, eve.*—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long discourse on the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. ‘ Charity should begin at home.’ ‘ The shirt is nearer than the coat.’ ‘ To feed one’s own maketh fat.’ and so on.

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor,



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by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had a pancake and some turnips; and I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long time fared so well.

Mr Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had; yet there was the shy, reserved manner about him, which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed, also, that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There, however, he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our parlour dazzled the good man, the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner-table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother; and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart; I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed; then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the remainder of my ready money, to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were, 'It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side.' With these words he pointed to Jenny and Polly, and so departed.

*Dec. 20.*—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles; otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money; but what creditor is not? The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

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I went to see Mr Jones, who, on the whole, is a polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter; but he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. I know that with a merchant credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I lent him; otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Again despairing! Go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

*Dec. 24.*—One may be right happy after all, even when at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride; but she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New-year's Day.

Every evening she reckons up, and shews me how little expense she has incurred through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coal; and that, we find, is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables; and with these Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then, we all hope that Mr Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow nothing evil to be said of the comedian.

That personage is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life, and he will supply us with conversation for a full half-year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger when the mischievous Polly exclaims, 'But he is an actor!' Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with noblemen and the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, a graceful address, and well-chosen phrases.

'Yes, indeed!' said the sly Polly to-day, very wittily, 'beautiful phrases! He called you an angel.'

'And you too,' cried Jenny, somewhat vexed.

'But I was only thrown in to the bargain,' rejoined Polly; 'he looked only at you.'

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my

anxiety. Parents have many anxieties. Polly is growing up, Jenny is already eighteen, and what prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now a days as a vixen with a bagful of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face; that everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins as a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has certainly never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who! the God of heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service anywhere. I will not distress myself about the future.

*Dec. 26.*—Two distressing days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christinas. I preached my two sermons in two days several times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt, and I find I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are much more hospitable than here in this small town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did, indeed, have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bagful, and, besides, as it rained very hard, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing; one's thoughts are clearer; one feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was worth noting; but I will write it off to-morrow.

*Dec. 27.*—I have no heart to write a word of my conversation with Farmer Hurst. This morning, as I was sitting by the fire, reflecting on various matters, a neighbour stepped in to ask if we had heard of a rumour that wagoner Brook at Watton Basset had destroyed himself. No such intelligence had reached us. The event gives us a new cause of distress. Brook was a relation of my sainted wife, and being a poor, though, as I believed, a conscientious and trustworthy

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man, I, some years ago, became security for him to Alderman Fieldson for the sum of £100.

The bond which I gave Mr Fieldson had never been cancelled. It was a thing hanging over my head, and the remembrance of it sometimes gave me trouble. Brook, I was told, had latterly been embarrassed in his circumstances, and had given himself up to drinking. Instead of bearing up under misfortunes, as was his duty, he has, I fear, sunk under them. I must visit Mr Fieldson, to know the worst.

*Same day, noon.*—I have been to Alderman Fieldson, who comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence ; so I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house, when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless : ‘ A letter! a letter from Mr Fleetman, father, and I am sure it contains money! But the postage is sevenpence.’ Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy ; so I pushed aside their scissors, and said : ‘ Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day ; but now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter until after dinner.’

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr Fleetman’s honesty and gratitude that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote, and how he was ; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must wisely learn to practise patience.

*The same day, eve.*—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came not from Mr Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses which I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

It now appears that the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation ; and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honour.



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My daughters turned deadly pale when they found that the letter did not come from Mr Fleetman, but from the rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible ; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.'

All fear now vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said : 'Yea, Lord, I am thine.'

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlour ; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters, who were sitting at the window ; and saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance ; but when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not once allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me ; with me it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

*Dec. 28.*—It is good to let the first storm blow over without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is, that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

I am glad that Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New-year's gift. Dreams are surely nonsense, and I do not believe in them ; yet there is a mystery about them not without interest.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters as cooks,

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seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I shall not leave my daughters here. The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar; while some are sorry that I must leave; but I know not who takes it most to heart.

*Dec. 29.*—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He is said to be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

*Dec. 30.*—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to prison. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me to bear.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-Merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot speak to them of this dreary prospect.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb—I cannot write for trembling.

*Some hours after.*—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God, and prayed; but I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept; perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Everything which has happened, or which I have heard, flits before me like a troubled dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must, as a matter of course, account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds.

Mr Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. A hundred pounds! How shall I ever obtain so much money? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man; and I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now, I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to

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prison if Mr Withell is not merciful ; for it is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

*Same day, eve.*—I am quite ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! *Fy!* And yet believe in a Providence! and a minister of the Lord! *Fy, Thomas!*

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof: I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man—more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences; to all which they listened earnestly, and in great sorrow.

'To prison!' said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. 'Ah, poor dear father; you have done no wrong, and yet have to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases you!'

'No,' cried Polly, sobbing, 'do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not, for all your tears, give up a farthing of our father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labour what father owes.'

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed; but they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last, said Jenny: 'Why form all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, I say, go to prison. Perhaps you will be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for you go without guilt. There is no disgrace in it. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure you everything needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honourable and holy in it. We will come and visit you from time to time. You will certainly be well taken care of; and we will fear no more.'

'Jenny, you are right,' said Polly; 'whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and you.'

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of goodness at my side.

*Dec. 31.*—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true we often had scarcely enough to eat—still, we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares

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—still, our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place I assuredly have lost: in my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still, Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation, is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honour. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honour and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honour. He who can despise the world, enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study too closely the letter, and forget the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Everybody should keep one; because one may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, 'Misfortunes seldom come singly; but the darkest hour is just before morning.' When things go hard with me, then am I most at my ease; always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when everything goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy: I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance. When we grasp them, they are but vapours.

My misfortunes have taught me to consider, with amazing



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quickness, what will be their worst effect upon me ; so I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me ; so I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favourable to me ; then all air-castles vanish, as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his visions ! He pursues Will-o'-the-wisps into bogs and mire.

*New-year's day, morning.*—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up, and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door, and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words : 'Mr ——' (Polly lost the name) 'sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents.'

Polly received the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber-door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in ; and wishing me 'A happy New-year,' as well as 'Good-morning,' added, laughing, 'You will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come !' And then she told me how a New-year's gift had been given her for me. It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity ; for hitherto the New-year's presents for the Vicar of C—— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was daylight.

When I was dressed, and entered the parlour, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the lid were two smoothly-cut round holes.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo !—But no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, 'Good God !'

There before us lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-coloured ribbons. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapt up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with costly Flanders lace.

At such an unexpected sight we stood some minutes gazing with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried: 'What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!' Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the point of her finger, and in a tone full of pity said: 'Poor dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. Poor as we are, I will be thy mother.'

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said: 'Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God is trying our faith—no, he does not try it, he knows it; therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not, indeed, know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan.'

In this manner the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New-year's sermon upon 'the power of the Eternal Providence,' my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor little stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me it is as if I entered upon the New-year in the midst of wonders, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

*Same day, &c.*—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labours of the day. I had a long and rugged walk; but I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlour. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a little wine, a New-year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly shewed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it up.

Anxiously desirous of learning something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas, and a letter as follows :

‘Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred ; he has been baptised. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Therefore, take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny.’

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried : ‘There, then, is the bishop’s mitre !’ Bountiful Heaven ! how rich had we suddenly become. We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New-year’s present ! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved ; but in what a strange and mysterious way ! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be that had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one ; and yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence.

*Jan. 2.*—Fortune is heaping her favours upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas ! thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be lifted up foolishly with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with this Mr Fleetman. Jenny coloured, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny’s face, and Jenny behaved as if she was seriously vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman’s letter ; but I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve ; exaggerating everything, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her is worthy of note, and ran thus :

‘Excellent sir, when I went from your door, I felt as if I were

quitting a father's roof for the bleak and inhospitable world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is transfigured? Forever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon, perhaps, explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I now am. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance.'

I conclude, from these lines, that he intends to come this way again; and the prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother, in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated; but it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night like a guardian spirit over her tender charge.

*Jan. 3.*—To-day Mr Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I accordingly went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter; he would, in the meanwhile, take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should thus be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

With this he was quite satisfied, and said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her; and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were



already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. The lady listened to my story with great interest, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea; but they declined. Mr Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when this unpleasant visit was over.

*Jan. 6.*—Mr Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathises with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance, that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years, or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man; and that gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I shall go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest; but she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I did not imagine that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket! Well, I cannot be angry. Her feelings are quite natural.

*Jan. 8.*—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands, and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C—, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course, from my call

and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not laboured as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick-bed ; I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope ; I have gone after sinners ; I have not left the poor desolate ; I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah ! all these souls that were knit to my soul are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed ? But God's will be done !

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able, indeed, to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Well, be it so ! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked ; but, Lord ! Lord ! drive not thy servant for ever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

*Jan. 13.*—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late with weary feet at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shews a daughter's care for her father), I left the inn and went to Mr Withell's. He lives in a splendid great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first ; but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said : ' I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances, and I learn you are an honest man. Take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New-year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by.'

Saying so, he arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it, and said : ' You know this bond and your signature ? I give it to you and your children.' He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could not find words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled.

## JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR.

He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said : 'Hush ! hush ! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me.'

How generous ! I do not know a more noble-hearted man than Mr Withell. He was too kind to me. Desiring me to relate my past history, he introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly, that I hardly dared to make use of them.

Next day Mr Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy when I shewed them the bond. 'See,' said I, 'this light piece of paper was the heaviest burden of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. I pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer !'

*Jan. 16.*—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. My daughters and I were sitting together in the forenoon ; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again deadly pale into her chair. We were of course all alarmed, and cried : 'What is the matter ?' Jenny, with a smile, said, 'He is coming !'

The door now opened, and in came Mr Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks, however, did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl coloured again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for refreshments, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on a former occasion ; but he declined, as he could not remain long, and he had company at the inn. Yet, at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C—, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied : 'Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis.' Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired if any actors had come along with him ? 'No,' said he, 'only a lady and gentleman, but excellent performers.'

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Jenny seemed more than usually serious, and casting a sad look at Fleetman, inquired if he also should appear. This was asked in a tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said emphatically: 'Indeed, madam, you alone can decide that!'

Jenny dropped her eyes; he continued to speak; she answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed: 'Then am I indeed unhappy!'

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out: 'I do believe that you two are beginning to act already!'

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said: 'Ah that it were so!'

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out: 'Miss, in earnest, my welfare?' She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly, with a smile: 'Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New-year's gift?'

The whole of us exclaimed in utter amazement: 'Who, you?'

Our guest then proceeded to relate what follows: 'My name,' said he, 'is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and entangled lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. My sister, on the contrary, was secretly engaged to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were privately married, and the little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health, and availing herself



of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C—, and I came hither in disguise to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

‘I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian; for, about six months ago, I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public; so that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child’s birth secret is henceforth removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

‘During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living which is in the gift of my family has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your situation here: I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me, and accept this living.’

I cannot tell how much I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy; I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven; I fell upon his breast; Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet’s hand; but he snatched it from her with visible agitation, and hurriedly left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife, who was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her husband raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologised to us all for her behaviour, she thanked first me, and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said: ‘My sister there has been its mother!’

Lady Sandom now approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. ‘I am your debtor,’ said my lady; ‘but the service you have rendered to a mother’s heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to

me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them.' As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. 'There stands my poor brother,' said my lady; 'as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny; may he not?'

Jenny blushed, and replied: 'He is my father's benefactor.'

'Will you not be,' replied the lady, 'the benefactress of my poor brother? I pray you look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!'

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as she struggled to withdraw it: 'Madam, will you be unkind to me? I cannot be happy without this hand.' Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

'Jenny,' said I, 'it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide.'

She then turned to the gentleman, who stood before her deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full, penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered: 'God has decided.'

Satisfied with the decision, I blessed my son and daughter, who embraced each other. There was a solemn silence, and all eyes were wet with a pleasing emotion.

Suddenly the lively Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flinging herself on my neck, she cried: 'There! now we have it! The New-year's gift—a gift better than a bishop's mitre.'

The vivacity of Polly awoke little Alfred.

It is in vain for me to continue the description of what occurred during this happy day. I am continually interrupted; my happy heart, full to overflowing, is thankful to God for all his goodness.\*

\* This singularly touching narrative of certain passages in the life of a poor vicar in Wiltshire, is translated from the German of Zchokke, who took it from a fugitive sketch that appeared in England many years ago, and which probably gave Goldsmith the first hint towards his *Vicar of Wakefield*. The present translation from Zchokke, who has improved considerably on the original, is (some emendations excepted) by an American writer, by whom it was contributed to *The Gift* for 1844, published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia. It is almost unnecessary to add, that no vicar or curate can be exposed in the present day to hardships so great as those endured by the hero of the piece: and we hope that men of the Dr Snarl species are now extinct.

## BLANCHE RAYMOND.

### A PARISIAN STORY.

EVERY nation possesses prejudices respecting its neighbours. A *prejudice* is an opinion formed without having in the first place acquired a sufficient body of facts whereon to form a correct judgment. The French entertain some strange prejudices respecting the English; they consider them to be generally a coarse, overbearing, money-making, and sensual people, without taste or delicacy of feeling. The English, with equal injustice and ignorance of facts, are in the habit of considering the French, universally, to be silly, frivolous, and deceitful, with the additional misfortune of being very poor and very idle. Anxious to correct all such wrong impressions, which tend to foster national animosities, we shall tell a little story respecting a young Frenchwoman, whose character for industry, good sense, and benevolence, whilst no way singular in her own country, could not be excelled in ours.

The name of our humble heroine was Blanche Raymond, and her occupation was that of a washerwoman in one of the large barges which are moored, for the convenience of her class, within the margin of the Seine. At boats of this kind, all the laundry washing of Paris is performed—the clear water of the river as it runs past with a piece of soap, and a mallet to beat the clothes, being the sole means of purification. The labour is considerable, and the payment for it small, yet no women are more cheerful than these laundresses. Exposed at all seasons to perpetual damp, which saturates their garments, and prematurely stiffens their limbs, they still preserve their national vivacity, which finds vent in many a song; and, in a spirit of cordial fellowship, sympathise with each other in prosperity or adversity. Earning on an average little more than two francs, or twentypence daily, they nevertheless agree to set aside rather more than twopence out of that sum towards a fund for unforeseen calamities, and, above all, to prevent any of their number, who may be laid aside by illness, from being reduced to seek other relief. The greater part of them are married women with families.

Unromantic as is the occupation of these women, yet incidents occur among them, as in every other class of society, however

humble, of the most interesting and pathetic kind. This was well illustrated in the life of our heroine, Blanche Raymond. Blanche was no more than twenty-three years of age, endowed with a fine open smiling countenance, great strength of body, and uncommon cleverness of hand. She had lost her mother some time before, and being now the only stay of her old blind father, a superannuated labourer on the quay, she had to work double-tides for their joint support; though the old man, by earning a few pence daily by weaving nets, was saved the feeling of being altogether a burden on his child.

There was a nobleness in Blanche's conduct towards her poor old father, that mounted like a brilliant star above the ordinary circumstances of her condition. After preparing her father's breakfast, at his lodgings opposite the stairs in the quay leading to her boat, she went down to it at seven o'clock every morning, came home at noon to give the poor blind man his dinner, and then back to work for the rest of the day. Returning at its close to her humble hearth, where cleanliness and comfort reigned, she would take out her old father for an hour's walk on the quay, and keep him merry by recounting all the gossip of the boat; not forgetting the attempts at flirtation carried on with herself by certain workmen in a merino manufactory, whose pressing-machine immediately adjoined the laundress's bark, and who never failed, in going to and fro twenty times a day, to fling passing compliments at the *belle blanchisseuse* (pretty laundress). The cheerful old man would re-echo the light-hearted laugh with which those tales were told; but following them up with the soberer counsels of experience over the closing meal of the day, then fall gently asleep amid the cares and caresses of the most dutiful of daughters.

Three years had rolled away since her mother's death, and Blanche, happily engrossed between her occupation abroad and her filial duties at home, had found no leisure to listen to tales of love. There was, however, among the young merino-dressers a tall, fine, handsome fellow, named Victor, on whose open countenance were written dispositions corresponding to those of his fair neighbour; whom, instead of annoying with idle familiarities, he gradually won upon, by respectful civility towards herself, and still more by kind inquiries after her good old father.

By degrees he took upon him to watch the time when she might be toiling, heavily laden, up the steep slippery steps; and by coming just behind her, would slyly ease her of more than half her burden. On parting at the door of one of the great public laundry establishments (where the work begun on the river is afterwards completed), he would leave her with the hopeful salutation, in which more was meant than met the ear, of, 'Good-bye, Blanche, till we meet again.'

Such persevering attentions could hardly be repaid with indifference; and Blanche was of too kindly a nature to remain unmoved



by them. But while she candidly acknowledged the impression they had made on her heart, and that it was one which she would carry to her grave, she with equal honesty declared that she could allow no attachment to another to come between her and her devotedness to her blind father. 'And why should it, dear Blanche?' was the young man's rejoinder; 'surely two of us can do more for his happiness than one. I lost my own father when a child, and it will be quite a pleasure to me to have some one I can call so. In marrying me, you will only give the old man the most dutiful of sons.'

'Ah, but I should give myself a master, who would claim and engross the greatest part of my love, for I know I should *so* love you, Victor! And if we had a family, the poor dear old man would come to have but the third place in my heart, after having it all to himself so long! He would find it out, blind as he is, though he would never complain; but it would make him miserable. No, no; don't talk to me of marrying as long as he lives, or tempt me with thoughts of a happiness which I have quite enough to do to forego. Let poor Blanche fulfil the task God has given her to perform; and don't lure her by your honeyed words to forget her most sacred duty!'

Poor Blanche might well say she had enough to do to maintain her dutiful resolution, between the gentle importunities of her betrothed, and the general chorus of pleadings in his favour among her sisterhood in the boat, whom Victor's good looks and good-behaviour had converted into stanch allies, and who could not conceive it possible to resist so handsome and so constant a lover. Borne down by their homely remonstrances, which agreed but too well with her own internal feelings, Blanche came at length to confess that if she had wherewithal to set up a finishing establishment of her own, where she could preside over her business without losing sight of her father, she would at once marry Victor. But the capital required for its fitting up was at least 5000 or 6000 francs, and where was such a sum to be got, or how saved out of her scanty wages? Victor, however, caught eagerly at the promise, and never lost sight of the hope it held out of attaining his darling object.

He was able to earn five francs a day, and had laid by something; and the master whom he had served for ten years, and who expressed a great regard for him, would perhaps advance part of the sum. Then, again, the good women of the boat, whose united yearly deposits amounted to upwards of 9000 francs, kindly expressed their willingness to advance out of *their* savings the needful for the marriage of the two lovers. But Blanche, whilst overflowing with gratitude for the generous offer, persisted in her resolution not to marry till their own joint earnings should enable her to set up a laundry.

That she worked the harder, and saved the harder to bring this about, may easily be believed. But the race is not always to the swift; and the desired event was thrown back by a new calamity, which well-nigh dashed her hopes to the ground. Her old father,

who had been subjected for fifty years of a laborious life to the damps of the river, was seized with an attack of rheumatic gout, which rendered him completely helpless, by depriving him of the use of his limbs.

Here was an end at once to all his remaining sources of amusement and occupation—it might be said, to his very animated existence; for he was reduced to an automaton, movable only at the will and by the help of others. He had now not only to be dressed and fed like a new-born infant, but to be kept from brooding over his state of anticipated death by cheerful conversation, by news from the armies, by words of consolation and reading more precious still, in all which Blanche was fortunately an adept. The old man now remained in bed till nine, when Blanche regularly left the boat, took him up, set him in his old arm-chair, gave him his breakfast, and snatching a crust of bread for herself, ran back to her work till two o'clock; then she might be seen climbing up the long steps, and running breathless with haste to cheer and comfort the old man with the meal of warm soup, so dear to a Frenchman's heart. Unwilling as she was to leave him, his very necessities kept her at work till a late hour, when, with her hard-won earnings in her hand, she would seek her infirm charge, and fall on a thousand devices to amuse and console him, till sleep stole at length on eyelids long strangers to the light of day.

One morning, on coming home as usual, Blanche found her dear invalid already up and dressed, and seated in his elbow-chair; and on inquiring to whom she was indebted for so pleasing a surprise, the old man, with a mysterious smile, said he was sworn to secrecy. But his daughter was not long in learning that it was her betrothed, who, happy thus to anticipate her wishes and cares, had prevailed on his master so to alter his own breakfast hour, as to enable him to devote the greater part of it to this pious office. Straight to her heart as this considerate kindness went, it fell short of what she experienced when, on coming home some days after, she found her dear father not only up, but in a medicated bath, administered by Victor, under the directions of a skilful doctor he had brought to visit the patient. At sight of this, Blanche's tears flowed fast and freely; and seizing on her betrothed's hands, which she held to her heart, she exclaimed: 'Never can I repay what you have done for me!' 'Nay, Blanche,' was the gentle answer, 'you have but to say one word, and the debt is overpaid.'

That word! few but would have spoken it, backed, as the modest appeal was, by the pleadings of the ally within, and the openly avowed concurrence of old Raymond in the wish so dear to both. Let none despise the struggles of the poor working-girl to withstand at once a father and a lover! to set at nought, for the first time, an authority never before disputed, and defy the power of a love so deeply founded on gratitude! In spite of them all, filial duty still

came off conqueror. Blanche summoned all the energies of a truly heroic mind, to declare that not even the happiness of belonging to the very best man she had ever heard of in her life, could induce her to sacrifice the tender ties of nature. The more her father's infirmities increased, the more dependent he would become on his daughter. What to her was a pleasure, could, she argued, to him be only a burdensome and painful task; in a word, her resolution was not to be shaken. Victor was therefore obliged to submit, even when (from a delicacy which would but incur obligations on which claims might be founded, too difficult, if not impossible, to resist) Blanche insisted on defraying, from her own resources, the expense of the medicated baths, thus putting more hopelessly far off than ever the long-deferred wedding.

She had not the heart, however, to deny Victor the privilege of putting the patient into the healing waters, which seemed daily to mitigate his pains, and lend his limbs more agility. While her father was at the worst, Blanche had been obliged altogether to forego the river, and obtain from her employer permission to do what she could in the way of her vocation at home. But when, on his amendment, she resumed her out-of-door labour, a circumstance occurred, so very honourable to the class of workwomen we are commemorating, to their mutual attachment, and honest feelings of benevolence, that to leave it untold would be doing them and the subject great injustice.

With the motives for enhanced industry which Blanche had to spur her on, that she should be first at the opening of the boat, with her daily load of allotted labour, will be little matter of surprise; or that her good-natured companions, knowing the necessity for exertion on her part, should abstain from wasting her precious time by any of their little tricks and gossip. But one morning, when, from her father having been ill all night, she had arrived at work unusually late, and had consequently, when the hour of noon struck, left the greater part of her task (which had often detained her till night set in) unfinished, it was nevertheless accomplished, as if by magic, within the usual time, and her day's earnings, instead of being diminished, rather increased.

Next day, and the next, their amount was the same, till the grateful girl, suspecting to what she owed so unforeseen a result, and concealing herself behind the parapet of the quay, ascertained, by ocular demonstration, that, during her necessary absence, her place at the river was regularly occupied by one or other of her neighbours, who took it in turn to give up the hour of rest, that poor Blanche might be no loser by her filial duty, as not one of those worthy women would forego her share in this token of good-will to the best and most respected of daughters.

Blanche, though affected and flattered, as may well be believed, by this novel sort of contribution, was led, by a delicacy of feeling

beyond her station, to seem ignorant of it, till the additional funds thus procured had enabled her to effect the complete cure of her father, whom she then informed of the means by which it had been purchased, and eagerly led the recruited invalid to reward, better than she could do, her generous companions.

Amid the hand-shakings and congratulations which marked this happy meeting, Victor, we may be sure, was not behind-hand ; only, he managed to whisper amid the general tide of joy, 'Am I to be the only one you have not made happy to-day?' Too much agitated to be able to answer, Blanche only held the faster by her father's arm.

Among the laundresses of the barges there is a custom of choosing annually one of their number, whom they style their queen, to preside over their festivities, and decide disputed points in the community. Mid-Lent, the season for appointing the queen of the boat, arrived, and Blanche was duly elected at the fête always given on the occasion. The boat was gaily dressed up with ship's colours, and a profusion of early spring flowers ; and all were as happy as possible. In England, on the occasion of any appointment like that with which Blanche was endowed, there would be no kind of ceremony, and no ornaments would be employed ; but it is doubtful whether we are any the better for thus despising a tasteful and joyous way of performing a gracious and useful public act. Be this as it may, the barge of the laundresses was, as we have said, gaily decorated, and there was to be a species of ceremonial at the installation of Blanche.

What a happy moment it was for the good daughter—how much more happy for the aged father of such a daughter. Old Raymond, firmer on his limbs than ever, led on his blushing daughter, and had the welcome office assigned him of placing on her head the rosy crown—a task which his trembling fingers could scarcely accomplish. After having called down on the head of the dutiful girl, whom he half smothered with kisses, the best blessings of heaven, he left her to receive the felicitations of her new subjects, among whom the disconsolate Victor was again heard to exclaim : 'So I am still to be the only one you won't make happy !'

The melancholy words proved too potent for the softened feelings of Blanche's honest neighbours, particularly the one whose heart it was of most consequence to touch ; namely, the mistress of the laundry establishment, who, having long had thoughts of retiring, freely offered her the business whenever she should be able to muster 5000 francs.

'Oh !' cried Victor, 'I have already a fourth of it, and I'll engage my master will advance the rest.'

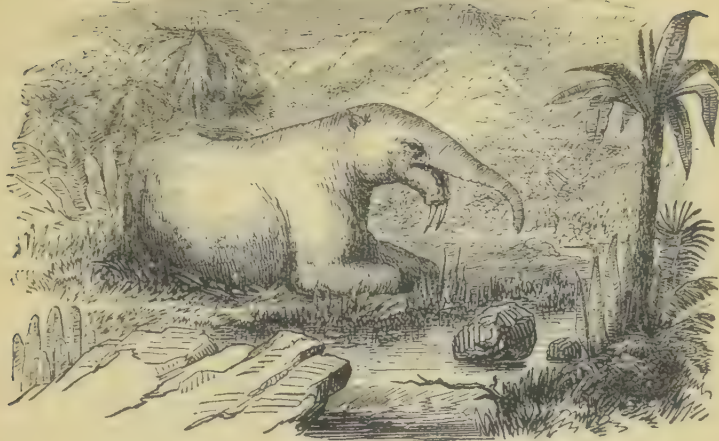
'It is not to be thought of ; it would be a debt we could never repay,' cried the upright Blanche ; 'we never should be able to make up so large a sum.'



'Pardon, mademoiselle,' replied an elderly gentleman of venerable appearance, who had, unobserved, mingled as a spectator in the scene, 'you will now have the means of paying it with the prize of 5000 francs left for the reward of virtue in humble life by the late M. Monthyon, and awarded to *you* by the French Academy, at the representations of the mayor of the eighth arrondissement of Paris. The mayor, it is pleasing to know, has become acquainted with your excellent filial devotion from the laundresses of the city now assembled.'

A shout of joy burst from all around ; and that which followed may be left to the imagination. It will suffice to state that Blanche, simple and modest as ever, could scarcely believe in the honour she so unexpectedly received ; while her surrounding companions derived from it the lesson, that the filial piety so decidedly inculcated and rewarded by Heaven, and equally admirable in its effects in the cottage and the palace, does not always go unrewarded on earth.





Restored Figure of the Dinotherium.

## THE ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

**G**EOLGY is the science which examines and describes the crust of the earth. It is almost of yesterday; yet it has already made some most remarkable additions to the stock of human knowledge. It has, for one thing, given us a view of the earth's history during a long period, while as yet no human beings lived upon it. The facts of this history are extremely curious and interesting. It appears that the space of time occupied by it was vast beyond all that could have been supposed; that during this time the surface of the earth underwent many changes—beds of rock being formed at the bottoms of seas, other rocks thrown up by subterranean forces, hills and valleys formed, and sea and land frequently changed the one for the other; also, and most wonderful of all, that while these operations were going on, there rose a succession of animals, beginning with those of simplest form, and advancing to others of higher character, until those nearest to the human figure appeared; these animals, however, being of different species from any which now exist. All of these facts have been ascertained by investigating the rocks which compose the earth's crust, in which are found the remains, more or less perfectly preserved, of the animals in question, as well as of a similar

## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

succession of plants; the order of the existence of both animals and plants being established by an order which is ascertained with regard to the age of the rocks, the oldest of which are of course placed undermost, and the newest next the surface. It is surely very interesting to reflect on the manner in which this history has been compiled; not, as histories usually are, from old family and state documents, from medals or monuments, but from particulars placed before us, as it were by nature, that we might first observe and then reflect upon and make inferences from them. And such is the character of this evidence, that many of the facts of the reign of George III. are less clearly ascertained than are some of the events which took place many millions of ages before the existence of the human race. In comparing the revelations of science with the Mosaic account of the creation, we must remember that the former is as yet but an imperfect record, and that the observed facts and deductions therefrom are entirely different subjects, not to be confounded, or pressed into the service of the advocates of rival 'reconciliations.'

The remains of the early animals and plants—called *fossils* as being dug (Latin, *fossus*, dug) out of the earth—are found in various conditions; sometimes what was once a coral, for instance, is still a coral, the original hard substance being entirely preserved; sometimes the original substance has been withdrawn particle by particle, and replaced by silex or some other mineral substance, but without the slightest change of form; on other occasions there is merely an impression of the original plant or animal, but this is in general as useful to the geologist as if the primitive substance remained. 'In a word, there is no limit to the number and variety of these remains of animal and vegetable existence. At one time we see before us, extracted from a solid mass of rock, a model of the softest, most delicate, and least easily preserved parts of animal structure; at another time, the actual bones, teeth, and scales, scarcely altered from their condition in the living animal. The very skin, the eye, the foot-prints of the creature in the mud, and the food that it was digesting at the time of its death, together with those portions that had been separated by the digestive organs as containing no further nutriment, are all as clearly exhibited as if death had within a few hours performed its commission, and all had been instantly prepared for our investigation. We find the remains of fish so perfect, that not one bone, not one scale, is out of place or wanting, and others in the same bed presenting only the outline of a skeleton, or various disjointed fragments. We have insects, the delicate nervures of whose wings are permanently impressed upon the stone in which they are imbedded; and we see, occasionally, shells not merely retaining their shape, but perpetuating their very colours—the most fleeting, one would think, of all characteristics—and offering evidence of the brilliancy and beauty of creation at a time when man was not yet an inhabitant of the earth, and there seemed no one to appreciate

## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

beauties which we are, perhaps, too apt to think were called into existence only for our admiration.\*

### ROCK SYSTEMS.

Considering the Geological Record as a history of the world previous to the existence of Man, our first task is to divide it into ages or eras, so that we may have, as it were, a chronology for it; for of course we can here have no reckoning by years, as we have in ordinary history. This can be conveniently done by a consideration of the various *rock systems* which constitute the crust of the earth; each set or system being chiefly composed of some distinguishing material, as chalk, red sandstone, coal, slate, &c. and at the same time containing different remains of plants and animals. These systems, therefore, form a chronological table, to which we refer the various plants and animals which we wish to describe, as well as any other circumstances which may be thought worthy of notice. They are named as follows:—1. METAMORPHIC SYSTEM. 2. LAURENTIAN SYSTEM. 3. CAMBRIAN SYSTEM. 4. SILURIAN SYSTEM. 5. OLD RED SANDSTONE SYSTEM (Devonian). 6. CARBONIFEROUS SYSTEM. 7. PERMIAN SYSTEM. 8. TRIASSIC SYSTEM. 9. OOLITIC SYSTEM (Jurassic). 10. CHALK SYSTEM (Cretaceous). 11. TERTIARY SYSTEM. 12. SUPERFICIAL DEPOSITS. Each of these systems, consisting of many beds of rock, may be fairly said to represent a space of time; for each must have required a certain time to be formed, and, from palpable appearances, that time was in all instances of long duration. The whole of these eras being put together, would of course make up one enormous space; and yet it is but a part, though a large one, of the earth's entire history. Before the laying down of the Metamorphic or first stratified rocks, there is no saying how long the globe had existed. There has also been a space of time since the termination of the rock systems; and during this time all the present tribes of plants and animals have come into existence, and have gone through various stages of progress.

The first great fact respecting the earth in what we may call the geological ages is, that, as far as we can see, it was, in its main features, such a world as we find it to be in our own time. It consisted of sea and land; there were an atmosphere and light; and animals lived and died, many of them preying upon each other, as they now do. Rains, winds, and rivers operated then, as now, in wearing down the land, and forming out of the materials new strata in the bottom of the sea. The operations by which mountain-ranges were formed, lavas distributed, and disturbances effected in the stratified rocks, were in like manner identical in character with the effects of volcanoes in the present day. There were indeed some differences, though not such as to affect the general case. For

\* Ansted's *Geology*, i. 53.



## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

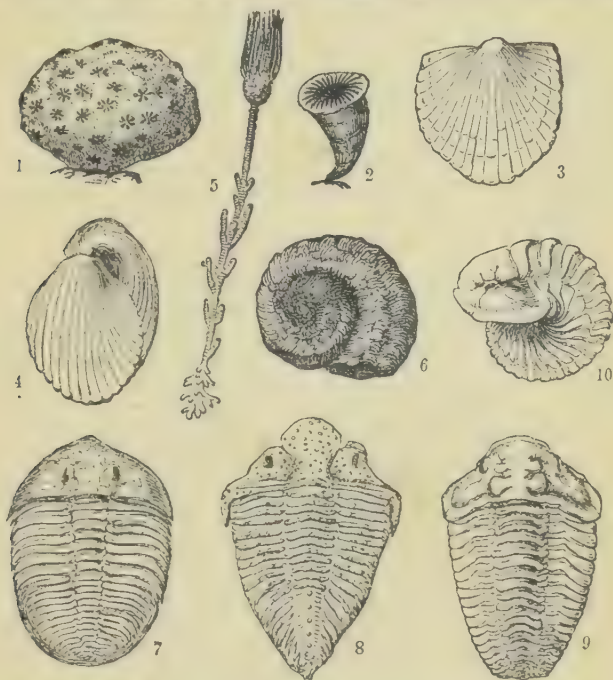
example, the seas in the earliest ages were much more extensive than they are now : this is inferred from the vast extent of surface at present occupied by these rocks, which evidently required equally extensive seas for their deposition. It is also evident, from the character of these ancient rocks, that a much higher temperature existed at the time of their formation than what is now experienced upon earth ; and it further appears at a later time, that a heat now confined to the tropics was then diffused into medium and even polar latitudes. Still, as has been said, the world was in the main such as it now is. And of this, the memorials are in some instances extremely curious. We find, for example, extensive surfaces of strata in quarries marked by the same little wavy ridges which may at this day be seen on any sandy beach after the ebb of tide. These were formed exactly as such wavy ridges are now formed. What is now a platform of hard rock was originally a sandy beach, along which the sea rose and fell under the influence of tides. A peculiar gentle agitation of the water when it was shallow, produced the *ripple-mark* there, as it still produces it on the shores of our seas. The surface so marked being hardened before the next tide, a quantity of new sand brought over it did not obliterate the marks, but merely covered them, and formed a new layer above. Now this new layer might of course be expected to be marked underneath by the wavy ridges of the subjacent layer ; and such is actually the case. Quarrymen, digging up sandstone formed unnumbered ages ago, find upper layers invariably presenting perfect *casts* of the rippled surface on which they rest. More than this—one may often remark, as he walks after a shower along a sandy beach, that the drops of rain have pitted it all over with little holes, each having the sand raised like the lips of a cup around it. Now these holes have likewise been observed upon ripple-marked rock-surfaces in quarries, being of course the memorials of showers which fell immediately after the sand now forming the rock was laid down in a soft state. Nor is this all—for in some of these rock-surfaces, the hollows being found to have their lips raised higher on one side than the other, as happens when rain is driven by wind in a particular direction, we have, it may be said, memorials of the wind which blew, and of the point of the compass from which it blew, at the time when the rain fell upon these tablets. We have here, it must be admitted, the most curious as well as convincing proofs that the meteorology of the present era is analogous to the meteorology of the inconceivably remote times under our notice, while as yet there were no human eyes to note times and seasons.

## EARLY GEOLOGICAL AGES.

Reverting to our chronological table. It is to be observed that, in the earliest series of stratified rocks lying above the granites and other rocks of that nature, the origin of which is generally attributed

## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

to fire, and hence called the *Igneous Rocks*,\* and which are altered or *metamorphosed* by contact, no life remains have as yet been found. This absence is only negative testimony; but as investigation progresses, they may be found to be also fossiliferous—the fossils being of a low grade of existence. The system immediately overlying these metamorphic rocks is called the *Laurentian*, from being extensively developed in the Laurentide Mountains, in Canada, and was long supposed to be of the same nature. Of late years, however, both in Canada and in Ireland, a lowly organised fossil,



1. *Astrea*; 2. *Turbinolia fungites*; 3. *Terebratulid*; 4. *Leptæna lata*; 5. *Actinocrinites*; 6. *Euomphalus rugosus*; 7. *Asaphus de Buchii*; 8. *Asaphus tuberculatus*; 9. *Calymene Blumenbachii*; 10. Side view of *Calymene* while rolled up.

the *Eozoon canadense*, or 'dawn of life animalcule,' has been discovered. It is the earliest trace of life we find, and seems to have grown in the Laurentian seas like a spreading bunch of coral. The *Cambrian* (formerly called the Grauwacke) yields a few sea-weeds, zoophytes, burrowing worms, and shrimp-like animals (crustacea), but all the life is of a very lowly type. The *Silurian* system—so

\* Contrary views are beginning to be entertained by some chemical geologists, but their theory does not affect our palæontological statements.

called because it is found extensively developed in certain counties in Wales, formerly the Siluria of the ancient Britons—owes its establishment and chief subsequent investigation to Sir R. I. Murchison, who, in his *Siluria*, has described and figured the various fossils peculiar to it. These are marine creatures, chiefly numerous species of zoophytes, or animals allied to the ‘sea-pen’ of our fishermen, corals, crinoids—a star-fish on a stem—various species of shell-fish, worms, crustacea, &c. There are also various marine plants, and seeds, and drifted fragments of other plants allied to our club-mosses are not unfrequent—pointing to rivers carrying down débris into a shallow estuary, though most of the animals may have lived in the deep sea. Some of the forms of animal life during the Silurian age are represented on the preceding page. These are—figs. 1 and 2, corals; 3 and 4, *bivalved* molluscs (like the oyster); 5, a crinoid; 6, a *single-valved* mollusc (like a whelk); 7, 8, and 9, trilobites; and 10, the same as 9, but rolled up at rest. As some interest must attach to these early forms of life, we give a more particular account of some of them.

#### THE TRILOBITES.

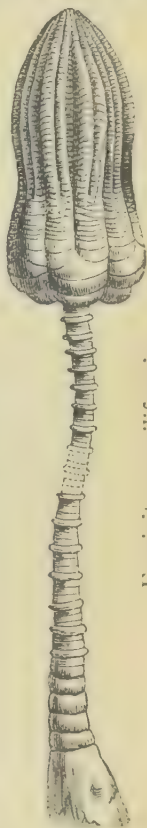
The trilobite—so called from its three-lobed appearance—is a type of being extremely abundant in the seas of the Silurian and a few subsequent ages, yet long extinct in all its various species, and hardly represented by any existing animal, the only one approaching to it being the serolis. ‘The trilobite was a true (that is, perfectly developed) crustacean, covered with shelly plates, terminating variously behind in a flexible extremity, and furnished with a head-piece composed of larger plates, and fitted with eyes of a very complicated structure. It is supposed by some to have made its way through the water by means of soft paddles, which have not been preserved; and by others merely to have sculled itself forward by the aid of its flexible extremity. Of its various organs, the most interesting is the eye, of which several specimens have been obtained in a very perfect state. This organ, according to fossil anatomists, is formed of 400 spherical lenses in separate compartments, on the surface of a cornea projecting conically upwards, so that the animal, in its usual place at the bottom of waters, could see everything around. As there are two eyes, one of the sides of each would have been useless, as it could only look across to meet the vision of the other; but on the inner side there are no lenses, that nothing may, in accordance with a principle observable throughout nature, be thrown away. It is found that in the Serolis, the surviving kindred animal, the eyes are constructed on exactly the same principle, except that they are not so high—a necessary difference, as the back of the serolis is lower, and presents less obstruction to the creature’s vision.’\* Philosophers have remarked with delighted surprise the

\* Page’s *Geology*—Chambers’s Educational Course.

evidence afforded by the eye of the trilobite, that the air and light were generally the same in the early ages of the earth as now, and that the sea must have been as pure. If the water had been constantly turbid or chaotic, a creature destined to live at the bottom of the sea would have had no use for such delicate visual organs. 'With regard to the atmosphere,' says Dr Buckland, 'we infer that, had it differed materially from its actual condition, it might have so far affected the rays of light, that a corresponding difference from the eyes of existing crustaceans would have been found in the organs on which the impressions of such rays were then received. Regarding light itself also, we learn from the resemblance of these most ancient organisations to existing eyes, that the mutual relations of light to the eye, and of the eye to light, were the same at the time when crustaceans, endowed with the faculty of vision, were placed at the bottom of the primeval seas, as at the present moment.'

## CRINOIDEA.

The crinoïdea, which reached their zenith in abundance of individuals and species during the subsequent age, and afterwards, like the trilobites, became extinct, were animals of a humble class, consisting generally of a stalk fixed at the lower end to the sea-bottom, and bearing at the other a cup-like body, with a mouth in the centre, and numerous tentacula or arms branching in all directions for the seizure of prey. The stalk and tentacula were composed of innumerable small plates of calcareous or bony substance, connected by a muscular integument, so as to be capable of bending in all directions, and likewise, as some suppose, covered with a gelatinous coating. The bones of the stalk, perforated for an internal canal, are of different form in different species, some being round, and some angular, and at intervals there are some of greater thickness, all being beautifully marked and nicely adjusted to each other. In the accompanying drawing of a crinoïdean (the *Encrinites moniliformis*, or necklace-shaped encrinite), the stalk is abridged to much less than the usual length, for the sake of convenience, and the arms are represented as closed. As many as 26,000 bones have been reckoned to go to the composition of a single animal of this kind; and some of the family are supposed to have had many more. The bottom of a sea, filled with a number of such animals, yielding to its every current and impulse, and each



Encrinites moniliformis.



## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

spreading about its far-reaching arms for prey, must have been a striking sight—a vast field of tulips, waving in the wind, being the only idea we can form at all approaching to it. Fragments and single bones of the crinoïdea are found in vast quantities in early rocks, forming in some places the principal portion of masses a hundred and twenty feet thick; and marble mantel-pieces, in which these fragments appear in all attitudes and forms, are common in this country. The single wheel-like bones of the stalk are also gathered in abundance on some sea-beaches, and strung up as beads. In the northern parts of England they are called St Cuthbert's beads, and connected with a popular superstition.

‘On a rock by Lindisfarn  
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name.’—*Marmion*.

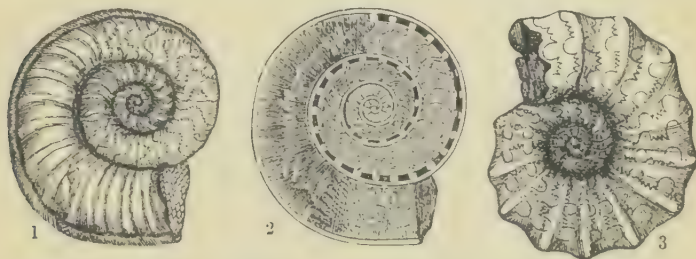
## THE CEPHALOPODS.

In these early ages, as in the present day, the mollusca (shell-fish) formed a conspicuous portion of animated nature. The species, however, have been repeatedly changed in the course of time. The most abundant order in the early ages was that of *Brachiopoda*, a set of creatures living in bivalve shells, and possessing two organs, somewhat like arms, with which to catch prey. They are supposed to have been ‘the scavengers of ancient seas, living upon such fragments of animal matter as found their way to the great depths.’ But the most remarkable molluscs of those ages were the *Cephalopoda*, an order occupying univalve shells, and so high in organisation as usually to possess an internal bony skeleton. Of this order there are still representatives in our seas; but in ancient times, they seem to have been far more abundant both in species and in individuals, acting then as the butchers of the marine animal world, to restrain within due bounds the redundant life of which nature is ever so prodigal. The most remarkable species of the early ages were those termed *nautili* and *ammonites*. The existing *nautilus* has enabled geologists to arrive at a very clear understanding of the economy of the cephalopoda of ancient times, of which the shells are now almost the sole remains.

The cephalopoda possessed a body resembling a closed bag, containing a heart, stomach, and other organs, and furnished with a head and prominent eyes, as also a number of long arms or tentacula, which at once served for the locomotion of the animal, and for the seizure of its prey. The arms were each provided with a double row of suckers, which enabled it to take a firm hold of smaller animals, and convey them to its mouth, which was armed with a pair of strong horny mandibles or nippers, not unlike the beak of a parrot. The cephalopod lodged in a shell, straight

or curved, consisting of a series of air-chambers, terminating in an outer one which was more particularly the residence of the animal.

It formed these chambers one after another in the course of its life, according as they were needed for the purpose to which nature had destined them. This purpose was to enable the animal to float in the water. The reader may be reminded that the principle on which floating in water depends is, that more water must be displaced than would weigh the same as the article or object displacing it. A life-boat is made incapable of sinking, by having empty copper boxes distributed within its structure, these, with the wood, displacing more water than is equal to the weight of the whole vessel. Now, the air-chambers in the ammonite or nautilus are like the copper boxes of the life-boat; they displace a certain quantity of water. But the creature required to be able to rise and sink in the water at pleasure; therefore something more was needed. The end is supposed to have been served in two ways. Down through the centre or side of the series of air-chambers, but not communicating with them, there was an elastic pipe, called the siphuncle (represented in No. 2), the upper extremity of which was connected with the cavity of the animal's heart. This cavity was in general filled with a dense fluid, which partly filled the siphuncle, the remainder being occupied by air.



1. *Ammonites obtusus*; 2. Section of *Ammonites obtusus*, shewing the interior chambers and siphuncle; 3. *Ammonites nodosus*.

It may easily be seen how this arrangement acted. Whenever the animal, for any reason, whether to escape danger or in search of prey, wished to sink, it contracted itself into the outer chamber, thus pressing the fluid of its heart into the siphuncle, and reducing the space occupied by the air, at the same time that the gravity of its body was increased by its displacing less water. Accordingly, being then heavier than the surrounding medium, it sunk. When, again, it wished to rise, it had only to dilate its body and arms, and allow the air in the siphuncle to expand to its usual space, when, becoming lighter than the surrounding element, it necessarily ascended. Some species of this order of molluscs were also provided with a bag containing an inky secretion, which they could express upon occasion, so as to

muddle the surrounding water, and thus conceal themselves from enemies. In one case, the fossil ink-bag has been found in such a state of preservation, that a portion of the mineralised fluid, being pounded down and properly prepared, actually served an artist as a pigment with which to furnish a drawing of the animal itself. It is certainly curious to reflect on all these particulars being ascertained in modern times respecting species which have been extinct for numberless ages. The ammonites and nautili of the early ages were of all sizes, from one very minute, to two or three feet in the diameter of the shell. The ammonite (Nos. 1 and 3) has been so called from its resemblance to the coiled horn on the head of the ancient statues of Jupiter Ammon. One had been obtained by the poet Pope, at a time when their history was totally unknown, and stuck up as a curiosity over the keystone of one of the arches giving access to his grotto at Twickenham; while the other entrance was in like manner ornamented by the cast of the same fossil. Surely poet never dreamed of anything more marvellous or interesting than the actual history of this primeval cephalopod. But we have not yet told all the wonders of the ammonite. As creatures of this kind required to go down to great depths in the ocean, the plates of the air-chamber were of course liable to be burst in by the pressure of the water, as happens to common bottles when they are lowered deep into the sea. All this had been *foreseen*. The shell of the cephalopoda was therefore strengthened by a curious kind of internal archwork, so as to be able to resist the weight of the incumbent fluid. 'This archwork so completely meets all human ideas of contrivance for the purpose which it was destined to serve, as to form one of the most striking examples of that adaptation of means to ends which prevails throughout the works of nature, and which is so well fitted to impress the conviction of a great designing First Cause.'

'In the open seas in which the earliest strata were being deposited, we may picture to ourselves these large cephalopodous molluscs reigning paramount, the tyrants of creation; enabled, by their rapidity of movement, to chase their prey at the surface; by their curious hydraulic contrivance, to pursue it to the depths of the ocean; and by their numerous arms and great strength, to conquer and bring it within the grasp of their powerful jaws. The recent animals of this class are so fierce, that, even in our own seas, where they occupy a place comparatively unimportant, they rank amongst the most destructive species, in proportion to their dimensions; for "if once they touch their prey it is enough: neither swiftness nor strength can avail; the shell of the lobster and crab is a vain protection; and even animals many times their size have been soon disabled in their powerful and pertinacious grasp."'\* These animals ceased about the commencement of the Tertiary age, but were then replaced by

\* Ansted's *Geology*.

Trachelipods, which served the same purpose of keeping down the teeming minor population of the sea. The Trachelipods were furnished with an armed membrane, by means of which they could bore through the shells of bivalves, and suck out the body of the animal within; and numerous fossil shells, so bored, are found in the Tertiary strata. It would appear that there was no time when this principle did not exist; there have ever been some tribes whose obviously designed function it was to destroy for food large quantities of the smaller animals.

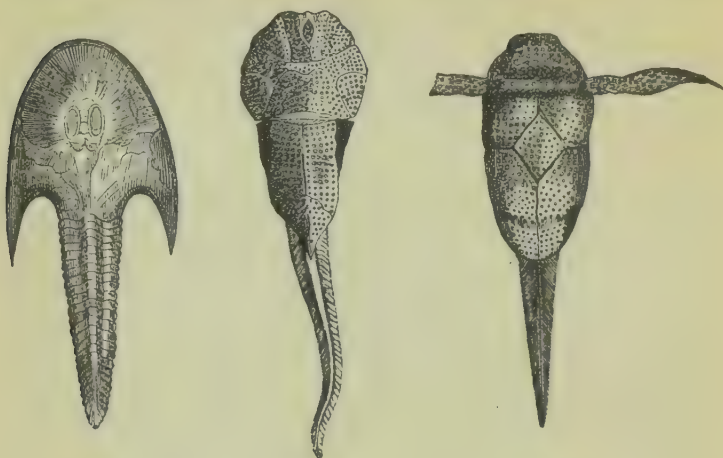
#### EARLY FISHES.

The next age (Old Red Sandstone) gives us notice of tremendous volcanic disturbances which broke up many rocks, and perhaps had fatal effects upon many of the previously existing species, which then disappear, and are no more seen. In the course, however, of this age, fishes, which had begun to appear in the preceding period, become abundant. The fish of these early ages, and of the subsequent periods down to the Chalk Era, were not of the character which is now predominant. They have been divided into two orders, to which names have been given, bearing reference to their external covering, this being always a guide to the general character of fishes. One extensive order, *Placoidians*, are so called from the Greek, *plax*, a broad plate; being covered with plates, often of considerable dimensions, but sometimes reduced to small points, like the shagreen on the skin of the shark, and the prickly tubercles of the ray. The sharks, rays, and other cartilaginous fishes of the present seas, are representatives of this order. The other order are called *Ganoidians*, from the Greek, *ganos*, splendour, because of the brilliancy of the regularly arranged angular scales, composed of bone within and enamel without, by which the animals were covered. Of this order, once so extensive, we have now no representatives except the sturgeon and the bony pike of the North American lakes.

Some of the simpler Ganoids are allied in form to the crustaceans, and may be considered as an advance upon that order. The plates covering their bodies are composed of bone within and enamel on the outside; and the mouths of several of the species have been ascertained to open vertically, in which respect they differ from ordinary fishes (in which the mouth opens horizontally), but resemble the crab and lobster. One species, the *Cephalaspis*, so called from its buckler-shaped head, bears a striking resemblance to the asaphus, a crustacean of the Silurian age. The head was of great size, composed of strong plates, which came to a sharp edge in the form of a crescent, and it is thought that the horns of the crescent were probably used as weapons of defence. Next to this fish comes the *Coccosteus*, which Mr Hugh Miller describes as 'a Cephalaspis with a scale-covered tail attached, and the horns of the crescent-shaped



head cut off.' The plates of the *Coccosteus* have berry-like tubercles or prominences ; hence the name given to the animal. It has the vertical arrangement of the mouth ; and its teeth, instead of being



Cephalaspis.

Coccosteus.

Pterichthys.

detached organs set in the jaw, are cut out of the solid bone in the manner of the teeth of a saw ; this likewise being a peculiarity of the crustacea.

The *Pterichthys*, of which seven species are known, resembles the *Coccosteus*, but with the remarkable addition of two wing-like appendages (hence the name of the animal), which were probably fins or paddles for locomotion, and are also supposed, from their curved and sharp terminations, to have been used occasionally as weapons of defence. The *Holoptychius* was between two and three feet long, of flounder-like shape, and had its head and body covered with large bony scales, curiously furrowed on the surface. In the *Osteolepis* and *Glyptolepis*, other Ganoid fishes, we find a considerable advance of form, the general figure being like that of modern fishes, with the fins well developed.

One of the families of the Ganoidians, the *Sauroides*, are so called, because in structure they make an approach to the next higher class of animals, the Reptiles. The *Megalichthys* is a sauroid fish, of which remains were first found in Burdichouse limestone quarry near Edinburgh. It must have been a huge creature ; for some of its scales are five inches in diameter, and one of its teeth measures four inches in length, with a breadth at the base of nearly two inches.

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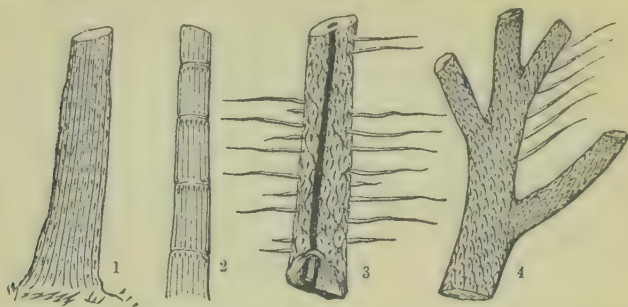
One curious peculiarity has been remarked in the tails of both Placoids and Ganoids. In that organ the vertebral column is continued to the extremity, and the tail may be said to be a fin extending from it downwards, as seen in the existing shark and dog-fish. This is called the heterocercal, or one-sided tail. The Placoid and Ganoid fishes alone reigned down to the Chalk age. They then, in a great measure, gave way to the two superior orders which now exist, called by M. Agassiz the Ctenoid and Cycloid orders, from the form of their respective scales, these being in the one case jagged at the outer margin like the teeth of a comb, as in the perch, while in the other they are entire and circular, as in the herring. In these orders, to which the majority of modern fishes belong, the tail is not heterocercal, but either extends in one entire lobe, like that of the cod, or in two equal lobes, called homocercal, as that of the salmon.

### COAL.

The Carboniferous age is not remarkable on account of its animals, which are mainly the same in general character as in the preceding ages; but it was productive of a wonder peculiar to itself, namely, an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognise as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat and becomes of a dark colour. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is the mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthy impurities. On account of the change effected by mineralisation, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shews the fibres and cells very plainly. From distinct isolated specimens found in the sandstones amidst the coal-beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms (horse-tails, club-mosses, and ferns), but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct.

## ROMANCE OF GEOLOGY.

Amongst them were the *Sigillaria*, so called from the graven appearance of its stem ; *Calamites*, from the reed-like jointings of its stalk ; *Stigmaria*, from stigmata, or punctures ; *Lepidodendron*, from the



1. *Sigillaria pachyderma* ; 2. *Calamites cannaeformis* ; 3. *Stigmaria ficoides* ,  
4. *Lepidodendron Sternbergii*.

scaly appearance of its bark. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands ; but it must have been the result of a high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate and even the polar regions. 'The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth, originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down—hot enough to render the early Metamorphic rocks crystalline ; cool enough during Cambrian and Silurian eras to permit of marine corals, shell-fish, and crustacea ; cooler still, during the life of the plated fishes of the Old Red Sandstone ; and only sufficiently genial, throughout the Carboniferous period, to foster a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. This high and uniform temperature, combined (as suggested by Brogniart) with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, would not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create denser vapours, showers, and rains ; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature ; and every circumstance connected with the coal-measures points to such conditions.' \*

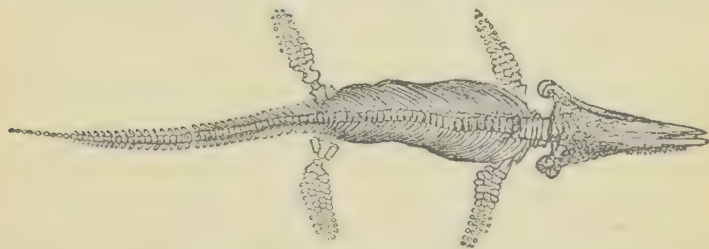
## SAURIAN ANIMALS.

In the New Red Sandstone† age, the plants and animals of the preceding period are continued with the addition of some superior

\* Page's *Geology*—Chambers's Educational Course.

† *i.e.*, Permian and Triassic.

forms ; but the vegetation is no longer of such quantity as to form coal-beds, and the amount of animal remains is also much diminished. Life takes, however, a new start in the Oolitic age, and its forms continue there to make still nearer approaches to those of the present time. Here, also, still higher forms are added—insects are found for the first time ; likewise reptiles ; but these are at first of extraordinary form and magnitude. In the arrangement of the Animal Kingdom, reptiles are placed next above fishes ; that is to say, they are considered as having the next higher or more complicated structure. Now, the new animals of this period which we are about to speak of, are, as it were, between fishes and a certain order of the reptiles ; namely, the Sauria or Lizards. They are huge animals, and evidently must have been very destructive to the smaller creatures within their reach. The Ichthyosaurus, of which there are fully ten species, slightly differing from each other (the skeleton of one being here represented), had the body of a fish, with



a long tail having a small fin below ; the head of a crocodile exhibiting long jaws armed with strong teeth, and a pair of eyes as large as a good-sized cannon-ball ; the animal had also paddles, externally like those of a tortoise, but of a fin-like structure, for propelling itself through the water, which formed its proper element. The Plesiosaurus was a nearer approach to the reptile form. The tail is shortened, and upon a similar body is fitted a long neck with a small head, the latter parts being an approach to the serpent form. Being, although of marine habits, essentially reptiles, these animals breathed the atmosphere ; yet, for the same reason, we know that their respiration was imperfect, and that they might be for the most part under water, and only come occasionally to the surface to breathe. It is supposed that they lived in the shallow waters near shores, preying upon the smaller fish and reptiles. Some curious particulars respecting these creatures have been obtained in an extraordinary way ; namely, by the discovery of fragments and half-digested remains of their food, found in the situation once occupied by the stomach and bowels of some specimens ; the animal in these instances having died before its last meal was digested. Nor is this all ; for the pellets ejected from the intestines of the ichthyosaurus



(coprolites) have been found in vast quantities, and in these are fish scales and fragments of the bones of reptiles. From the way in which the former remains occur, and from the peculiar form of the pellets (being spirally twisted), it is inferred that the large body of the ichthyosaur was almost entirely occupied by the stomach, leaving only a little room for 'an elongated intestinal canal, consisting of a flattened tube reduced to the smallest possible dimensions by being wound round in a spiral, like a cork-screw.'\* It is believed that these creatures were covered with a soft skin, like that of the whale tribe. We possess the remains of a plesiosaur of seventeen, and of an ichthyosaur of thirty feet in length. Animals so huge and so voracious, must have been the tyrants of the seas of their time; but the ichthyosaur seems to have been the supreme monster of the age, for fragments of plesiosaur bones are found in its stomach, shewing that that animal often fell a prey to it.

After these animals come a tribe of crocodile-lizards (Dinosauria), huge creatures uniting these two characters, and probably as destructive upon land as the former were in the waters. One in particular, to which the name of *Megalosaurus* has been given, was of gigantic size—probably not less than thirty feet long—its large body being mounted upon much taller legs than lizards generally have. Within a straight and narrow snout was a range of teeth peculiarly calculated to tear flesh; and the whole aspect of the creature must have been extremely formidable. We have now seen the lizard character united to both the fish and the crocodile. In the *Pterodactyle*, it was further shewn in union with features of a different kind. This is a small animal, chiefly of the lizard form, but furnished with a membrane framed upon the fore extremity, like the wing of a bat, by which the creature must have been able to pursue its prey through the air. 'In external form,' says Dr Buckland, 'these creatures somewhat resembled our modern bats and vampires: most of them had the nose elongated, like the snout of a crocodile, and armed with conical teeth. Their eyes were of enormous size, apparently enabling them to fly by night. From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw on the thumb of the bat. These must have formed a powerful paw, wherewith the animal was enabled to creep or climb, or suspend itself from trees. It is probable, also, that the pterodactyle had the power of swimming, which is so common in reptiles. "Thus, like Milton's fiend, qualified for all services and all elements, the creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas, or crawled on the shores of a turbulent planet.'

#### The fiend,

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.—*Paradise Lost.*"†

\* Ansted's *Geology*.

† *Geological Transactions*, N.S. vol. iii. part 1.

In the Oolitic System first appear the undoubted remains of a true bird—the *Archæopteryx macrurus* (Owen), or ‘long-tailed feather-wing,’ recently discovered in the lithographic limestones of Solenhofen, in Germany. It was about the size of a rook, and differed from all known birds in having two free claws belonging to the wing.

#### FOOTSTEPS ON ROCK SURFACES.

The reader has already been told that slabs of sandstone often bear ripple-marks, or wavy ridgings, indicating their having been originally surfaces of sand along which tides rose and fell. These tablets bear in some instances what we may call *additional inscriptions*, the work of certain animals. On the surface of slabs both of the calcareous grit and Stonesfield slate, near Oxford, and on sandstones of the Wealden formation in Sussex and Dorsetshire, Dr Buckland has found ‘perfectly preserved and petrified *castings* of marine worms, at the upper extremity of holes bored by them in the sand, while it was yet soft at the bottom of the water, and, within the sandstones, traces of tubular holes in which the worms resided.’\* Man did not exist to impress with his foot those early beaches; but there were other animals to walk over them, and, as might have been anticipated, footprints of some of these have been found on the surfaces of various rocks of the formations already referred to. In the lower district of Dumfriesshire, there are extensive beds of the *new red sandstone*, which are worked in various parts of the country. At the quarry of Corncockle Muir, near Lochmaben, the surfaces of successive layers or slabs of this rock were observed many years ago to bear marks as of the feet of animals; but the phenomenon was disregarded till, in 1827, Dr Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, presented an accurate account of it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It appears that the beds in that quarry dip or incline at an angle of thirty-eight degrees, a slope greater than that of any ordinary hill. Slab after slab has been taken away to a depth of forty-five feet; but one after another (though not in all instances) has been found marked by the tracks of animals, up and down the slope. These impressions are generally about half an inch in depth, and the matter of the rock is raised round them, exactly as clay or mud is seen raised round a footprint of yesterday. The observer clearly traces the double track made by an animal which has two legs at each side, the hind foot, of course, approaching near to the fore one. The prints are about two inches in width, and present the appearance of five claws, of which the three in front are the most distinct. It is worthy of remark, that the fore feet give the deepest impressions, as if the animal had been heaviest in that quarter, and this in the ascending as well as the descending tracks. In one case, where the dip of the exposed surface is at an

\* *Bridgewater Treatise*. i. 260.

angle of forty degrees, there are clear evidences of the footmarks having been made upon a surface very steep at the time of the impression, for the animal appears to have put forward its fore feet cautiously, and inserted them deeply and firmly; while the marks of the hind feet are comparatively slight, and indeed scarcely perceptible. Generally, however, there is a small rise of the substance of the rock either in front of or behind the prints, according as the tracks are descending or ascending, shewing that the surface sloped more or less in its present direction at the time when the impressions were made. Dr Buckland, conceiving it likely that the marks had been impressed by animals allied to the land-tortoises of the present day, set such an animal to walk up and down slopes of soft sand, clay, and unbaked pie-crust, and found the footsteps to be remarkably like those of the Corncockle quarry. He makes the following just remark upon the experiment in his *Bridgewater Treatise*: 'This evidence of footsteps is one which all mankind appeal to in every condition of society. The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has left near the scene of his depredations. Captain Parry found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of the stream in Possession Bay, which appeared so fresh, that he at first imagined them to have been recently made by some natives: on examination, they were distinctly ascertained to be the marks of the shoes of some of his own crew, eleven months before. The frozen condition of the soil had prevented their obliteration. The American savage not only identifies the elk and bison by the impression of their hoofs, but ascertains also the time that has elapsed since each animal had passed. From the camel's track upon the sand, the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, or whether it was lame.' It is remarkable that none of the series of footmarks at Corncockle are across the slab; all are nearly straight up and down. This is exactly what would happen upon a sloping sea bottom or beach, which the animals had occasion to traverse in one direction only, backwards or forwards. These 'ichnites' or fossil footprints are described in Sir W. Jardine's *Ichnology of Annandale*, and those of America by Hitchcock and Lea.

Since these curious facts were made public, footmarks of animals have been traced upon rock-surfaces in various parts of the world. Mr Poulett Scrope found rippled surfaces in Devonshire and Lancashire, marked with numerous tracks of small animals (apparently crustaceous), which had traversed the sand when it was in a soft state. These tracks are in double lines, parallel to each other, shewing two indentations, as if formed by small claws, and sometimes traces of a third claw. There is often, also, a third line of tracks between the other two, as if produced by the tail or stomach of the animal touching the ground; and where the animal passed over the ridges of the ripple-markings on the sand, they are flattened and brushed down. More recently, some fossil footsteps of a much more striking character have been found in the quarries at Hlessberg, near

Hildburghausen, in Saxony, upon the upper surfaces of beds of gray quartzose sandstone ; in alternation with which, it may be remarked, there are beds of red sandstone nearly about the same age with those of Dumfriesshire. The vestiges of four different animals have been made out. One has been apparently a small web-footed animal, probably allied to the crocodile. The footstep of another bears a striking though grotesque resemblance to the human hand, from which the supposed animal itself has been named the *Cheirotherium*. A specimen on a slab which has been placed in the British Museum, is fully the size of a human hand, the only remarkable difference being in the comparative thickness of the fingers, and the absence of the appearance of joints. The fore feet are less by one-half than the hind feet, before which they are always advanced about an inch and a half, an interval of fourteen inches being between each pair. Professor Kaup conjectures that this animal has belonged to the marsupial family, the oldest, it is supposed, of the families of land quadrupeds.

In the New Red Sandstone in the valley of Connecticut, there have been laid bare in quarries, along a considerable tract of country, surfaces presenting footprints of many various species of birds, apparently belonging to the order *Grallæ*, or Waders. The discovery is remarkable on more accounts than one, as it gives evidence, for the first time, of the existence of birds at that early period of the earth's history. 'The footsteps appear in regular succession, on the continuous track of an animal in the act of walking or running, with the right and left foot always in their relative places. The distance of the intervals between each footstep on the same track is occasionally varied, but to no greater amount than may be explained by the bird having altered its pace. Many tracks of different individuals and different species are often found crossing each other, and crowded, like impressions of feet upon the shores of a muddy stream, where ducks and geese resort.' The smallest of these prints indicates an animal with a foot about an inch long, and a step of from three to five inches ; but they vary upwards in size, till they reach something which may well be regarded as gigantic. Let it be remembered that the African ostrich, which weighs a hundred pounds, and is nine feet high, has a foot of ten inches, and a leg four feet long. It is the most stupendous of existing birds. But the largest of the footprints in the Connecticut sandstone being fifteen inches in length, exclusive of the largest claw, which measures two inches, and the steps being from four to six feet apart, denote a considerably larger bird, the legs of which, probably, were not less than seven feet in height. This has well been styled the *Ornithichnites giganteus*. Another, ranking next to the above in size, exhibits 'three toes of a more slender character, measuring from fifteen to sixteen inches long, exclusive of a remarkable appendage extending backwards from the heel eight or nine



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inches, and apparently intended, like a snow-shoe, to sustain the weight of a heavy animal walking on a soft bottom. The impressions of his appendage resemble those of wiry feathers, or coarse bristles, which seem to have sunk into the mud and sand nearly an inch deep; the toes had sunk much deeper, and round their impressions the mud was raised into a ridge *several inches high*, like that round the track of an elephant in clay. The length of the step of this bird appears to have been sometimes six feet.\*

### ROCK SALT.

Among the strata of the Triassic System there occur in many places beds of rock-salt; that is, salt in a hard compact crystalline mass. Such beds are found in Cheshire and Worcestershire in England, in Spain, Poland, Austria, and other countries; and are sometimes not less than 120 feet in thickness. Mines are established in these strata, as in coal, and the saline material, when boiled down and properly purified, is sold for ordinary use. Springs, also, issuing from such deposits, are generally so strongly impregnated with salt, that it can be profitably obtained from the water by evaporation. There are few sights more impressive than that of a salt-mine, where the stratum has been of considerable thickness. You find yourself in a lofty hall, of vast extent, supported upon massive columns of the original material, the walls sending back thousands of sparkling reflections from the lights borne by your attendants. And the consideration is a curious one, that this great bed of salt, now far below the surface of the earth, was once a solution filling a profound sea, the highest animals which then existed being reptiles. The manner in which rock-salt was formed is thought to have been as follows: An estuary, or arm of the sea, being by some convulsion of nature cut off from the main ocean—and such events still occur—and being then left to be dried up, the salt contained in the water was unavoidably deposited as a stratum at the bottom, just as a layer of salt is found at the bottom of a pan in a salt-factory after the water has been boiled off. Afterwards the spot becoming again the bed of a sea, strata of sandstone and other rocks were laid down above, and thus the preparation was made for its becoming a mine of salt. Rock-salt is seldom pure, and generally of a reddish colour: a piece of it suspended by a string forms a good barometer or weather-glass; for when the atmosphere contains much humidity, the lump of salt is sure to be damp.

### THE CHALK AGE.

Immediately above the Oolite formation is a series of beds, the most conspicuous of which are of chalk, a familiar substance, which

\* Dr Buckland, quoting an article by Professor Hitchcock, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*: 1836.

science describes as a carbonate of lime, being thus a variation of the same substance as limestone and marble. The chalk-beds form the surface of large districts in England, France, Germany, and other parts of the earth. In the first-mentioned country they average from six to eight hundred feet in thickness, and form the beautiful pastoral wolds and downs of the southern counties. It is difficult to account for the formation of such a substance found in no other part of the series of rocks; but probably sea animals—coral polypes, infusoria, &c.—had much to do with it. It has been recently discovered that a similar deposit, composed of minute animals, is forming at the bottom of the Atlantic,\* though we believe some peculiar condition of the waters, similar to that under which our more recent marls have been formed, was the principal cause of the formation. Throughout the chalk-beds are layers of flints—that is, masses of silex or flint of various sizes, from a pea to a man's head, each lying detached amidst the chalk. Whence this great quantity of a substance which seems to be characteristic of the chalk formation? The supposition is, that it has been derived mainly from the siliceous coverings of animalcules! The remains of many of these minute and humble animals have been discovered in the chalk, some of them being the first animals which yet exist as species upon earth. It has also been found that the flints invariably include the remains of some sponge or other humble animal form, the lineaments of which are often beautifully preserved amidst the dark glassy substance, and may be detected by a microscope, if not by the naked eye. Now, if the silex from the coverings of the dead infusoria were in solution amidst the settling substance of the chalk, any decaying sponges, alcyonia, sea-urchins, or other animals placed there, would be sure to collect the particles of the silex round them, and thus be converted into *flints*.

In the Chalk Age a great change takes place in the fish world. As already mentioned, the Placoids and Ganoids now decline in numbers, and are replaced by two other orders, the Ctenoids and Cycloids, which continue predominant, though in different species, to the present day. Turtles existed in the seas, though not numerous; and there were large birds of the swimming family.

#### THE TERTIARY FORMATION.

The rocks, from the conclusion of the Old Red Sandstone strata to that of the Chalk series, form an assemblage called, to distinguish them from the earlier rocks, the Secondary Formation. This secondary formation is now finished. It saw the animal creation advance from the simpler forms to an abundance of fishes and reptiles, with some few traces of creatures of higher organisation—remains of whale-like animals and of creatures allied to the opossum having been found in the oolite. During its progress, a uniform

\* Huxley, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, September 1868.

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temperature, equal at least to that of the tropics, spread over the whole earth, and under favour of this prevalent warmth, there was everywhere a vegetation such as we now see confined to the torrid zone. The species of plants and animals were all strikingly different from those of the present world; and at several stages there had been extensive changes of the families of the latter, some going out to appear no more, while others came into existence in their place. At the point which we have now reached, a close seems to have come to many of the earlier conditions, and in the subsequent age we see a dawn, as it were, of the present system of things. The uniformity of climate begins to give way, and the animals are consequently not uniform over various regions. Extensive convulsions of the earth appear in a great measure to have ceased. And the deposits of strata approach to the character of those which we now see constantly taking place in estuaries or limited portions of the sea. The Tertiary rocks seem to have been deposited in such seas, and are not so widely distributed over the earth as some of the other formations. One remarkable example is the vale in which Paris is situated; another is found under and around London. There are also examples in India and America. It is remarkable of the *Paris basin*, as it is called, that strata laid down by fresh-water alternate with marine beds, implying apparently that the estuary had been filled by turns with fresh and salt water, though how this could happen is not very easily to be understood. The Tertiary Formation has been divided into four lesser ages—Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and Pleistocene or Post-tertiary—with a regard to the proportions which their respective fossil shells bear to existing species.

### ROCKS COMPOSED OF ANIMALCULES.

The fossils of the Tertiaries are in some respects more interesting than those of any other series of strata. It is not in the humbler classes of animals that this interest chiefly lies; and yet even in this department the Tertiaries present us with a wonder quite unexampled. We refer to beds of greater or less thickness composed exclusively of the solid remains of animalcules—creatures individually so small, that only a microscope could enable human eyes to see them. Such a rock (called Tripoli) is found at Bilin, in Bohemia, and at Planitz, near Zwickau, in Saxony. It has been used as a powder in some of the arts for ages, without any suspicion of its being thus composed. But within the last few years, M. Ehrenberg, a scientific Prussian, has fully ascertained that it consists simply and wholly of the siliceous coverings of certain minute creatures, some of which belonged to species still to be found in stagnant waters. To common perception, the powder of which the rock may be said to consist resembles flour; and in Norway, where it is accordingly called *berg-mehl* (that is, mountain-meal), it is actually used in times

of famine as food ; for which it is not entirely unsuitable, seeing that there is always a small percentage of animal matter left in it, in addition to the siliceous shields. So extremely small are the creatures of which these rocks form the sepulchre, that, according to M. Ehrenberg's calculation, ten millions of millions of individuals might be required to fill the space of a cubic inch. Yet in the smallest of such creatures, there have been found several stomachs, besides other organs ; and minute as the coverings necessarily are, they are found variously sculptured or marked, so as to form distinctions of species. These circumstances certainly afford a curious view not only of the wondrous power of the Creator, but of the surprising extent to which His most interesting production, the human mind, has been fitted to go in research, by aid of instruments, the powers of which are also of His institution.

The other invertebrate animals of the Tertiary are not remarkable, except for their making a gradual approach to the appearance of those which now exist. The corals are generally of small size ; the echinodermata are rare, compared with their abundance in earlier rocks ; the crustaceans are not numerous ; but insects begin to be found in abundance. The mollusca are extremely numerous in species ; but the cephalopoda of the early seas seem to have now in a great measure given place to an order of meaner organisation (gasteropoda), which become much more varied in form than in the older rocks. Of fishes there are abundance of species ; but reptiles, so conspicuous in the two preceding formations, are not now prominent. The great saurians or fish-lizards are extinct, and are not replaced by any similar families. At the commencement of the Tertiaries, three orders of reptiles existed—*Chelonia* (tortoises), *Crocodylia*, and *Batrachia* (frogs) ; another now existing, *Ophidia* (serpents), was, as far as research has yet gone, wanting. The earliest appearance of the serpent is in the remains of one of large size (probably eleven feet long, and resembling the *boa constrictor*), which have been found in the London clay of the Isle of Sheppey. It is such an animal as could only live in a tropical climate.

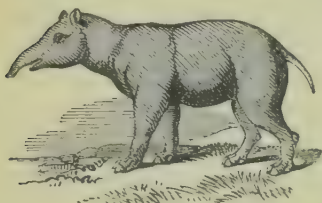
We have seen that the existence of birds and mammalia has been very slightly evidenced in the Secondary Formation, shewing at least that these creatures were in very small number in the ages represented by those strata. We are now to see both of these classes—the highest in the animal kingdom—enter in great force upon the field of existence. It seems as if a considerable interval had existed between the conclusion of the Chalk Formation and the beginning of the Tertiary, for these classes come upon us all at once in numerous species in the Eocene. In fresh-water strata of that portion of the Tertiary in the great Paris basin, M. Cuvier found remains of about fifty extinct species of mammalia, together with various examples of birds. The birds were of the genera represented by the buzzard, owl, quail, woodcock, curlew, and pelican ; and to these has



been added, from the corresponding strata in the London basin, a species referred to the family of vultures.

## THE GREAT PACHYDERMS.

The most remarkable of the animals found in the Paris basin are large Pachyderms, or thick-skinned animals, of a division now represented only by four species. By the discovery of these remains, naturalists were enabled to make up a comparatively complete series of a division of the earth's creatures, which had previously been remarkably imperfect. Two genera are particularly described by geologists, namely, Palæotheria and Anoplotheria, the former being intermediate in character between the tapir of South America and the rhinoceros, while the latter seems a link from the rhinoceros to the hippopotamus. The Great Palæotherium was an animal of the size of a horse, or about four feet and a half to the wither.



Form of Palæotherium.

It was more squat and clumsy in its proportions than the horse; the head was more massive, and the extremities thicker and shorter. On each foot were three large toes, rounded and unprovided with claws; and from the nose proceeded a short fleshy trunk. The Palæotherium probably lived, like the tapir of North America and Asia, in swampy districts, feeding, as its congeners still do, on coarse vegetable substances.

The Anoplotheria, of which six species have been determined, were of various bulk, from a hare up to a dwarf ass. Two species were about eight feet long, including a tail of three feet. These animals seem also to have inhabited marshy places, repairing frequently to the water to feed upon roots and the leaves of aquatic succulents. Another species was light and graceful, like the gazelle, and probably, like that animal, fed upon aromatic herbs and the young shoots of shrubs. Amongst the other animals found in the Eocene of the Paris basin, were species of the wolf and fox, and of the racoon and genet, of the opossum, dormouse, and squirrel; besides birds, reptiles, and fishes.

The second, or Miocene period of the Tertiary age, brings us a step nearer to the existing condition of things. A strong proof of this is derived from the shells of the strata of this period. Whereas only three in the hundred Eocene fossils were of recent species, of the Miocene shells we find eighteen in the hundred to have existing representatives. Along with the mammalia, also, of the Eocene period, we find that the Miocene deposits present us with the earliest forms of animals existing at the present time. In Dr

Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise* a table is given, exhibiting the animals found at Darmstadt in a bed of sand referrible to the Miocene period. In this list are mentioned two skeletons of the dinotherium (represented in the vignette to this tract), a large herbivorous animal, called by Cuvier the Gigantic Tapir; two large tapirs; calicotherium, two large tapir-like animals of this name; two rhinoceroses; hippotherium, an animal allied to the horse; three hogs; four large cats, some as large as a tiger; the creature called the Glutton; agnotherium, allied to the dog; and machairodus, an animal allied to the bear. From this list the reader will perceive the gradual approach in the Miocene animals to existing species. The largest of the terrestrial mammalia yet discovered belongs to the period now under notice; it is the dinotherium, or gigantic tapir, already mentioned. No complete skeleton has yet been discovered; but from the bones found, Cuvier and others imagine the animal to have reached the extraordinary length of eighteen feet. The most remarkable peculiarities of its structure consist in two enormous tusks at the end of its lower jaw, and in the shoulder-blade, which resembles that of a mole, and is calculated to have given the power of digging, or other free movement, to the fore-foot. It seems probable that this stupendous creature lived in fresh-water lakes, and had the half-terrestrial half-aquatic habits of the walrus or river-horse. The tusks might be used in digging up roots and plants, and also in sustaining the head on banks during sleep, or in pulling the body out of the water, as the walrus uses a similar pair of tusks. 'In these characters,' says Buckland, 'of this gigantic, herbivorous, aquatic quadruped, we recognise adaptations to the lacustrine (lake-covered) condition of the earth, during that portion of the Tertiary periods to which the existence of these seemingly anomalous creatures seems to have been limited.'

In the Miocene period, the seas became the habitation of numbers of marine mammalia, consisting of dolphins, whales, seals, walrus, and the lamantin, or manati. Few of these animals were of the same species as those which exist at present, but the differences were far from being great or remarkable. This circumstance, as well as the considerable number of fossil shells identical with existing ones, exhibits an approach in the character and tenantry of the Miocene seas to the present state of things in these respects. The discovery, also, of true terrestrial mammalia, as the rhinoceros and hog, in the Miocene formations, shews that, since the era of the gigantic reptiles, no slight portion of the earth's surface had assumed the condition of dry land, fit for the support of the common herbivora.

#### THE MASTODON, MEGATHERIUM, ETC.

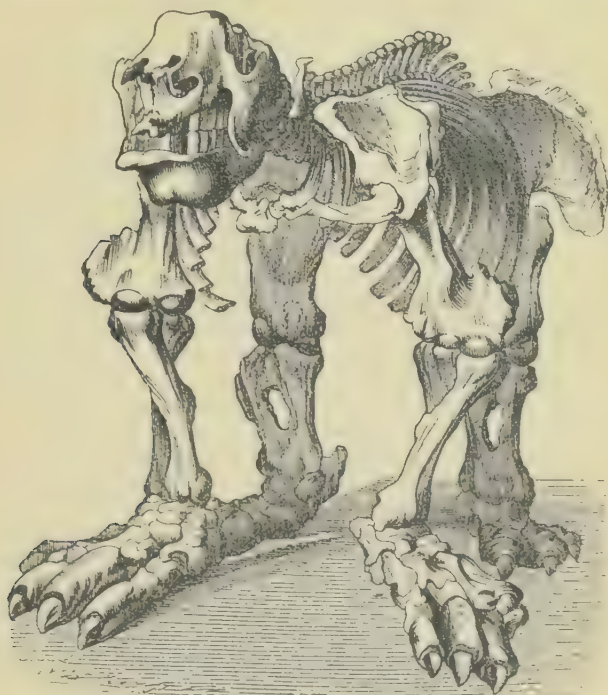
It now remains to inquire into the nature and peculiarities of the animals characterising the Pliocene age, which, for convenience, has

been arranged into two periods, the Older and Newer Pliocene, the latter of which immediately preceded the formation of the diluvial layer constituting the present superficial matter of the globe. Whereas only eighteen in the hundred of the Miocene shells were of recent species, in the Older Pliocene from thirty-five to fifty, and in the Newer Pliocene not less than from ninety to ninety-five in the hundred, are identical with shells of existing species. This great change is accompanied by the disappearance of the Palæotherian family and others, which formed the most striking animals in the periods immediately preceding. In place of these extinct species of extinct Pachydermatous or thick-skinned families, we observe in the strata of the Pliocene periods a vast number of remains of *existing* Pachydermatous families, such as the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, though these remains belong to varieties that are now extinct. The first traces also now appear of Ruminant animals—of oxen, deer, camels, and other creatures of the same class.

The enormous creature called the *Great Mastodon*, belonging to the Pliocene era, was the largest of all the fossil animals whose skeletons have been found *complete*, or nearly so. Much confusion has existed relative to this animal's true character, many naturalists regarding it as an extinct species of the elephant, and others holding that it approached nearer to the hippopotamus. Cuvier, however, determined it to be the head of a distinct family, comprehending several other species. It is about one hundred and twenty years since remains of the mastodon were first discovered in America, and vast quantities of them have been since found in the same region, buried chiefly in marshy grounds. One skeleton, nearly complete, was dug up on the banks of the Hudson in 1801, and it is from this that a correct knowledge of the animal has been principally derived. In height, the mastodon seems to have been about twelve feet, a stature which the Indian elephant occasionally attains. But the body of the mastodon was greatly elongated in comparison with the elephant's, and its limbs were thicker. The whole arrangement of the bony structure resembled that of the elephant, excepting in one point, which Cuvier regarded as of sufficient consequence to constitute the mastodon a different genus. This was the cheek-teeth, which are divided, on their upper surface, into a number of rounded, obtuse prominences, arranged not like the elephant's but like those of the wild boar and hippopotamus; whence it is concluded, that, like the latter animals, the mastodon must have lived on tender vegetables, roots, and aquatic plants, and could not have been carnivorous. The lower jaw of a skeleton found on the Hudson is two feet ten inches in length, and weighs *sixty-three pounds*. Like the elephant, the mastodon had two tusks, curving upwards, and formed of ivory, and, in the opinion of Cuvier, it had also a trunk of the same kind with the former animal's.

Another creature, belonging to the later Pliocene ages, if not indeed

to the era of the Diluvial formation, has been discovered in America, both north and south. This is the *Megatherium*, an animal more widely removed in character from any existing creature, than any of the other fossil remains that have been yet observed. The megatherium was discovered towards the end of the last century. A skeleton, almost entire, was found nearly at one hundred feet of depth, in



Scale of  Feet

Skeleton of *Megatherium*.

excavations made on the banks of the river Luxan, several leagues to the south-west of Buenos Ayres. The megatherium was a tardigrade (slow-moving) animal, like the sloth, and was at least the size of a common ox. Its limbs were terminated by five thick toes, attached to a series of huge flat metatarsal bones, or those bones with which the toes are continuous as in the human foot. 'Some of the toes,' says Buckland, in his notice of this creature, 'are terminated by large and powerful claws of great length; the bones supporting these



claws are composed partly of an axis, or pointed core, which filled the internal cavity of the horny claw; and partly of a bony sheath, that formed a strong case to receive and support its base.' These claws, from their position, were admirably calculated for the purpose of digging. The legs of this creature were of enormous thickness, its thigh-bone being nearly three times the thickness of the same bone in the elephant. The other bones of the megatherium were almost proportionably heavy. A still more remarkable feature, however, in the animal's structure, was the coat of armour, of solid bone, varying from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, which covered its hide, in the same manner as the armadillo's is encased by the same substance.

The habits and peculiarities of this stupendous sloth—for so the megatherium may be termed—are well described and explained in Dr Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*. After stating that with the head and shoulders of a sloth, it combined, in its legs and feet, an admixture of the characters of the ant-eater and the armadillo, and resembled them still more in being cased in a coat of armour, he continues: 'Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high; its feet were a *yard in length*, and terminated by most gigantic claws; its tail was probably clad in armour, and much larger than the tail of any other beast among living or extinct terrestrial mammalia. Thus heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred, it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground, and in all its movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary?—and what need of speed for flight from foes to a creature whose giant carcass was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his bony armour, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this behemoth of the Pampas (the South American region where it existed), or in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race?

'His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do; strong and ponderous, in proportion as this work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds; which, though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have, in their fossil bones, left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed.'

Another extinct tardigrade creature, presenting many of the characters of the megatherium, was discovered in a calcareous cavern in Virginia, and received from President Jefferson, who first described some of its bones, the name of the *Megalonyx*. Jefferson conceived the claw to be that of an extinct feline animal of vast size (that is to

say, an animal of the same description as the tiger, lion, cat, and lynx, all of which are beasts of prey); but the French naturalist declared the possessor of the claw to have been herbivorous, or calculated to live on herbs; and this was triumphantly proved by the discovery of others of its bones. The megalonyx appears (for a complete skeleton has not yet been found) to have been a little smaller in size than the megatherium. But the megalonyx, according to Cuvier, was herbivorous, after the manner of the sloth, since its teeth were conformed precisely like that animal's. From the resemblance of their feet also, he concludes that their gait was similar, and all their movements alike. The difference in volume of body, however, must have prevented the habits of the megalonyx from being perfectly analogous to those of the sloth. The megalonyx could but seldom have climbed up trees, because it must rarely have found any sufficiently strong to support its weight. But its height would enable it to browse, like the sloth, among the leaves of trees, without its being under the necessity of climbing any but such tall and strong ones as could bear its weight. It is even possible that the weight and strength of the creature may have been serviceable in bending down, and perhaps in overturning trees, the branches of which contained its food.

The next fossil animal to which we shall refer, is that long called the *Mammoth*, under the impression that it was a distinct genus, but which is now universally denominated the *Fossil Elephant*, as being an extinct species of that existing family. The mammoth (which name we shall retain for the sake of distinction) is rather to be regarded as a creature of the Diluvial than of the Pliocene period (that is to say, belonging to the age when, by means of floods, the present beds of gravel and hard clay, so often found between the rocks and vegetable soil, were laid down upon the earth), as some specimens have been discovered in Siberia, with portions of the flesh and hair actually preserved along with the bones among the ice. It was at first thought, when numbers of mammoth bones were discovered in Italy, and other southern countries of Europe, that they were the remains of elephants brought by the Romans and others from Asia and Africa; but the incalculable quantities of them ultimately detected in Russia and other districts, where elephants were never brought in the shape of oriental tribute as they were to Rome, shewed that their presence was to be attributed to natural causes, and not to the casual agency of man. In truth, the beds of the Volga, Don, and other northern rivers, are filled with them, and this can be accounted for only on the hypothesis, either of an alteration in the habits of the elephant, or of a great change of climate in these parts, or of some immense moving force on the face of the earth, which has carried them thither. The instance in which part of the flesh was found along with the bones, will supply us with a general description of the mammoth. When the animal, on this occasion, was first seen through

the mass of ice in which it lay, the soft parts were nearly entire. After the natives had fed their dogs for a long time with the mountainous hulk of flesh, Mr Adams of St Petersburg heard of it, and set out to see it. When he reached the spot, the skeleton was entire, with the exception of a fore-leg. The spine of the back, a shoulder-blade, the pelvis, and the rest of the extremities, were still united by ligaments and a portion of the skin. The other shoulder-blade was found at some distance. The head was covered with a dry skin. One of the ears, in high preservation, was furnished with a tuft of hair, and the pupil of the eye was still discernible. The brain was found in the skull, but in a dry state. The neck was furnished with a *long mane*; and the skin, generally, was covered with black hairs and a reddish sort of wool. Of the quantity of hair and bristles that had been on the body, some idea may be formed from the fact, that thirty pounds of them were gathered from the ground, where the dogs, in eating the flesh, had dropt them. The tusks were more than nine feet long, and the head, without the tusks, weighed more than four hundred pounds. Altogether, the skeleton of this mammoth was about the size of a large elephant's.

Skeletons similar to this have been found in abundance on the shores of the Arctic Sea. They differ in several minute points of structure from the common elephant, and on this circumstance the most rational explanation of their being found in such cold climates is founded. This explanation is, that the mammoth elephant was of a species fitted to be a native of cold countries; and of this reasoning the different structure and the long thick hair are held to be proofs. Whether this may be the case or not, it seems certain that the mammoth's existence must have been very recent, and must have approached closely to, if not encroached on, the era of man.

Within the last few years, extensive researches have been made in the Tertiary strata of India, and some interesting results have been made partially known. In these strata are found Pachyderms similar to those of the Paris basin; as also species allied to the pig, camel, giraffe, elephant, and horse. Amongst several other new ruminant animals, is one which has been called the Sivatherium, and which must have surpassed even the rhinoceros in size. The cranium is of a huge irregular shape, presenting in front a nasal process of bone for the support of a proboscis or thick upper lip; likewise two pairs of prominences further back, from which horns must have proceeded. The sivatherium was a ruminant approaching in character to the Pachyderms. But even this huge creature sinks into insignificance beside another of the Indian Tertiary animals, a tortoise, of which many remains have been found, and which from these would appear to have been identical with existing species of land habits, but the carapace or back-plate, of which reached the extraordinary length of twenty feet. The *Megalochelys Atlas*, as this animal has been called,

would greatly exceed the largest of living land animals in bulk : with the head and tail included in the measurement, it could not be much less than thirty feet long. Dr Falconer, who discovered this singular animal, thinks it may have survived as a species till the peopling of India with human beings, and he thinks it may account for some of the tales of Hindu mythology, particularly that which represents the world as supported by an elephant standing on the back of a tortoise.

A few bones of monkeys, the family of animals approaching nearest to the human species, have been found in various parts of the world—at Kyson, near Woodbridge, in Surrey ; in South America, and in India—all of them in Tertiary strata. As yet, no remains of human beings have been discovered in any similar situation. And hence it is inferred that the formation of the rocks terminating with the uppermost Tertiaries had been completed before man came into existence.

Scattered over the north of Europe and America—not only on the level dales, but on the top of the highest hills—are large blocks of stone. The rocks are moreover grooved, as by the passing of some heavy body over them in one continued course. Vast accumulations of clay, mostly unfossiliferous, but occasionally with Arctic shells in it, are also found. This is known to the Scottish agriculturist as the till, and to geologists is a fertile subject of dispute, under the name of the boulder-clay. The generally received explanation is, that at one time there was an age of floods, when large tracts of country, before that dry land, were covered with water, destroying the animals and plants then living ; succeeded by a cold period, when glaciers ground down from the valleys in the high mountains and hills, then mere islands in this glacial sea, and icebergs floated over the submerged land, grinding the rocks, and discharging their loads of earth and rock over the places where these are now found, as they do in the Arctic regions at the present day. The earth began to rise from the waters, and a warmer period succeeded ; another distribution of land took place, and the present forms of animal and vegetable life suitable to these conditions were established. The successive risings of the submerged land are exhibited by the ancient sea-beaches which are found all over our own and other countries, as described by Dr Chambers in his *Ancient Sea-Margins*. The same submergence and upheaval is still going on, and though we are accustomed to talk of the ‘stable land’ and the ‘unstable sea,’ the contrary is true. There is probably no portion of the world which is not imperceptibly sinking or rising, though this has been more noted in northern countries than elsewhere. Celsius noticed, in the middle of last century, that former seaport towns on the Gulf of Bothnia were inland, and fishing-places deserted, because there was no water in the harbours.

It has since been found that the rise of land extended over a wide



area, at the rate of five feet in a century, though at Stockholm it was only a few inches. At other places there is a depression, as at Scania, in Sweden. In 1799, Linnæus measured the distance of a stone from the sea, which in 1836 was a hundred feet nearer. There is also evidence of an alternation of sea and land at long intervals. Whilst digging a canal in 1819, the workmen passed through sixty feet of marine strata. They then came on fishermen's huts of the rudest description, containing the remains of fires, charred food, vessels with wooden plugs instead of nails, wood cut by some kind of hatchet, &c.—all betokening a state of things prior to the introduction of iron. Therefore we must conclude that the sea had come over the huts, and after the sixty feet of sand, shells, &c. had been deposited, they were elevated (when, we cannot say) to their present level. On the west coast of Greenland, there is a gradual sinking of the land. Huts are now under water, and the frames which the Esquimaux used to support their *kayaks* on are out in the sea. Yet there seems to have been a rise of the coast of Greenland previous to this—marine shells of living species being now found high above the sea-level.

The caves found in England and elsewhere containing the bones of hyenas, &c., may be referred to the beginning of the glacial period, or at latest to the period immediately preceding that age. In the valley of the Somme in France, and in other places, peat is found containing Celtic implements imbedded in it, and below this peat (which is of great thickness, and must have taken a very great length of time to form) are found gravels of a very much older date, containing bones of the mammoth, &c., with flint implements of an exceedingly primitive type. Sir Charles Lyell, who has investigated the whole subject, considers that these and other similar facts prove that man was contemporary in Europe with two species of extinct elephant, two species of extinct rhinoceros, at least one species of hippopotamus, the cave bear, cave lion, and cave hyena, beside various other species of extinct quadrupeds. 'While these were slowly passing away, the musk buffalo, the reindeer, and other Arctic species which have survived to our times, were retreating northward from the valley of the Thames and the Seine to their present more Arctic haunts.\*'

At that time, England must have been joined to the continent of Europe, and the British Islands to one another. Reasoning on such data, many eminent naturalists are beginning to entertain strong conviction that the date of man's advent on the globe is much more remote than is usually supposed; and though we must modify our views to a great extent, yet we must remember that the evidence laid before us is only tentative, and that we must wait patiently for the unravelling of the almost daily discoveries bearing on the subject, before we hastily cast aside the faith of ages.

\* Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 375.



## LAROCHEJAQUELEIN AND THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE.

**T**HE war in La Vendée is as interesting a struggle as any which occurs in history. Similar in many respects to that of the Scottish Highlanders under Montrose at the time of our own revolution, it is precisely the kind of struggle that will interest all who have any strong patriotic feeling, any pity for the crushed and injured, any admiration for courage and daring, any regard for the noble men whom God has made unfortunate.

In the year 1789-90, the revolutionary spirit had gone abroad over all France, except La Vendée, a district in the western part of the kingdom, adjoining the Atlantic Ocean on one side, and the Loire on another. The interior of this district, which we have sketched in the accompanying map, was called the *Bocage*, or thicket, and the strip on the sea-coast was styled the *Marais*, or marsh. The Bocage, plenteously covered with hedgerows and brushwood, formed a pretty rural scene, enriched with farm-houses, villages, churches, and old-fashioned châteaux, or residences of landed gentry.

At the period to which we allude, the population of La Vendée consisted in a great measure of small farmers, a prosperous and contented race, living under a body of kind landlords. According to all accounts, the relation between the landlord and his tenants was all that philanthropists could now desire. Nowhere had the aristocratic principle shone with so beneficent a lustre. The proprietors, most of whom belonged to the ranks of the nobility, were

constantly meeting, chatting, and laughing with their tenants, and, if need be, lending them their advice and assistance. The landlord's



family went to all the weddings, and on the occasion of every festival, all the young people on the estate came to dance in the courtyard of the château. Returning from the gaieties of Paris, the gentry were careful to resume the primitive Vendéan habits. Fond of field-sports, they invited all classes to join them; at the time and place appointed, they all met with their guns—farmers, peasants, and proprietors together—each having his assigned place in the hunt. In this manner, by frequent out-door amusements and occupations, the Vendéans were physically a strong and hardy race.

With substantially nothing to complain of, attached to their landlords, their religion, and the old forms of government, the people of La Vendée viewed the revolutionary outbreak with distrust, and shrunk from taking any part in the movement. They therefore remained tranquil until 1791, when the Constituent Assembly decreed that the clergy, like other public functionaries, should take the civic oath. The penalty for refusing was the loss of livings. Many thousands refused, and hence arose a distinction between the *Constitutional* and *Nonconforming* clergy. In the place of those who were ejected from their livings, others with a more convenient conscience were appointed. The clergy of La Vendée generally refused to take the oath; and, countenanced by the people, openly retained their parishes in spite of the government; an act of contumacy which could not long escape punishment. On the 29th of November 1791, a decree was accordingly passed peremptorily ordering all the priests who had not yet taken the civic oath to do so within a week, under pain of forfeiting the pensions they still held, of expulsion from the district if necessary, and, in certain cases, of imprisonment. The local authorities were stringently required to see this decree put in force, and they were empowered to put down every insurrection

with a strong hand. Intellectually to assist the operation of this decree, the refractory districts were to be flooded with cheap reprints of popular philosophical works, and with enlightened new publications—a project which proved of efficacy in many places, but was of small avail in La Vendée.

During the whole of 1792, La Vendée continued in a state of violent ebullition; the local authorities carrying out the decree with considerable rigour, and the peasants everywhere offering resistance. When they were turned out, the nonconforming clergy hid themselves in the woods; thither the people flocked to hear them, the men carrying muskets in their hands; and if they were surprised by the military, a skirmish took place. It was not till the spring of 1793, after the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI., that anything like a rising took place, and then only in consequence of the new and stringent measures to raise men for the army of the Republic. The Convention, as the governing body was now called, on the 24th of February decreed a levy of 30,000 men throughout France. Every parish was to supply an allotted number of conscripts. Sunday the 10th of March had been fixed as the day of drawing in many parishes of Anjou and Poitou; and, in expectation of resistance, artillery and gendarmes were in attendance. In the town of St Florent, on the Loire, especial precautions had been adopted; cannons stood ready loaded to fire at a moment's notice. Some disturbance having broken out, a cannon was fired, and this was the signal for insurrection. René Forêt, a young man, heading a body of peasants, rushed forward, and seizing the gun, quickly dispersed the authorities, civil and military. The party afterwards proceeded to the municipality, took whatever arms they could find, collected all the papers, and made a bonfire of them amid huzzas and shouts of laughter. Having remained together for an hour or two in high spirits, they dispersed, each individual taking his own direction homeward through the Bocage, and reciting to every one he met the exploits of the day.

In the course of the evening, intelligence of this event was communicated to Jacques Cathelineau, a hawker of woollen goods in the small town of Pin. Jacques was a shrewd, painstaking, and neighbourly man; a good converser, and a species of oracle in the district. He was a middle-sized man, with a broad forehead, and in the prime of life, being thirty-five years of age. As soon as Jacques heard of the insurrection, he resolved on leaving wife and family, and putting himself at its head; it was, he said, the cause of God and religion, and it was plainly his duty to sit no longer idle. Acting on this impulse, he instantly set out, going from house to house scattering his burning words, and in a few hours he had twenty-seven followers, all vigorous and earnest. The civil war in La Vendée had begun.

With his small and trusty band, Jacques proceeded onward to the



village of Poitevinère, recruiting all the way, and rousing the country by setting the church bells a-ringing. With about a hundred men, armed mostly with pitchforks and clubs, he made a bold beginning by attacking the château of Tallais, garrisoned by a hundred and fifty republican soldiers, or Blues, as they were contemptuously termed, commanded by a physician of the name of Bousseau, and possessed of one cannon. The attack was over in a moment. The cannon was fired; but the shot passed over their heads, and Cathelineau and his men dashed on to the hand-grapple. The Blues fled—Bousseau was taken prisoner. The peasants also got fire-arms, horses, and ammunition, and they had now procured a cannon. Delighted with the prize, they almost hugged it for joy, and with a mixture of pious faith and shrewdness, they christened it *The Missionary*. Losing no time at Tallais, they marched to Chemillé, where there was a garrison of two hundred Blues, with three cannon. The insurgents took Chemillé with even greater ease than they had taken Tallais, and were rewarded with more cannon and fire-arms. At the same time recruits were fast pouring in from all directions.

Meanwhile there were similar commotions in other parts of the Bocage. Forêt, the hot-spirited young man who had begun the affray at St Florent, had gone home, like the rest, that evening; he lived at Chanzeaux. Next morning, a party of gendarmes, led by a guide, came to arrest him. Forêt, who expected the visit, saw them coming, fired, killed the guide, and then darting off through the hedges, ran to the church and set the bell a-ringing. The peasants flocked out and gathered round him. Another rising took place at a short distance, on the estate of Maulévrier. The proprietor was absent, and nobody representing him was on the property except the *garde chasse*, or gamekeeper. This man's name was Nicolas Stofflet. He was a large and powerful man, of German descent, with stern, strongly marked features, a swarthy complexion, black hair and black eyes, and had a vehement determined way of speaking, with a German accent. He was forty years of age, had served sixteen of these in the army, where his courage and strong sense had raised him above the rank of a common soldier, and it was there that he had attracted the notice of the proprietor of Maulévrier, on whose estate he now held the situation of gamekeeper. Though noted for a blunt, harsh, positive manner, he had an extraordinary degree of native sagacity, great acquired knowledge of affairs, a frame of iron, and the courage of a desperado. On the day that the gendarmes went to arrest Forêt, a detachment of national guards came from Cholet, a town in the neighbourhood, to the château of Maulévrier, and carried off twelve cannon, which were kept as family relics. Burning with rage at this insult, Stofflet vowed vengeance, and roused the peasantry to the number of two hundred. This was on the 11th. On the 14th, these two bands,

Stofflet's and Forêt's, with others raised in a similar manner, joined themselves to that of Cathelineau.

On the 16th, these combined forces attacked Cholet. Beating the national guards, they gained possession of a considerable quantity of arms, money, and ammunition. Scarcely was the combat over, when Cathelineau hearing that the national guards of Saumur were at that moment on their way to Vihiers, sent a part of his forces to attack them. At Vihiers, the guards fled, abandoning their arms, and among the rest a peculiar-looking brass cannon. This cannon had been taken from the Château de Richelieu, and was the identical one which Louis XIII. had given to the great Cardinal Richelieu. The peasants immediately conceived a great veneration for this precious relic. They thought they could trace in the engraving with which it was covered an image of the Virgin, and so they called it *Marie Jeanne*.

It was now Saturday night, and to-morrow was Easter Sunday. Cathelineau's little army broke up, the peasants all wending their way through the bushy labyrinth to their several homes, to prepare for the solemnities of the morrow. They were to re-assemble when these were over. Thoughts of the events of the past week, and of the dangers of the enterprise to which they had committed themselves, mingled, we may suppose, with their prayers and pious ceremonies. Cathelineau, at least, had been thinking busily; for we shall find that, on the reassembling of the little army, he came prepared with a scheme for their future proceedings.

In a single week, it is observed, not a little had been effected in the district, which embraced the south of Anjou and the north of Poitou. But all through the south of Bretagne, and the lower part of Poitou, including the district called the Marais, the draughting of recruits had been attended with similar effects. At Chalais and Machecoul especially, there were vigorous demonstrations. At the former town, one Gaston, a barber, who had killed a revolutionist officer, headed the rising. At Machecoul, the outbreak was headed by a private gentleman, a keen royalist, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, had seen some of the terrible doings at Paris, and was now living on a small estate. His name was the Chevalier de Charette. Twice the peasants about Machecoul came to him, begging him to come and be their leader, and as often he refused. They came a third time, threatening to kill him if he did not comply with their wishes. 'Oh,' said Charette, 'you force me, do you? Well, then, I shall be your leader; but, remember, the first one who disobeys me, I shall blow his brains out.' Charette was as extraordinary a man as any of the Vendée heroes, though different in character from them all; but his story is the narrative of a whole insurrection in itself, which continued later than that with which alone we are at present concerned, and therefore we pass him by with a slight notice. The army which he led was called that of

Bas-Poitou, to distinguish it from the Vendée army which Cathelineau headed, and which was called the army of Haut-Poitou. The existence of these two armies, conducting operations near each other at the same time, but totally independent of each other, is to be borne in remembrance. While we are following the proceedings of the army of Haut-Poitou, it is to be recollected, therefore, that another army was carrying on similar operations. Occasionally the two armies co-operated; Charette, however, seems to have disliked acting in concert with other commanders, and regulated his own movements.

To return to Cathelineau and Stofflet. After Easter, the peasants reassembled in large numbers. One of Cathelineau's first propositions, after the little army collected, was to insist upon the necessity of securing one or two royalist gentlemen to join their enterprise and become its leaders. 'It is for the nobles to be our generals,' said he. 'We are as brave as they are; but they understand the art of war better than we do.' The proposal was received with enthusiasm; and that day, by dint of entreaties and deputations, they dragged three of the most popular royalist gentlemen of the neighbourhood out of the retirement of their châteaux. These were M. de Bonchamp, M. d'Elbée, and M. Dommaigné. Bonchamp was a man of about thirty-three years of age, and of noble family: he had served in India, but had resigned his commission on being required to take the Revolution oath; had emigrated, but after a little while returned to his estate in the Bocage. He was one of the ablest and best-liked officers the Vendéans ever had; and his great military experience made his services particularly valuable. D'Elbée had served in the army too; he was a little man of about forty years of age, with good abilities, and great personal courage; exceedingly devout, somewhat vain, consequential, and touchy. The last of the three gentlemen mentioned, Dommaigné, had been a captain of carabineers, and was also a valuable acquisition. Having secured these three generals to share the command with Cathelineau and Stofflet, the peasants were prepared for all that might come against them.

At that time, there was living at the château of Clisson, farther south in Poitou than the scene of the occurrences we have been describing, a royalist family named Lescure. The Marquis de Lescure, the head of the family, was a young man of twenty-six years of age, who had lately inherited the property from his father, and been married to Mademoiselle Donnissan, a young lady who had been on terms of intimacy with the queen and other members of the royal family. Having fortunately escaped from Paris when their lives were menaced by a revolutionary mob, they retreated to their castle of Clisson, where their hospitality was extended to a number of distressed royalists.

Among the personages who had taken up their residence at Clisson,

there was a young man, a friend of M. de Lescure, by name Henri du Verger, Count de Larochejaquelein. This young man, the son of a colonel, was himself a cavalry-officer in the king's guard. Though all his family had emigrated, Henri would not, and, leaving Paris after the terrible 10th of August 1792, he was heard to say : ' I am going to my native province, and you will shortly hear something of me.' After residing for some time by himself in his château of La Durbellière, situated in one of the disturbed parishes, he had come to live with his friend Lescure at Clisson. He was only twenty years of age, but tall, and singularly handsome. With fair hair, a fine oval face, more English than French, and a proud eagle look, never did hussar sit on horseback with a nobler bearing than that of the generous, dashing, chivalrous Henri. His appearance, indeed, was exceedingly prepossessing, and his conversation only increased the fascination of his manner. It was pleasant to hear him speak ; his mode of expressing himself was so simple, so intense, so quaint, so laconic. At present, his fault was in being too impulsive, too daring ; but this high-souled impatience seemed to make him more an object of attraction. The peasants adored him. And afterwards, when they saw him dashing on at their head into the thick of the enemy, the first man in a charge or defending a bridge, making his horse wheel and his sabre flash amid whistling bullets, or the last man in a retreat, they could have stood still and looked on for sheer admiration. Such was Henri Larochejaquelein.

During the early part of the insurrection, none of the inmates of Clisson had thought it necessary to interfere ; but now it was evident that the time had arrived when they should take part either with the peasants or with the authorities. It was decided that when it became necessary to act, they would all join the insurrection. The day was approaching when the militia were to be drawn for in the parish in which Clisson was situated, and young Larochejaquelein had to submit to be drawn for with the rest. The evening before the drawing, a young peasant came to the château charged with a message to Henri from his aunt Mademoiselle de Larochejaquelein, who resided a little way off, near the scene of Charette's operations. This young man told Henri that the peasants in the quarter from which he had come were going to rise to-morrow, and that they were all exceedingly anxious to have him for their leader. Henri, whose mind was already made up, and who, in fact, was only waiting for a good opportunity, declared his readiness to go that instant. Lescure was for accompanying him, but Henri urged the folly of committing a whole family, till it should be ascertained whether the enterprise were feasible. It was then urged by Madame Donnissan that Henri's departure might draw down the vengeance of the authorities on the inmates of the château ; and this almost had the effect of shaking the young man's resolution ; but at last, putting on that energetic look which never afterwards left him,



he exclaimed: 'If they do arrest you, I shall come and deliver you.'

This intrepid young man accordingly set out to join the insurgents; and shortly after his departure, the other inmates of the castle, including Lescure and his wife, were taken into custody, and conducted to Bressuire, where we shall leave them in confinement, till we return to the general course of the war.

#### PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

For several weeks after Easter, the insurrection spread like wild-fire over the whole of Anjou and Haut-Poitou, and, generally speaking, the authorities of the district, with all the military they could command, were completely worsted. The Convention, roused by the intelligence that all La Vendée was in a blaze, took strong and decisive measures. On the 2d of April, a decree was passed appointing a military commission, with authority to try and execute, within twenty-four hours, all peasants taken with arms in their hands, as well as all who should be denounced as suspicious persons. Two representatives or delegates of the Convention were to see these measures put in force. Berruyer, a fresh general, was sent down to supersede Marce. A large army of reserve, levied for the defence of Paris, and composed principally of Parisian sans-culottes, were marched into the Bocage, with two more representatives in their train. After a little skirmishing, Berruyer and his army made their way into the heart of the Bocage, whither also Cathelineau, Stofflet, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée were on their march at the head of a large straggling mass of peasants. The two came in sight of each other on the 11th of April at Chemillé, and there halted. On the morrow, the peasants were to fight their first pitched battle, and accordingly great were the bustle and preparation. Among the Vendéans there was an old artilleryman of the name of Bruno, and to this man Cathelineau had intrusted the pointing of the cannon. All the day before the battle, Bruno was going about more excited than usual, and bragging that he would be a rich man yet; and this being somewhat suspicious, he was watched, and detected in the night-time pulling out the charges of the cannons, and reloading them with earth and sand instead of iron. Bruno was instantly shot, and his body thrown into a river—the first and last Vendéan, the peasants boast, that ever was a traitor. Next day, when the fight began, the revolutionary soldiers were somewhat disconcerted when the cannon of the enemy fired iron instead of sand. Part of the army, however, headed by Berruyer, fought heroically till the evening. The cartridges of the peasants were now beginning to fail, and their spirits were flagging, when, two bodies of the enemy committing the mistake of falling foul of each other in the darkness, a confusion arose, which D'Elbée and his men taking advantage

of, a complete havoc and dispersion was the result. Berruyer was compelled to retreat, pursued by the Vendéans. Thus, though not without great loss, the peasants had gained their first pitched battle; and often in their subsequent reverses did they encourage themselves by recollecting 'the grand shock of Chemillé.' Berruyer wrote to the Committee of Public Safety, announcing his defeat. It was no insignificant affair, he told them, this Vendée insurrection. The peasants, he said, were brave, and fought with the enthusiasm of fanatics who believed death in the field to be a passport to heaven. He complained, too, of the miserably ill-provided state of his army, and of the cowardice of the new recruits, who, he said, would not stand fire. This report was of course kept secret from the public; the success of the Revolution, like that of every other enterprise, depending greatly on its being thought to be succeeding. But Berruyer was not a man to be easily beaten. He continued in the Bocage, his columns advancing and coming into frequent collision with the Vendéans; now routed, now victorious; avoiding another general engagement in the meantime, but gradually creeping round the insurgent army, and encircling it with a chain of posts.

It was at this point in the progress of the war that Henri Larochejaquelein arrived among the insurgents, having been necessarily detained a few days at St Aubin, the residence of his aunt, by the way. He was received with gloomy despair. Bonchamp and Cathelineau told him that it would not be possible to continue under arms, for all the posts were in the hands of the enemy; the stock of ammunition was exhausted; and, to crown the evil, the peasants, unaccustomed to be long absent from home, were bent upon disbanding. Ruin, they told their young and sanguine visitor, was inevitable. Henri did not stay to hear more, but went back to his aunt's at St Aubin. Here, again, bad news awaited him. The Blues were at the door; they had pressed forward from Bressuire, and taken Aubières. The peasants all round were inconceivably excited; they had hoisted the white flag on all their churches; they wished to fight the Blues, but they had no leader. Hearing that young Larochejaquelein was at his aunt's, they came to him in crowds, beseeching him to put himself at their head. They wanted to fight, they said; and in a day's time there would be more than ten thousand of them. Henri assented: away they ran to spread the news. All night the church-bells were tolling; the fields were indistinctly swarming in the dusk with men making their way in twos and threes from their farm-houses through the wickets in the hedges; and a constant stream was creeping in the darkness through the labyrinth of paths, speaking determinedly to each other with suppressed voices. Early in the morning they had assembled almost to the promised number. Some had sticks, many had pitchforks, others had spits; their fire-arms amounted altogether to only two hundred fowling-pieces. Henri had managed to procure about sixty

pounds of quarriers' gunpowder. When the young leader appeared to inspect his troops, they stopped eating the pieces of brown bread they held in their hands, and gathered eagerly round him. 'My friends,' said he, 'if my father were here, you would have confidence in him. For me, I am but a boy; but I shall prove by my courage that I am worthy to lead you. If I advance, follow me; if I flinch, kill me; if I die, avenge me!' 'There spoke a hero,' said Napoleon afterwards, quoting the speech, as being exactly the thing for the Vendéans. The cheering was loud and long; and when, not having breakfasted, he took a hunch of their brown bread, and ate it along with them, while somebody had gone away for a white loaf, oh! they could have hugged him to their very hearts for fondness. God bless him, their fair-haired, heroic young leader!

They went to Aubières first; the peasants, notwithstanding their zeal, being not a little frightened, not knowing exactly what a battle was like, nor how they should behave in it. With very little trouble they expelled the Blues out of the village, chasing them almost to Bressuire. But anxious as he was to release Lescure, Larochejaquelein thought it better to go and extricate Cathelineau and his army out of their difficulties; so he marched to Tiffauges with the cannon and ammunition he had taken; and by the help of this reinforcement, the Vendéan army was soon able to redeem its losses, retake Cholet and Chemillé, and beat the enemy out of all their strong positions.

The army advanced upon Bressuire; and the rumour that the brigands, as the Vendéans were named, were coming, drove the Blues out of that town, retreating to Thouars. Lescure, with his wife and friends, were now released, and having reached their château, they were planning means for joining the insurgents, when Henri Larochejaquelein galloped into the courtyard. He explained to them the state of affairs, and the prospects of the insurrection. The grand army of Haut-Poitou, commanded by Cathelineau, Bonchamp, Stofflet, &c. consisted, he said, of 20,000 men; and on any emergency they had but to sound the tocsin, and it would swell to 40,000. In addition to these, there was a body of 12,000 natives of Bretagne, who had crossed the Loire, and joined the grand army. Then in the Marais, on the sea-coast, Charette had an army of 20,000, and was doing wonders. Besides all these, there were numerous bands fighting here and there under other leaders. An account so promising put them all in high spirits; and it was agreed that Lescure should accompany his friend to Bressuire next day to join the army; that the Marquis de Donnissan, Madame Lescure's father, should follow them as soon as possible; and that Madame Lescure, Madame Donnissan, and the rest, should be conveyed to the Château de la Boulaye, which would be the safest residence. On joining the insurgents, Lescure, as a matter of course, became one of their generals. Donnissan, not being a Vendéan by birth,

would assume no direct command; but all through the war he exerted a species of governing influence.

#### MILITARY ORGANISATION—THE WAR AT ITS HEIGHT.

The organisation of the Vendéan armies was peculiar. A staff always remained in arms; but the great mass of the army fluctuated, assembling and disbanding with the occasion. When anything was to be done, the windmill sails were seen going on the hills, the horns were heard blowing in the woods, and persons on the watch set the church bells a-tolling. The people, flocking to the church, were summoned, in the name of God and the king, to assemble at a particular hour and place. The men set out immediately, taking provisions with them; the gentry and rich people of the parishes supplying grain and cattle. All along the road, too, women used to be waiting, telling their beads on their knees, offering provisions to the men as they passed on to the rendezvous. The expeditions never lasted more than four or five days. After either a victory or a defeat, the army melted away like a mass in a state of dissolution, and no entreaty could prevail on the peasants to remain together, either to follow up the one or to retrieve the other; so much did they long, after a day or two's absence, to revisit their farms and their homes. Obedient enough in the field of battle, the peasants did not consider themselves deprived of the right of judging what ought to be done on any given occasion; and if their generals did anything they thought wrong or unfair, they very freely said so. At first there was no commander-in-chief, but each of the generals commanded the peasants of his own neighbourhood—Cathelineau those of Pin, Stofflet those of Maulévrier, &c.; and the generals together formed a council of war. Of the inferior officers, some were gentlemen, and some were peasants; the bravest and best-informed men becoming officers in the mere jostle with each other. As relations and neighbours served in the same body, it was noted that they were very attentive to each other, and that if one were wounded, he was carefully conveyed out of the field by his comrades. There were physicians in the army, who took charge of the wounded; and there was a kind of central hospital at St Laurent. For dress, the men had common blue overcoats, with woollen bonnets or broad-rimmed hats adorned with knots of white ribbons.

In one of their early battles, La Rochejaquelein was seen fighting with a red handkerchief tied brigand-fashion round his head, and another round his waist, holding his pistols. 'Aim at the red handkerchief,' cried the Blues. The officers and men insisted on his giving up what made him so conspicuous a mark for bullets; but he would not; and so after that the red handkerchiefs became common in the army. The officers did not use the ordinary military phraseology. Instead of saying: 'To the right,' 'To the left,' and



such-like, they told their men to go up to that white house, or to go round about that large tree, &c. The favourite manœuvre of the Vendéans was 'going to the shock,' as they called it: that is, seizing the enemy's artillery. The strongest and most active among them went straight up to the battery; the moment they saw the flash, they fell flat on their faces, letting the iron shower whiz overhead; then springing up, they rushed forward, leaped on the cannon, and grappled with the artillerymen. Frequently, also, they used to lie in wait for a band of republicans they knew to be approaching. In that case, the order given by the commander, when he was aware the enemy were near, was '*Eparpillez vous, mes gars*' ('Scatter yourselves, boys'). Instantly the whole mass would disperse hither and thither, parties of six and seven creeping stealthily along, concealing themselves behind hedges and bushes, one hand resting on the ground, the other holding the fatal gun. All is still as death, the trees and bushes waving treacherously in the wind. The doomed troop comes marching on, preceded by scouts, feeling as if some unknown danger were near. As soon as they are fairly jammed up in the path, as in a huge gutter, a cry is heard not far off, like that of an owl. Suddenly, from behind every tuft, every bush, there issues a flash; scores of men fall among their comrades' feet, blocking up the path, and throwing the whole troop into confusion. Enraged and infuriated, they try to scale the banks on both sides of the path to come at their unseen assailants, who by this time, however, are behind another row of hedges, recharging their guns.

Let us now pursue the route of the grand army, which we left at Bressuire. From that town they marched straight to Thouars, to which, it will be remembered, the Blues had retreated after evacuating Bressuire. On the 7th of May they attacked this town. First, there was a distant cannonading, then a hard fight crossing a bridge, then a battering down of old rotten walls; and at last, Quetlineau, the brave republican general who commanded, was obliged to surrender. The inhabitants of Thouars were in a great panic, especially the public functionaries; but all the mischief the royalists did, after the surrender of the town, was to burn the Tree of Liberty, and, as was their usual practice, all the papers of the administration. At Thouars the army gained several important accessions, some of them young and noble emigrants, who embraced this opportunity of fighting in behalf of royalty; others were deserters from the republicans. There came in one singular personage, a tall man of imposing mien, whom some of the royalist officers recognised as the Abbé Guyot de Folleville, a priest who had originally taken the civic oath, but had afterwards recanted, left Paris, and settled in Poitou, where he soon aquired a great reputation for sanctity. In an interview which he had with the generals, this man styled himself Bishop of Agra, telling them a strange story

of his being one of four apostolic vicars appointed by the Pope for the whole of France, and of his having been secretly consecrated by a conclave of the nonjuring bishops held at St Germain. The story was feasible enough, and no one discredited it. Nothing could exceed the joy of the devout peasants on being told that their cause was now blessed by the presence and countenance of no less a man than the holy Abbé Folleville, Bishop of Agra.

After staying about a week at Thouars, the royalists, greatly reduced in numbers, set out for Fontenay, passing through Parthenay and Chataigneraie. Reaching Fontenay on the 16th of May, they made a brisk attack; but were eventually, owing to the smallness of their force, repulsed with the loss of almost all their artillery, *Marie Jeanne* included. This defeat, the priests impressed upon them, was nothing else than a divine judgment for certain excesses committed at Chataigneraie, on their march to Fontenay. Giving the army already assembled a day or two's rest, Cathelineau left it at Fontenay, scouring the Bocage in person, everywhere shewing his broad calm forehead, rousing the downcast peasants. In nine days he was back with fresh forces; and, urged on by an enthusiasm half-martial half-religious, the royalists again attacked Fontenay without cannon, without ammunition, without everything by the help of which towns are usually taken, confiding in the Bishop of Agra's blessing and their own desperate hand-grapple. Fontenay was taken; and, what delighted the peasants more, *Marie Jeanne*, the best beloved of their cannon, was their own again, torn by the valour of young Forêt from the hands of the retreating enemy as they were dragging it away to Niort. The prisoners taken at Fontenay had their heads shaven, in order that they might be known again, and were then dismissed; and this plan of treating the prisoners became general.

While resting at Fontenay after the battle, and deliberating what should be their next route, the generals were struck with the necessity, now that they were actually wresting the Bocage out of the hands of the Revolution, of establishing some kind of government, to reside permanently in a central locality, administer the affairs of the whole district, and also provide supplies for the army; while the generals, relieved in this way of all civil care, should be marching from place to place, storming towns, and fighting the enemy. Accordingly, a body of eighteen or nineteen persons was appointed to sit at Chatillon, and administer affairs under the title of the Superior Council. Of this council the Bishop of Agra was president; there were many advocates among the members: but the master-intellect in it, and the man who, by the force of his overbearing energy, carried everything his own way, was an ecclesiastic, the Abbé Bernier, a bold, gripping, ambitious, essentially bad and selfish man, with a deep scheming brain, a commanding person, a ready eloquent pen, and a fine sounding voice.

In these arrangements the generals spent some time, the peasants as usual dispersing themselves through the Bocage. Meanwhile the Convention, roused to the absolute necessity of doing something decisive, and dissatisfied with the bad management of Berruyer, sent down, to supersede him in the command, Biron, a brave unfortunate man, who dishonourably served a Revolution he disagreed with, and died on the scaffold declaring himself a royalist. Biron's subordinates were Santerre the brewer, and Westermann, whose abilities and inhumanity did so much for the Revolution which guillotined him. Fresh troops were also sent into La Vendée. They were already occupying strong positions in the north of Poitou. The most important of these was Saumur, a considerable town on the Loire. The royalists therefore determined to march north again and attack this town. After some fighting by the way, they arrived at Saumur on the 9th of June, spent the night in pious exercises, and next morning commenced the attack in three parties. Lescure, fighting at the head of one, was wounded, his men fled, and the rout of that division would have been complete but for a lucky accident. Two wagons had been overturned on a bridge, and this checked the pursuit, and gave the fugitives time to rally. At the head of another division, La Rochejaquelein and Cathelineau attacked a body of republicans encamped outside the town. The ditch was crossed, and Henri, flinging his hat with its feather inside the fortifications, cried out : 'Who will go and fetch it?' and then sprang in himself, followed by Cathelineau and a number more. Evening put an end to the conflict, which it was resolved to renew in the morning ; but so great had been the loss sustained by the Blues, that they evacuated the town in the night-time, leaving the besiegers a great many prisoners, plenty of ammunition, eighty cannon, and some thousand muskets. Remaining a day or two at Saumur, the insurgents were joined by several individuals already distinguished, or who afterwards became so ; among others, by the Prince de Talmont, a young and noble emigrant, who had hitherto been leading a dissolute life in England, but had now resolved to give himself up to great actions. Here also the generals came to the important resolution of appointing some one of their number commander-in-chief. But which of them all should it be?—the simple, peasant-like, God-fearing Cathelineau, with his broad forehead, large heart, and fiery utterance ; the swarthy, iron-visaged Stofflet ; the gentle, unassuming Bonchamp, with his powerful inventive faculty and great military experience ; the somewhat consequential and pedantic, but really devout and well-meaning D'Elbée ; the grave, silent, thinking Lescure, so recollective and so resolute ; or the odd-opinioned, outspoken, chivalrous, high-souled young Henri ? Lescure, whose character it befitted to make the proposal, named Cathelineau, and Cathelineau was unanimously appointed general-in-chief of the royalist army of Louis XVII.

Alas ! the noble peasant-commander had not long to live. The republicans, after the loss of Saumur, had vacated all the surrounding district, and concentrated their strength in Nantes, a large town also situated on the Loire, but some fifty or sixty miles west of Saumur, and not far from the sea-coast. The royalist generals deliberated what should be their next step ; there was a keen debate, Stofflet almost quarrelling with Bonchamp for proposing a plan which required delay ; but at last, most of the generals siding with Stofflet, it was resolved to besiege Nantes. This town being in the province of the Bretons, they hoped, by taking it, to draw into the insurrection the whole of that hardy population. Accordingly, leaving Lescure wounded at La Boulaye, and Larochejaquelein, much against his will, in Saumur with a garrison, the royalist army set out for Nantes along the northern bank of the Loire, sweeping its route clear of the few straggling republicans that were left, and picking up recruits as it went on. Still, as this line of march did not lie through the Bocage, and as the peasants had a strong repugnance to fighting far away from home, Cathelineau reached Nantes with a force much smaller than usual. To make up for this, however, Charette, who had been carrying on an independent set of military operations in the district bordering on the sea, was prevailed upon by the representations of Lescure to join his forces with those of Cathelineau, and co-operate with him at least in the present siege. The idea of trying to bring about a permanent coalition between the royalist army of Haut-Poitou under Cathelineau, and that of Bas-Poitou under Charette—a coalition which Napoleon emphatically declares might have crushed the Republic—originated either with Bonchamp or with Larochejaquelein. The siege of Nantes, however, was almost the only case in which the two armies really co-operated. On the evening of the 28th of June, the republican sentinels of Nantes saw far off in the horizon the bivouac-fires of the approaching royalist army, and heard their horns blowing like the lowing of bulls. The commanders, Beysser and Canclaux, prepared for the attack of the morning. The fight was long and bloody : the royalists had penetrated the suburbs ; the Blues were giving way ; they were flying ; when, unluckily, the Prince de Talmont turned two cannon upon a path of exit from the town, into which the fugitives were crowding, and which Cathelineau had purposely left open. Beysser saw this mistake, rallied his troops, who now began to fight with the courage of despair. Cathelineau, who had already had two horses killed under him, gathered a few faithful men of his native village round him for a last decisive effort : making all of them the sign of the cross after their leader, they dashed themselves impetuously against this single obstacle between them and a great victory. The shock was irresistible. Cathelineau was fighting in the crowded street : at this moment a gun was seen pointed from a window ; it was fired : Cathelineau fell, wounded in the breast. It ran from



rank to rank : 'Cathelineau is wounded—is dead !' The royalists lost all courage ; Beysser rallied, and drove them out of the town ; their retreat being made less disastrous, however, by the exertions of Charette. The attack on Nantes had ended fatally for the royalists. They had lost a great number of men, and some of their best officers ; but all their other losses were felt as nothing compared with that blow which, in the first moment of their grief, seemed to reduce them to utter helplessness, and to make their cause hardly worth defending any more. The good Cathelineau was mortally wounded, and had not long to live. The army broke up dispirited, crossing the Loire in parties, and carrying the sad news, like a desolation, to all the firesides in the woodlands of La Vendée.

Larochejaquelein had a perplexing duty to perform at Saumur. Cruelly deserted by his followers, he found it necessary to abandon the place, and proceed to Chatillon, where a consultation on the general state of affairs was necessary. The republican army under Westermann was burning and slaying in the Bocage—the castle of Clisson, among other places, being destroyed ; and to arrest this inroad was the first object of the Vendéan chiefs. On the 8th of July an engagement between the two parties took place. Westermann's army was almost annihilated, and, exasperated by his cruelties, the royalists inflicted a terrible retaliation on their prisoners. Westermann himself escaped with difficulty. Shortly afterwards he appeared at the bar of the Convention to answer a charge of treachery, founded on the fact of his defeat ; and it was only by a piece of singular good-fortune that the honest but iron-hearted soldier was reinstated in his command. An attempt was made by Biron to retrieve Westermann's defeat, by sending a strong force under Santerre to make a similar inroad into another part of the Bocage. An engagement ensued at Vihiers, which effectually cleared the interior of the Bocage of republican troops, and the latter end of the month of July was spent by the wearied Vendéans in the comparative tranquillity of their usual occupations.

Unfortunately, all the successes of the Vendéans ended in nothing. The war had lasted a considerable time ; there had been much fighting ; several decided victories had been gained over the armies of the republic ; the insurrection had forced itself upon the attention of the powers directing the Revolution, till it became a great subject of interest in Paris ; but all this without any sign of its being a whit nearer its immediate object—namely, the shutting out of the Revolution from La Vendée ; much less of its being nearer the great object which had grown out of the other, and come to occupy the foreground of the whole movement—the extinction of the republic, and the restoration of royalty in France. This was felt by the Vendéan leaders, and they henceforward resolved on a more specific aim : but they possessed little power to carry their schemes into execution ; and the division into two armies, one under Cathelineau, and another

under Charette, was a fatal error. It was afterwards remarked by Bonaparte, that if these two armies had united, and gone straight to Paris, a counter-revolution would in all likelihood have been the result. One of the plans of the Vendéans was to combine their scattered forces, and they began by appointing D'Elbée as commander-in-chief, in room of the unfortunate Cathelineau, who had died of his wounds. Another plan was, to open up a communication with foreign powers, especially England; procure, if possible, the landing of an English army on the west coast, join forces with it, and, thus strengthened, give battle to the armies of the republic.

While the council was deliberating on these determinate modes of action, government became still more alarmed at the progress of the insurrection. It had now lasted five months, and the Convention perceived that if it lasted much longer, it would attract the eyes of Europe, and become a royalist vortex in the heart of the Revolution. The finishing of the war in La Vendée, therefore, seemed no longer like the mere healing of a local eruption; it became equivalent to cutting out a cancer. 'It is with La Vendée,' says Barère, in his report of the 2d of August, 'that the aristocrats, the federalists, the department men, and the section men hold correspondence. It is with La Vendée that the culpable designs of Marseille are connected, the disgraceful venality of Toulon, the movements of Ardèche, the troubles of Lozère, the conspiracies of Eure and Calvados, the hopes of Sarthe and Mayenne, the bad spirit of Angers, and the sluggish agitations of ancient Bretagne. Destroy La Vendée, and Valenciennes and Condé will no longer be in the hands of the Austrian. Destroy La Vendée, and the English will no longer occupy Dunkirk. Destroy La Vendée, and the Rhine will be freed of the Prussians. Destroy La Vendée, and Spain will see itself torn to pieces, conquered by the forces of the south, joined to the victorious soldiery of Mortagne and Cholet. Destroy La Vendée, and Lyon will resist no more, Toulon will rise against the Spaniards and the English, and the spirit of Marseille will rise to the level of the Republican Revolution. In fine, every blow which you aim at La Vendée will resound through the rebel towns, the federalist departments, and the invaded frontiers.'

These sonorous and sanguinary sayings were followed up by decided actions. The ill-starred Biron had been already recalled, and Beysser appointed to succeed him. Combustibles of all kinds were ordered to be sent into La Vendée for burning the plantations, the underwood, and the broom. The forests were to be levelled, the crops cut down, the cattle seized, and the goods of the insurgents confiscated wholesale.

While the Convention was meditating this project of devastation, the royalist generals were looking eagerly in the direction of England, the refuge of so many royalists. What are they thinking of us and our struggle in England? was the feeling. Alas! England hardly

knew what was going on in La Vendée. One day early in August there came to Chatillon a strange little man, with an exceedingly sharp penetrating look, seeking an interview with the Vendéan generals. This was an envoy from England, carrying despatches from Pitt and Dundas as wadding in his pistols. His name was Tinteniak: he was a Breton emigrant, one of those men of whom so many extraordinary stories are told, who, by the joint force of a wild courage and an exhaustless ingenuity, contrived, during the heat of the war, to pass and repass through miles of hostile territory, carrying despatches which, if discovered, would have conducted them to the nearest gallows. Tinteniak produced his credentials. Can we wonder that a pang of anger was felt when, on opening them, it was found that they were addressed, not to D'Elbée, Lescure, Larochejaquelein, Stofflet, or any other general in the insurrection, but to a dead man—no other, in fact, than the barber Gaston, who had headed a local outbreak in the Marais in the month of March, and been killed a day or two after. Oh! it was heart-sickening. Here had they been resisting the Revolution for five months, and yet the statesman whose eyes were supposed to be ranging over Europe, was not so much as aware of the names that were daily bandied about by the French journals. No wonder that they now distrusted England. Nevertheless, an answer to the questions contained in the despatches was written out, pressing for the landing of an English army on the coast of Bretagne, insisting particularly on the necessity of having a Bourbon prince at the head of it, promising 20,000 recruits from La Vendée alone, and assuring England that the landing of the army would rouse all Bretagne. With this answer Tinteniak departed.

The activity of the republican generals, stimulated by the recent orders of the Convention, did not allow the Vendée leaders to desist long from military operations. A battle became necessary whenever the Blues penetrated the Bocage; and this a strong force under Tuncq, one of Beysser's officers, was now doing. To repel this inroad, Charette, on the 12th of August, joined his forces to those of D'Elbée. A desperate battle took place at Luçon, in which the Vendéans suffered a terrible defeat; and this was but the beginning of disasters. All the servants of the Republic were thinking about nothing else than the best way of carrying out the exterminating edict of the Convention. Santerre himself, who, though nominally exerting himself in a military capacity, was, in reality, in safe lodgings at Saumur, came forward with a scheme peculiarly his own. He was for putting an end to the insurrection by carbonic acid gas. He recommended that the chemists should prepare some of their strongest gas-emitting substances; these were to be bottled up in tight leathern vessels, which were to be fired like shells into the doomed district, so that, falling on the ground, they might burst, and emit the subtle fluid to impregnate the

atmosphere, asphyxiate every living thing, and strew the fields with corpses. Possibly Santerre, though familiar with the effects of carbonic acid gas at the bottom of vats, had no distinct notion of chemical possibilities; at anyrate, his plan was not adopted, and the Republic fell back upon the ordinary instrumentality of fire and massacre.

The devoted Bocage was now surrounded by a formidable ring of republican forces, amounting in all to about 200,000 men, many of them raw recruits, but many of them also veteran soldiers; and the purpose was, to draw closer and closer round the whole insurgent population, until they should be collected like sheep within a pen, and then deliberately butchered. To frustrate this design, La Vendée was divided into four districts, presided over severally by Charette, Bonchamp, Lescure, and Larochejaquelein, each of whom employed himself in repelling the inroads of the enemy on his own frontier. Not a few bloody engagements took place in this way; and when the royalists were victorious, as was usually the case when they fought in the labyrinths of their own Bocage, they did not, as formerly, spare their prisoners, but killed them without mercy. All that had gone before seemed but a prelude to what was now going on. Everybody believed that the time had now come pointed out in the memorable prophecy of that holy man Grignon de Montfort, founder of the blessed societies of the Missionaries of St Laurent and the Daughters of Wisdom, who, more than fifty years ago, had, with his own hands, planted a stone cross in the earth, uttering these words: 'My brothers, God, to punish misdoers, shall one day stir up a terrible war in these quarters. Blood shall be spilt; men shall kill one another; and the whole land shall be troubled. When you see my cross covered with moss, you may know that these things are about to happen.' And, sure enough, was it not covered with moss now? Ah! the words of that holy and devout man have not come to nought.

The Vendéans, hemmed in on all sides, performed prodigies of valour. Santerre and Ronsin at one point, Duhoux at another, Mieskowski at another, Canclaux and Dubayet at another, and lastly, Kleber himself—the herculean and magnanimous Kleber, one of the ablest servants the Revolution ever had—Kleber at Torfou, with the brave Mayençais—all were defeated and beaten back. The end of September was spent by the peasants in rejoicing and thanksgiving. Still the antagonists were unequally matched, and the struggle could not last long. Charette, also, whose assistance had helped the insurgents in their successes, now left them to pursue some plan of his own on the coast, having quarrelled with the generals.

The Convention at Paris now recalled General Beysser for being unsuccessful in the war, and with him Canclaux and Dubayet. These two officers were exceedingly popular with the army; and



their recall so offended the Mayençais, that they offered, for 400,000 livres paid down, and a guaranteed pay of seven sous a day per head, to desert the Republic, and join the royalists. The Superior Council, contrary to Abbé Bernier's wishes, rejected this offer; the scrupulous honesty of the Vendéans conceiving it to be a sacrilege to employ, for however good an end, the dishonesty of others. Hearing of the insubordination of the Mayençais, the Convention, on the 9th of October, issued an order for concentrating all the troops then serving in the west, in Normandy and Bretagne, as well as Anjou and Poitou, into one large army, to be styled the Army of the West, and commanded, 'not by *ci-devant* nobles like Canclaux and Dubayet, but by Lechelle, a man of the people.'

Lechelle was not more capable than others; but he had able subordinates, the best of whom were Kleber and Westermann; and besides, Canclaux generously left him a plan of procedure. Acting on this plan, he caused two bodies of troops to march into the centre of the Bocage simultaneously by different routes. Advertised of the approach of one of these on the frontier committed to his care, Lescure, then at La Trenblaye, went out to meet it. Mounting a rising ground, he discovered the Blues almost at his feet. 'Forward!' he cried; but at that moment a ball struck him on the right eyebrow, coming out behind his ear, and gashing his head. It was his death-wound. While he was in the act of being carried off the field, his men rushed madly forward, and repulsed the enemy. But a more terrible encounter was at hand. The various bodies of republicans were now concentrated at Cholet, each having left behind it a track of desolation, as if it had scathed the earth where it marched. During the day, the air was filled with the smoke of burning villages; at night, fires blazed up along the horizon; the untended cattle were heard lowing wildly on the hills; and the croaking of the carrion birds, and the howling of the wolves, feasting on the corpses scattered about, made the scene more horrible. The royalists gathered their dispersed forces, resolved to stake the issue upon one decisive battle; taking the precaution, however, of following Bonchamp's advice so far as to send the Prince de Talmont, with a small body of men, to keep open an avenue from Cholet into Bretagne, so that, in case of defeat, their shattered army might still have the means of reaching an asylum—a precaution, alas! which the event proved to have been but too necessary.

Long and desperate was the engagement between Kleber's forty-four thousand republican soldiers and the forty thousand Vendéans at Cholet. The carnage was great; and the issue was yet doubtful, when suddenly, in one part of the royalist army, there arose the panic-stricken cry: 'To the Loire! to the Loire!' In vain the generals galloped hither and thither, shouting till they were hoarse; it was night, and nothing could be distinguished. Flags, artillery, chiefs, horses, soldiers, women, priests, children, were all commingled

and swept along in an irretrievable indiscriminate confusion. In the mêlée, Bonchamp and D'Elbée both fell, the one struck down, the other shot in the breast. They would have been left among the dead, but that they were recognised by a small body of men who had taken no part hitherto in the fight, but had come up in time to witness the flight, and make it somewhat less disastrous by interposing themselves between the fugitives and their pursuers. Brandishing his bloody sabre over his head, Larochejaquelein made an attempt to rush back, crying out: 'Let us die where we are!' but he was carried on by the river of fugitives, his voice drowned by cries of: 'To the Loire! to the Loire!' And on they impetuously went towards the Loire, a wild and intractable herd of human beings; governed by a blind impulse, they rushed towards the broad and tranquil river which separated their unhappy country from Brittany.

Overcome with fatigue, and arrested by darkness, the Vendéans halted at Beaupréau, where they remained during the night.

#### PASSAGE OF THE LOIRE.

We left the panic-stricken host of Vendéans halting for the night at Beaupréau, on its way towards the Loire. A terrible spectacle presented itself on the following morning—a continuous stream of a hundred thousand human beings, men, women, and children, with tattered garments and bleeding feet, pouring out of their desolated native land, and seeking from God and man's mercy some other asylum. Before them, beyond a broad river, was a strange country; behind them was a pursuing enemy. Three of their chiefs, too, were dying of their wounds, carried uneasily along in litters. It was not long since the heroic Cathelineau was taken away from them, and now all at once they were bereft of Lescure, Bonchamp, and D'Elbée. La Vendée had indeed proved itself too weak for the Revolution. For seven months the brave little district had, by its own unaided efforts, kept that gigantic force at bay: the blame of its not being able to do anything more, of its not being able to frustrate and crush the Revolution altogether, lay not with it, but with those whose duty it was to improve the opportunity which the struggle in La Vendée afforded them. La Vendée had done her utmost. Whatever fault there was, lay with those royalists who were nearest the centre of European affairs, and who did nothing.

A hundred thousand Vendéans, men, women, and children, were wending along towards the Loire. They arrived at St Florent, and prepared to cross the river opposite to Ancenis. In a paroxysm of revenge, they were going to massacre about five thousand republican prisoners they had brought along with them, when Bonchamp interfered on the side of mercy; and when they would have respected nothing else, they respected this, the last wish of their dying general.

The men were liberated. On the 18th of October, the passage of the Loire was effected, and is thus described by Madame Lescure in her memoirs: 'The heights of St Florent form a kind of semicircular boundary to a vast level strand reaching to the Loire, which is very wide at this place. Eighty thousand people were crowded together in this valley; soldiers, women, children, the aged and the wounded, flying from immediate destruction. Behind them they perceived the smoke of burning villages. Nothing was heard but loud sobs, groans, and cries. In this confused crowd every one sought his relations, his friends, his protectors. They knew not what fate they should meet on the other side, yet hastened to it, as if beyond the stream they were to find an end to all their misfortunes. Twenty bad boats carried successively the fugitives who crowded into them; others tried to cross on horses; all spread out their arms, supplicating to be taken to the other side. At a distance on the opposite shore, another multitude, those who had crossed, were seen and heard fainter. In the middle was a small island crowded with people. Many of us compared this disorder, this despair, this terrible uncertainty of the future, this immense spectacle, this bewildered crowd, this valley, this stream which must be crossed, to the images of the last judgment.' They had almost all crossed, and relations who had been separated were seeking each other in the crowd on the safe side, when Merlin de Thionville, representative of the people, galloped in among those still waiting on the Vendée side, cutting the throats of women and children. A large number were thus butchered at the river side. This Merlin de Thionville appears to us to have been one of the most consummate scoundrels even of that age, when, in the troubling of the waters, so many latent scoundrels were stirred up from the bottom. In a letter addressed on the 19th of October to the Committee of Public Safety, after congratulating the Committee on the flight of the Vendéans, he adverts to the five thousand republican prisoners whom the fugitives had so magnanimously spared. Thionville is vexed at the circumstance, and calls it an unfortunate occurrence. He had taken great pains, he said, to represent the affair in its proper light, as some faint-hearted republicans were actually touched by it. 'It is best, therefore,' he says in conclusion, 'to cover with oblivion this unfortunate occurrence. Do not speak of it even to the Convention. The brigands have no time to write or make journals. The affair will be forgotten, like many things else.' The man who could write so—who could coolly suppress a fact creditable to an enemy, speculating on the chance that that enemy did not keep a journal—deserves to be singled out from among his brother liars, to go down to posterity as the blackest heart in the Revolution. Desirous of conveying his falsehood through a public document to the people, he wrote as follows to the Convention: 'At St Florent we rescued out of the hands of the enemy five thousand five hundred republican prisoners.

These unfortunate fellows threw themselves into the arms of their deliverers, bathing them with tears of joy and gratitude ; and with a voice enfeebled by the sufferings of more than five months, the only words they could utter when they saw us were cries of "Vive la République."

Bonchamp died in the boat while they were ferrying him over ; D'Elbée was missing, having disappeared in the confusion of the passage ; Lescure was evidently dying. Who now should be the leader of the fugitives ? Gathering the generals round his bed, Lescure proposed Larochejaquelein. Shrinkingly and with sobs, the young soldier yielded to Lescure's representations, and accepted the terrible office which made him responsible for the lives and safety of all these wretched families, now without a home. The spirits of the poor Vendéans flickered faintly up again when their young general, not yet twenty-one, assumed the command ; and a kind of hope, even when hope seemed impossible, beamed in their sorrow-blanchéd and hunger-bitten faces, reciprocating to the glance of his eagle eye as he rode forth among them, proud in his bearing as in the day of battle. From that day there was a remarkable change in the demeanour of Henri. As if overborne by the sense of his new situation, all his wild gaiety, all his self-abandonment, all his impatience of delay or deliberation, forsook him ; he became grave, serious, cautious, and foreseeing, like Lescure himself ; and it was only when confronted with personal and instant danger that his old nature got the better of him, and he would dash into the fray, not as a commander-in-chief, who had to combine the movements of many masses, but as a brave hussar, who had no thought beyond the managing of his own sabre. Henri Larochejaquelein had become suddenly old.

La Vendée was now a desert covered with scathed and blackened patches. Merlin de Thionville was for calling it 'Le Département Vengé,' and recolonising it with poor labourers and Germans, who should get the land for the trouble of clearing away the hedges. It is probable that the execution of this plan was prevented only by the exertions of Charette, who, struck with remorse for having quitted the grand army, left the occupations in which he had been engaged on his own account, and kept La Vendée open by making it again a fighting-ground.

Meanwhile, the expatriated Vendéans were moving through Bretagne (Brittany) like a creeping famine. They had to keep constantly on the march, so as not to afflict any one spot with too much of their presence. The hunger of an additional mass of 100,000 human beings is no slight visitation upon a province, not to speak of the numerous revolutionists who were pursuing them ; but the people of Maine, and the Bretons too, shaggy and uncouth as they seemed, with their sheep and goat skin dresses, had human hearts in their breasts, and strove to alleviate the woes and supply the



wants of their royalist Vendéan brothers. Nor did the Vendéans, on their part, receive this kindness thanklessly, as if they had a right to live by impoverishing their benefactors; so long as a farthing or a farthing's worth remained, it was freely given in exchange for the necessaries of life. A soldier caught pillaging was shot by Larochejaquelein's orders. And at last, when the whole treasury was exhausted, the military council, at the instance of Larochejaquelein and the Abbé Bernier, resorted to the only means of compensation they had, that of promising future payment. On the 1st of November, it was resolved to issue notes in the king's name, to the amount of 900,000 livres, payable at the restoration of peace, and bearing an interest of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. To be sure, in a commercial point of view, the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was small interest, considering the risk; and being paid in such notes was little better than giving the goods for nothing. Still, the mere thought of resorting to such a form, in such circumstances, shewed a people who had been accustomed to be honest, and who liked any device that could banish the degraded feeling of being beggars. There was a remarkable difference in this respect between the Vendéans and the republicans. Pillage was legal in the armies of the Republic. One day, not long after the period at which we have arrived, a body of republicans was reviewed before Boursault, a member of Convention. The poor fellows were in very ragged regimentals, and had hardly a shoe among them. Boursault, looking round on the crowd of peaceable well-shod citizens who had come to see the review, and were looking on with infinite interest, pointed to the bare feet of the soldiers, and asked the citizens if they had the heart to let slip such a fine opportunity of laying their boots and their shoes on the altar of their country. The citizens felt a consciousness that, if they parted not with their shoes peacefully and good-humouredly, they would be taken by force. So, with a good grace, they sat down on the grass and took off their shoes, the soldiers fitting themselves as well as they could with pairs.

From Varades, their first halting-place, the Vendée pilgrims, reinforced by a body of Breton royalists, set out for Laval, reaching it on the 20th of October. At this time they were saddened by the news of the queen's death, and enraged by discovering that the great Bishop of Agra was no Bishop of Agra at all, but an impostor. On the night of the 24th, when within a league of Laval, they fell in with a body of Blues under Westermann, a division of the republican army which had crossed the Loire at Angers, and pursued a route northward through Anjou and Maine; another division under Lechelle having crossed at Nantes, much farther west, to penetrate Bretagne; the intention of this arrangement being to come up with the fugitives, whichever direction they might take, and, if possible, shut them up between two marching armies. Westermann, however, was beaten, and retreated to Château-Gontier to wait for Lechelle,

intending to join forces with him, and attack the Vendéans again on the morrow. Larochejaquelein spent the night in making his arrangements and encouraging the soldiers, bidding them remember that the safety of their wives and children depended on their winning this battle, and recalling to their minds the horrors of that disastrous retreat from Cholet, of which all their woes and sufferings since were but the consequence and continuation. A long dormant enthusiasm reanimated the Vendéans; even the wounded Lescure had himself planted at a window propped up by pillows, to see the battle. When Lechelle came up, with the whole army of the west, the fight began. The bravery and ability of Marceau, Kleber, and Westermann were insufficient to counteract the blundering stupidity of the commander-in-chief, co-operating so usefully with the skill of Larochejaquelein's arrangements, and the thunder of Stofflet's cannon. The Blues were utterly defeated; and the royalists, in their greatest extremity, had gained perhaps the greatest battle in the whole course of the insurrection. The republican authorities are divided as to whether the loss of the battle of Laval was owing more to Lechelle's military incapacity, or to Larochejaquelein's military genius. On the one hand, it was Lechelle's last battle; superseded by the Convention, he retired to Nantes, where he died soon after in the arms of Carrier. On the other hand, Larochejaquelein's share of the merit is testified by the men most capable of judging. 'This single battle,' wrote General Jomini several years afterwards, 'places that young man high in the opinion of all military critics.' Again, the magnanimous Kleber, in his letter of the 28th of October, announcing the battle, writes thus: 'We had opposed to us the terrible native impetuosity of the Vendéans, and the power communicated to them by the genius of one young man. This young man, who is called Henri de Larochejaquelein, and who was made their commander-in-chief after the passage of the Loire, has bravely earned his spurs. He has exhibited in this unfortunate battle a military science, and an accuracy of manœuvre, which we have missed among the brigands since Torfou. It is to his foresight and coolness that the Republic owes a defeat which has discouraged our troops.'

The poor Vendéans had doubtless gained a signal victory, but they had a whole nation to conquer. This new victory, therefore, like every other, was little better than a useless slaughter. Within a fortnight of the defeat at Laval, the Republic again had an efficient army ready to march after the fugitives. The infamous Carrier of Nantes, indeed, would have saved them the trouble. He proposed a plan for exterminating the fugitives, not unlike that of Santerre. 'Poison the springs,' said he, writing to Kleber on the 9th of November; 'poison bread, and toss it about where it may tempt the voracity of the starving wretches. You are killing the brigands with bayonet-thrusts. Kill them with doses of arsenic; it will be neater and less expensive.' 'If Carrier were here,' said Kleber when

he read the letter, 'I would pass my sword through him, the brute.' Some really were for giving Carrier's proposal a hearing; but Kleber was inexorable; he stood out for the sword against the arsenic, and went on organising his army.

The plan which Larochejaquelein proposed to adopt after the battle of Laval, and one which, bold as it was, really appears to have been the single chance the Vendéans had, was instantly to march back through Maine and Anjou by the way they had come, pushing aside the wreck of the republican army, preventing it from reorganising on Kleber's plan, and ultimately re-entering the well-known labyrinths of their own Bocage. This plan was overruled. A military council was held at Laval, which, besides taking steps for procuring supplies, deliberated what should be their next route. Possibly, Larochejaquelein's plan might now have been adopted, but the reassembling of the republican army had made it too late. There remained two alternatives—a march westward into Bretagne, or northward into Normandy. Strong reasons were stated in favour of the former; but, finally, it was resolved to march north-west by the shortest route to the sea-coast.

On the 2d of November, the Vendéans left Laval, and took their way by Mayenne and Ernée. Lescure died on the way, and was buried, his wife never knew where. At Fougères, the officers were again waited upon by envoys from the British government, with despatches, encouraging the Vendéans to persevere, promising assistance, and indicating Granville in Normandy as a port at which an English fleet might conveniently land. The council wrote a grateful reply, pressing for speedy relief, and repeating their urgent request that a Bourbon prince might come over to head the army. It was also agreed with the envoys what signal should announce to the English fleet the taking of Granville by the Vendéans. On their way to Granville, the Vendéans marched to Dol on the 9th, to Pontorson on the 10th, and thence to Avranches. But so great of late had been the physical suffering among them, that murmurings arose which no representations could suppress, and they demanded to be led back to the Bocage. Three or four hundred did actually set out to go home; but they fell into the hands of the Blues, and their bodies were afterwards found bleaching on the road. Arrived at Avranches, the women, the children, and the baggage were left there with a body of soldiers to guard them, and at the same time to keep open a retreat—the mass of the army, amounting to about 30,000 men, marching on to lay siege to Granville, a town on a rocky height overlooking the British Channel. The attack began on the night of the 14th; it lasted that night, all next day, and even the night following. They fought on, looking anxiously for the English flag that was to appear on the horizon and bring them relief; but though the firing was heard by the English garrison at Jersey, no relief came; and after fighting thirty-six hours,

their ammunition gone, their bodies fatigued, their spirits fainting, the Vendéans, spite of entreaties and exhortations, would hold out no longer. Breaking up into bodies, they left the sea-coast as they best could, muttering deep imprecations against Pitt, Dundas, and the whole English nation.

Hurrah now for home!—back, back to the Bocage! Their scanty blood boiled at the name; and as they turned their faces to the south, they felt as if their strength were renewed by the breeze blowing from the woods of La Vendée, and fanning their sun-tanned temples. No matter that the republican army of Marceau and Kleber lay between; with the Bocage on the other side, they would break their way through walls of iron. Rejoined at Avranches by the women and children they had left there, they came back to Dol, where, on the 21st of November, they fought one of their bloodiest battles, defeating Kleber, Westermann, and Marceau together—the women themselves rushing about like furies in the battle, handling muskets, sending fugitives back to the fight, and shrieking: ‘Forward! forward!’ Though, after this victory, many of the Vendéans detached themselves from the main body, in order to shift for themselves, still the great mass kept together under Stofflet and Larochejaquelein, pressing southward, and pursued by the republican army, through which they had just cut their way. It was proposed even now to try the effect of a march westward into Bretagne, to besiege Rennes, and stir up a general rising of the Bretons; but again the murmuring arose: ‘Home, home!’ So southward still they went. The terrible Loire must be crossed ere they can plant their feet in La Vendée. They might cross it either at Angers or at Saumur. They rush to Angers; in vain—they cannot cross there. O that horrid river! Foiled, they fall back like an ebbing wave, only to rush forward again with greater violence. At no point can they effect a passage. Hither and thither they wander in despair, from La Flèche to Mans, from Mans to La Flèche again, Westermann and his Blues approaching them every hour. The rumour is spread that the authorities have resolved to allow the fugitives to disperse, and travel safely without passports. Many believe it, and are sacrificed. Thinned by these desertions, and utterly broken in body and spirit, the Vendéan army was defeated and shattered to pieces at Mans—shattered to pieces, to be massacred more easily. What a scene of horror for miles round! Here a heap of dead bodies yet warm, there a band of republican soldiers shooting women and children to build up another heap; and Westermann everywhere superintending the butchery. On the 14th of December, Larochejaquelein and the wretched remains of his army drew back to Laval. Eighteen thousand had perished in that little district north of the Loire. O that terrible river!

Still they kept bravely together. On the 16th, they made a rush upon Ancenis, the very point at which they had crossed on their



leaving La Vendée two months before. Westermann was but a few hours behind them. All the means of crossing they had was one small boat they had taken from the pond of a château, and brought along with them, and another flat-bottomed one they found at the water's edge. By Larochejaquelein's orders, all hands were employed making rafts. Four large boats also were seen fastened with ropes at the other side of the river, loaded with hay. Oh, if they had but these boats! But who could risk carrying them off under the very eyes of the republican garrison of St Florent? Henri volunteered the trial; Stofflet and another brave man leaped into the little boat along with him; and eighteen soldiers accompanied them in the other. They had reached the other side, and were making away with the boats, when they were attacked, overpowered, and dispersed. Thus Larochejaquelein and Stofflet were separated from the Vendéan army.

Larochejaquelein and Stofflet were now, therefore, on one side of the river fleeing for their lives; the mass of the Vendéan army was on the other, without a general, without a boat, and with the merciless dragoons of Westermann behind it. This separation of Larochejaquelein and Stofflet from the miserable body of their followers, necessarily breaks down the brief remainder of our story into two narratives. What, in the first place, was the fate of the poor army, the last remains of the hundred thousand unfortunates who, two months before, had been driven from the Bocage? And, in the second place, what became of the two leaders, so strangely detached from their followers?

#### CONCLUSION OF THE WAR—FATE OF LAROCHÉJAQUELEIN.

The fate of the residue of the Vendéan army is sad to tell. Reduced now by massacre and desertion to less than twenty thousand, they stood almost stupefied with terror, gazing at the point of the opposite bank where the fatal boats were yet lying, and where their two generals had disappeared from their view. Sometimes they wished, vainly enough, that they were on the other side too; sometimes they indulged a dreamy hope that their generals would reappear, bringing deliverance. A few of their number kept working at the rafts. Their labour was in vain. A gun-boat, lying off Ancenis, fired and sunk them. At that moment, Westermann and his men were battering at the gates and throwing shells into the town. 'Disperse, disperse; every man for himself!' was now the cry. They did so. Some, confiding too easily in a rumour which the republicans had industriously spread, that an amnesty had been granted to all who chose to avail themselves of it, made their way with difficulty to Nantes, where almost all of them became Carrier's victims; some meditating a similar flight, hid themselves in the meantime in the surrounding fields and farm-houses, where they were

afterwards sought out and shot; and a few managed, by watching their time, to cross the fatal river, and reach La Vendée or some more distant part of France. Notwithstanding these desertions, a body of between eight and ten thousand still remained together, among whom were some of the most distinguished officers, such as Talmont, Fleuriot, Donnissan, Forestier, and Marigny. Adopting almost the only route open to them, they left Ancenis, and proceeded to Niort, meeting but little opposition on the way. During this journey, Madame Lescure was obliged to part with her child, intrusting her to the care of a peasant, who was to take charge of her until reclaimed; but the child died, and was never seen more by her distracted mother. At Niort, Fleuriot was appointed commander, a choice which so offended the Prince de Talmont, as seeming to imply a doubt of his fidelity, that he quitted the army, and retired to Laval—a step adopted nowise for the purpose of personal security, for he was shortly afterwards apprehended, and shot in the court of his own château.

From Niort the wreck of the army marched to Blain, where they remained, making good their position against small detachments of the republicans, until advised of the approach of the main force under Marceau and Kleber, who had now joined Westermann, when they took their way to Savenay, closely pursued. A strange, ragged, woe-begone, motley crowd they were. Their clothes having been long ere now worn to shreds in the course of their weary journeyings, they had laid hold of everything that could serve as a covering or a protection from the weather. One man had on two petticoats, tied, one round his neck, the other round his waist; another wore a lawyer's gown, which he had picked up somewhere, with a flannel nightcap on his head; a third had a Turkish turban and dress, which he had taken from a playhouse at La Flèche. Madame Lescure rode on a horse with a dragoon's saddle, and wore a purple hood, an old blanket, and a large piece of blue cloth tied round her neck with twine. The motley crowd reached Savenay, and hastily shut themselves in. This, they knew, and so did the republicans, must be their last place of retreat. Situated between two rivers, swollen with the winter rains, with the sea before them on the west, and the republicans approaching them from the east, they were shut up in a circle, one half of which was fire, and the other water. Hardly had the fugitives shut themselves into Savenay, when the republicans came up with them, and the fighting began. For a while the attack was confined to insignificant skirmishing, but it was evident that an annihilating blow was in preparation.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Madame Lescure, who had lain down for an hour or two, was awakened by a bustle, and told to get up, for a horse was ready to convey her away. Scarcely knowing what they were going to do with her, she was about to dismount from the horse on which they had already placed

her, when Marigny, a man whose conduct at this crisis has earned for him an illustrious reputation among the Vendéans, came up, and taking her horse's bridle, led her a little away from the rest, and whispered to her that she must try to escape. He told her that all was over; that they could not stand the approaching attack of the morning; that in twelve hours they would be all dead; and that her only chance of escape was in fleeing immediately, and trusting to the darkness. Unable to say more, Marigny turned hurriedly away. Hastening to her mother and M. Donnissan, Madame Lescure repeated Marigny's words. It was instantly arranged by M. Donnissan that she and her mother should disguise themselves as peasants, and quit the town under the care of the Abbé Jagault, and a townsman as their guide. At midnight, the general, who had resolved to remain with the army to the last, bade farewell to his wife and daughter. 'Never leave your poor mother,' were his last words to Madame Lescure at parting. He stood in the square of Savenay, looking after them through the darkness. They never saw him again. At nine o'clock in the morning, a cold heavy rain falling, the Vendéans, under Fleuriot, Donnissan, and Marigny, precipitated themselves upon the republicans. Their aim was, if possible, to reach the forest of Gavre, where they might take refuge in the meantime, and plan some means of crossing the Loire. This Fleuriot, with a small body, effected at first. A large number, including many officers, were cut to pieces. Three times did the brave Marigny, holding the standard which, in her happier hours, Madame Lescure had embroidered for the Vendéan army, dash himself against the Blues; and as often was he repulsed. 'Women,' he cried at last, 'all is lost; save yourselves!' To give them time to do so, he stationed two cannon on the road along which they must retreat, and halting with a few brave men between the enemy and the fugitives, fought an hour longer. They then fled for their lives, dispersing themselves like the rest through the forest country, there to await through the miserable winter what small chance of ultimate escape the relentless vigilance of the authorities might afford them.

For months after, miserable wretches were rooted out in twos and threes from their places of concealment, to perish by the hands of the republican executioner. Donnissan was shot attempting a new rising. The pretended Bishop of Agra died on the scaffold: an impostor to gratify his vanity, there was nothing else bad about him. The Abbé Bernier lived long enough to lose his reputation. And to conclude the catalogue, we may mention that D'Elbée, who, it will be remembered, disappeared at the time of the first crossing of the Loire, mortally wounded, made his way in that condition to the sea-coast, the scene of Charette's operations, where, falling into the hands of the Blues three months after, he was placed in an arm-chair and shot, though dying of his old wound.

The adventures of Madame Lescure after her departure from

Savenay were of the most distressing kind. Pursued as a fugitive with her mother and attendants, she was delivered of twin daughters in the cottage of a peasant, humanely opened for her reception. The infants afterwards died, and Madame Lescure was able to make her escape into Spain. After a period of exile, she was permitted to return to France, and to assume possession of her husband's property, which had been fortunately spared from confiscation. Her mother was now anxious that she should marry again—a proposal to which she long felt very repugnant. 'I was unwilling,' she says, 'to lose a name so dear to me, and so glorious. I could not bear renouncing all remembrance of La Vendée, by thus entering on a new existence. I therefore resisted my mother's solicitations, till I saw in Poitou M. Louis de Larochejaquelein, the brother of Henri. It seemed to me that, by marrying him, I attached myself more to La Vendée, and that, by uniting two such names, I did not offend against him whom I loved so much.' She married M. Louis de Larochejaquelein in March 1802. From that period, her life ran somewhat more smoothly; but her second husband was killed at the head of a body of Vendéan loyalists in June 1815, a few days before the battle of Waterloo.

It remains now to tell what became of Stofflet and Henri Larochejaquelein. Separated from the army at the Loire in the manner we have already described, the two generals went hither and thither through the desolated Bocage, trying to raise men to renew the struggle. Charette, who, since the evacuation of the district by the Vendéans, had taken up his station in it, was then at Maulévrier. Here Larochejaquelein had an interview with him. Charette, who, with all his patriotism, had much personal ambition, and who saw in Henri's return the prospect of a divided or contested command, received him coldly; and unfortunately for the cause they had both at heart, the two parted in anger, Charette to pursue his plans in Bas-Poitou, and Larochejaquelein to raise a force of his own. He and Stofflet kept together, and, by a series of small successful engagements, they began to make their presence felt by the republicans. In March 1794, at the head of a small band of peasants, they attacked the garrison of the village of Nouaillé. After the victory, Henri saw the peasants preparing to shoot two republican grenadiers. 'Stop,' he cried to the peasants; 'I want to speak with them.' Advancing to the grenadiers, he called out: 'Surrender, and you shall have your lives.' At that instant, some one pronounced his name. One of the grenadiers turned, presented his musket, and fired. The ball struck Henri on the forehead, and he fell to the ground dead. Thus, on the 4th of March 1794, at the age of twenty-one, died Henri de Larochejaquelein, the hero of La Vendée. He and his murderer were thrown into one grave. As the Romans treated Hannibal, his enemies did him the honour of disinterring his body, to have ocular demonstration that he was really dead.



Though the story of the subsequent proceedings is considerably less spirit-stirring than the narrative of the great war of 1793, still the death of Larochejaquelein did not by any means extinguish the royalist enthusiasm of the Vendéans, or paralyse their activity. On the contrary, the struggle was protracted for several years; Charette acting as the insurgent commander on the coast, Stofflet in the interior, and the two occasionally acting in concert. Besides what they did, an independent insurrection, called the War of the Chouannerie, was going on north of the Loire. The Convention began to see that no amount of fighting, burning, or massacre would ever eradicate the inveterate royalist feeling of the population of the north-west; and probably conscious, at the same time, that the Revolution was now strong enough to be able to afford to be generous, they resolved to offer terms to the Vendéans; by which, on acknowledging the authority of the Republic, they were to enjoy the unmolested exercise of their religion, have freedom from military service, and receive indemnification for their losses. Though the terms offered were accepted, the habit of insurrection was too strong to make the long continuance of tranquillity possible. Accordingly, it required the judgment and moderation, as well as the great military capacity, of General Hoche to reduce the west of France to anything like order. This was in 1795. Hoche's exertions were made complete by the almost simultaneous deaths of the two surviving spirits of the insurrection, Charette and Stofflet. Stofflet was taken, tried by military commission, and shot at Angers in February 1796. After wandering about in concealment for some time, Charette was taken on the 23d of March, and shot at Nantes three days after. With the death of these leaders the war in La Vendée terminated; and peace and order were gradually restored to this long-distracted country.





## ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.



HE horse is universally acknowledged to be one of the noblest members of the animal kingdom. Possessing the finest symmetry, and unencumbered by those external appendages which characterise many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. Highly sensitive, yet exceedingly tractable, proud, yet persevering, naturally of a roaming disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic conditions, he has been one of the most valuable aids to human civilisation—associating with man in all phases of his progress from the temporary tent to the permanent city.

By his physical structure, the horse is fitted for dry open plains that yield a short sweet herbage. His hoof is not adapted to the swamp; and though he may occasionally be seen browsing on tender shoots, yet he could subsist neither in the jungle nor in the forest. His lips and teeth, however, are admirably formed for cropping the shortest grass, and thus he luxuriates where many other herbivorous animals would starve, provided he be supplied with water, of which he is at all times a liberal drinker. He cannot crush his food like the hippopotamus, nor does he ruminate like the ox; but he grinds the herbage with a peculiar lateral motion of the jaw, which looks not unlike the action of a millstone. Delighting in the river-plain

## ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

and open glade, the savannahs of America, the steppes of Asia, and the plains of Europe, must be regarded as his head-quarters in a wild state. There is doubt expressed, however, as to the original locality of the horse. The wild herds of America are looked upon as the descendants of Spanish breeds imported by the first conquerors of that continent; those of the Ukraine, in Europe, are said to be the progeny of Russian horses abandoned after the siege of Azof in 1696; and even those of Tartary are regarded as coming from a more southern stock. Naturalists therefore look to the countries bordering on Egypt as in all likelihood the primitive place of residence of this noble animal; and there is no doubt that the Arabian breed, when perfectly pure, presents the finest specimen of a horse in symmetry, docility, and courage. Regarding the horse as of Asiatic origin, we now find him associated with man in almost every region of the habitable globe. Like the dog, ox, sheep, and a few others of the brute creation, he seems capable of accommodating himself to very different conditions, and assumes a shaggy coat or a sleek skin, a size little inferior to that of the elephant, or not larger than that of an English mastiff, just as circumstances of climate and food require.\*

In a state of nature, the horse loves to herd with his fellows, and droves of from four to five hundred, or even double that number, are not unfrequently seen, if the range be wide and fertile. The members of these vast droves are inoffensive in their habits, and when not startled or hunted, are rather playful and frolicsome; now scouring the plain in groups for mere amusement, now suddenly stopping, pawing the soil, then snorting, and off straight as an arrow, or wheeling in circles—making the ground shake with their wild merriment. It is impossible to conceive a more animated picture than a group of wild horses at play. Their fine figures are thrown into a thousand attitudes; and as they rear, curvet, dilate the nostril, paw in quivering nervousness to begin the race, or speed away with erect mane and flowing tail, they present forms of life and energy which the painter may strive in vain to imitate. They seldom shift their stations, unless compelled by failure of pasture or water; and thus they acquire a boldness and confidence in their haunts which it is rather unsafe to disturb. They never attack other animals, however, but always act

\* In ordinary systems of zoology, the horse is classed with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned animals, as the elephant, tapir, hog, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros. Differing from the rest of the class in many respects, he has been taken as the representative of a distinct family known by the name of *Equida* (*equus*, a horse), which embraces the horse, ass, zebra, quagga, onagga, and dzeeguetai. All these animals have solid hoofs, are destitute of horns, have moderately-sized ears, are less or more furnished with manes, and have their tails either partially or entirely covered with long hair. The family may, with little impropriety, be divided into two sections—the one comprehending the horse and its varieties, and the other the ass, zebra, and remaining members. In the former, the tail is adorned with long flowing hair, the mane is also long and flowing, and the fetlocks are bushy; the latter have the tail only tipped with long hair, the mane erect, and the legs smooth and naked. The colours of the horse have a tendency to *dapple*—that is, to arrange themselves in rounded spots on a common ground: in the ass, zebra, and other genera, the colours are arranged in stripes more or less parallel.

## ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

upon the defensive. Having pastured, they retire either to the confines of the forest, or to some elevated portion of the plain, and recline on the sward, or hang listlessly on their legs for hours together. One or more of their number are always awake to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and to warn them of approaching danger, which is done by snorting loudly, or neighing. Upon this signal the whole troop start to their feet, and either reconnoitre the enemy or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel and by the older stallions. Byron has happily described the manners of a herd surprised by the arrival of Mazeppa and his fainting charger on their pastures :

‘ They stop—they start—they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,  
Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide ;  
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.’

They are seldom to be taken by surprise ; but if attacked, the assailant seldom comes off victorious, for the whole troop unite in defence of their comrades, and either tear him to pieces with their teeth, or kick him to death.

There is a remarkable difference in the dispositions of the Asiatic and South American wild horses. Those of the former continent can never be properly tamed, unless trained very young, but frequently break out into violent fits of rage in after-life, exhibiting every mark of natural wildness ; while those of America can be brought to perfect obedience, and even rendered somewhat docile, within a few weeks, nay, sometimes days. It would be difficult to account for this opposition of temper, unless we can suppose that it is influenced by climate, or rather the transmission of domesticated peculiarities from the original Spanish stock.

## CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

As in South America we have the most numerous herds, and the most extensive plains for their pasture, so it is there that the catching and subduing of the wild horse presents one of the most daring and exciting engagements. If an additional horse is wanted, a wild one is either hunted down with the assistance of a trained animal and the *lasso*, or a herd are driven into a *corral* (a space enclosed with rough posts), and one selected from the number. The latter mode is spiritedly described by Miers, whose account we transcribe, premising that



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a *lasso* is a strong plaited thong, about forty feet in length, rendered supple by grease, and having a noose at the end: 'The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones about two or three years old. The chief *guacho* (native inhabitants of the plains are called *peons* or *guachos*), mounted on a strong steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way. The *peons* now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his fore-legs, just above the fetlock, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he had got had killed him. In an instant a *guacho* was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut off the whole of the mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This they told me was a mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve for a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The *guacho* who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp; and while two men held the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ear, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the end to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of our English steed: however, the *guacho's* spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider.

'Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve *guachos* were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the *guachos* were girtling the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in unnatural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

'It was now curious to look around and see the *guachos* on the horizon in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work; for the poor creatures had been so scared there, that they were unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses; they were jumping and dancing in various ways, while the right arm of the *guachos* was seen flogging them. At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and

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bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another.'

To hunt down the horse in the open plain requires still greater address and greater strength of arm. According to Captain Hall, the guacho first mounts a steed which has been accustomed to the sport, and gallops him over the plain in the direction of the wild herd, and, circling round, endeavours to get close to such a one as he thinks will answer his purpose. As soon as he has approached sufficiently near, the lasso is thrown round the two hind-legs, and as the guacho rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the hunter dismounts, and, snatching his *poncho* or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poncho, upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours by a thousand vain efforts to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the animal to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions.

## DOMESTICATION.

The subduing of wild specimens in America, the Ukraine, Tartary, and other regions, must be regarded as merely supplementary to that domestication which the horse has undergone from the remotest antiquity. A wild adult may be subjugated, but can never be thoroughly trained; even the foal of a wild mother, though taught with the greatest care from the day of its birth, is found to be inferior to domestic progeny in point of steadiness and intelligence. Parents, it would seem, transmit to their offspring mental susceptibility as well as corporeal symmetry; and thus, to form a just estimate of equine qualities, we must look to the domesticated breeds of civilised nations. At what period the horse was first subjected to the purposes of man, we have no authentic record. He is mentioned by the oldest writers, and it is probable that his domestication was nearly coeval with the earliest state of society. Trimmed and decorated chargers appear on Egyptian monuments more than four thousand years old; and on sculptures equally if not more ancient, along the banks of the Euphrates. One of the oldest books of Scripture contains the most powerful description of the war-horse; Joseph gave the Egyptians bread in exchange for horses; and the people of Israel are said to have gone out under Joshua against hosts armed with 'horses and chariots very many.' At a later date, Solomon is said to have obtained horses 'out of Egypt, and out of all lands,' and to have had 'four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve

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thousand horsemen.' Thus we find that in the plains of the Euphrates, Nile, and Jordan, the horse was early the associate of man, bearing him with rapidity from place to place, and aiding in the carnage and tumult of battle. He does not appear, however, to have been employed in the more useful arts of agriculture and commerce; these supposed drudgeries being imposed on the more patient ox, ass, and camel. Even in refined Greece and Rome, he was merely yoked to the war-chariot, placed under the saddle of the soldier, or trained for the race-course.

As civilisation spread westward over Europe, the demands upon the strength and endurance of the horse were multiplied, and in time he was called upon to lend his shoulder indiscriminately to the carriage and wagon, to the mill, plough, and other implements of husbandry. It is in this servant-of-all-work capacity that we must now regard him; and certainly a more docile, steady, and willing assistant it would be impossible to find. But it is evident that the ponderous shoulder and firm step necessary for the wagon would not be exactly the thing for the mail-coach; nor would the slow and steady draught, so valuable in the plough, be any recommendation to the hunter or roadster. For these varied purposes men have selected different stocks, which either exist naturally, or have been produced by a long-continued and careful system of breeding. In a state of nature, the horse assumes various qualities in point of symmetry, size, strength, and fleetness, according to the conditions of soil, food, and climate which he enjoys. It is thus that we have the Arabian, Tartar, Ukraine, Shetland, and other stocks, each differing so widely from the others, that the merest novice could not possibly confound them. Besides these primitive stocks, a thousand *breeds*, as they are called, have been produced by domestication, so that at the present time it would require volumes even for their enumeration. In our own country, for example, we have such breeds as the Flanders, Norman, Cleveland, Suffolk, Galloway, Clydesdale, and Shetland; and of these, numerous varieties, as may be required for the turf, the road, the cart, or the carriage. All this exhibits the wonderful ductility of the horse, and proves how admirably he is adapted to be the companion and assistant of man, as the latter spreads himself over the tenantable regions of the globe. It is to the character of the horse thus domesticated that we intend to devote the rest of this sheet; to his intellectual and moral, rather than to his physical qualities; to those traits of spirit and daring, of aptitude, prudence, memory, and affection, with which his history abounds.

### COURAGE.

Courage and unshrinking firmness have ever been attributes of the horse. The magnificent description given in the book of Job, must be familiar to every one: 'Hast thou given the horse

strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.' It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head, and the ears far asunder, are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the forelock. This assertion is in all probability correct, for there is no reason why cerebral development should not influence the character of a horse as well as that of a man; but much, too, depends upon judicious training. Some, says Colonel Smith, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick up grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, shrapnell-shells, and rockets; and it was painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and to hear their groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect, at a charge in 1794—when the light-dragoon horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted—a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

The horse, though naturally afraid of the lion, tiger, and other feline animals, has often sufficient confidence in a firm rider and his own courage to overcome this timidity, and to join in the attack. This was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Sir Robert Gillespie, and noticed in the *Naturalists' Library*. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindu festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear from one of the bystanders, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. Here, instead of swerving, the noble animal went right over his formidable enemy with a firmness that enabled the rider to use his lance with precision.



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This steed was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the prince-regent.

M. Arnauld, in his *History of Animals*, relates the following incident of ferocious courage in a mule: This animal belonged to a gentleman in Florence, and became so vicious and refractory, that he not only refused to submit to any kind of labour, but actually attacked with his heels and teeth those who attempted to compel him. Wearied with such conduct, his master resolved to make away with him, by exposing him to the wild beasts in the menagerie of the grand duke. For this purpose he was first placed in the dens of the hyenas and tigers, all of whom he would have soon destroyed, had he not been speedily removed. At last he was handed over to the lion, but the mule, instead of exhibiting any symptoms of alarm, quietly receded to a corner, keeping his front opposed to his adversary. Once planted in the corner, he resolutely kept his place, eyeing every movement of the lion, which was preparing to spring upon him. The lion, however, perceiving the difficulty of an attack, practised all his wiles to throw the mule off his guard, but in vain. At length the latter, perceiving an opportunity, made a sudden rush upon the lion, and in an instant broke several of his teeth by the stroke of his fore-feet. The 'king of the animals,' as he has been called, finding that he had got quite enough of the combat, slunk grumbling to his cage, and left the hardy mule master of the battle.

As may be readily supposed, the intrepidity of the horse is often of signal service in the cause of humanity, commanding at once our esteem and admiration. We know of no instance in which his assistance was so successfully rendered as in that which once occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, and which is related by M. De Pages in his *Travels Round the World*. 'I should have found it difficult,' says he, 'to give it credit, had it not happened the evening before my arrival; and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape. A violent gale of wind setting in from north-north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted, and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when again seating

himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldomer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land; but his gallant rider, alas! was no more.'

Occasionally, there is so much sagacity and affection combined with the intrepidity of the horse, that his conduct would do credit even to the bravest human nature. Like the dog, he has been known to swim to the assistance of a drowning creature, and this without any other impulse than that of his own generous feelings. Captain Thomas Brown, in his interesting *Biographical Sketches of the Horse*—a work to which we are indebted for several of the facts here recorded—mentions the following gratifying incident, which proves the possession of something more than mere unreasoning instinct: A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

#### FLEETNESS, STRENGTH, AND ENDURANCE.

Although fleetness, strength, and power of endurance are strictly physical properties, yet they depend so intimately upon courage, emulation, and other moral qualities, that we cannot do better than consider them in this place. Taken separately, a greater degree of swiftness or of strength may be found in certain other animals, but in none are all these properties so fully and perfectly developed as in the horse. And what is also remarkable, in him they are improved by domestication, a process which tends to deteriorate them in most other animals. It is thus by the unwearied attention of breeders, that our own horses are now capable of performing what no others can. In 1755, Matchem ran the Beacon Course at Newmarket—in length four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards—with eight stone seven pounds, in seven minutes and twenty seconds. Flying Childers ran the same course in seven minutes and a half; and the Round Course, which is three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds, carrying nine stone and two pounds. In 1772, a mile was run by Firetail in one minute and four seconds. In the year 1745, the postmaster of Stretton rode, on different horses, along the road to and from London, no less than 215 miles, in eleven hours and a half—a rate of above

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eighteen miles an hour; and in July 1788, a horse belonging to a gentleman of Billiter Square, London, was trotted for a wager thirty miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes—which is at the rate of more than twenty-one miles an hour. In September 1784, a Shetland pony, eleven hands high, carrying five stone, was matched for one hundred guineas to run from Norwich to Yarmouth and back again, which is forty-four miles. He performed it with ease in three hours and forty-five minutes, which was thought to be the greatest feat ever done by a horse of his height. In October 1741, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr Wilde engaged to ride 127 miles in nine hours; he performed it in six hours and twenty-one minutes, riding ten horses and allowing for mounting and dismounting, and a moment for refreshment; he rode for six hours at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Mr Shafto, in 1762, with ten horses, and five of them ridden twice, accomplished fifty miles and a quarter in one hour and forty-nine minutes. In 1763 he won a second match, which was to provide a person to ride 100 miles a day, on any one horse each day, for twenty-nine days together, and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine: he accomplished the task on fourteen horses; and on one day he rode 160 miles, on account of the tiring of his first horse. The celebrated Marquis de Lafayette rode, in August 1778, from Rhode Island to Boston, a distance of nearly seventy miles, in seven hours, and returned in six and a half. Mr Huell's Quibbler, however, afforded the most extraordinary instance on record of the stoutness as well as speed of the race-horse, when, in December 1786, he ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds. Hundreds of other examples might be quoted, some of them even perhaps more wonderful than those above cited, but these will serve at least to shew the astonishing fleetness of the horse, and to confirm our assertion, that in this particular he is not surpassed by any other quadruped.

The strength and power of draught in the horse is not less remarkable than his swiftmess. 'In London,' says Bingley, in his *Animal Biography*, 'there have been instances of a single horse drawing, for a short space, the weight of three tons; and some of the pack-horses of the north usually carry burdens weighing upwards of 400 pounds; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of the British breed is in our mill-horses, some of which have been known to carry, at one load, thirteen measures of corn, that, in the whole, would amount to more than 900 pounds weight.' Useful as the horse may be to man on account of his great natural strength, his utility is increased tenfold by the assistance of art, as is well illustrated by the following trial which took place near Croydon, in Surrey: The Surrey iron railway being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods from Wandsworth to Mertsam, a bet was made that a common horse could draw thirty-six tons for six miles along the road, and that he

should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. A number of gentlemen assembled near Mertsam to witness this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve wagons loaded with stones, each wagon weighing about three tons, were chained together, and a horse belonging to Mr Harwood yoked to the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of wagons, with apparent ease, to near the turn-pike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-six minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of the undertaking he was stopped four times, to shew that it was not by the impetus of the descent the power was acquired. After each stoppage, a chain of four wagons was added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to shew the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, were directed to mount the wagons ; still the horse proceeded without the least distress ; and, in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the wagons were taken to the weighing-machine, when it was found that the whole weight was little short of fifty-five tons and a half !

The endurance of the horse is also exceedingly great, and equalled only perhaps by that of the camel. The elephant either breaks down under his own weight, or becomes infuriated when goaded beyond his accustomed powers ; the ox, though extremely patient, soon suffers in his feet, or becomes faint through hunger ; but the horse toils on unflinchingly, till not unfrequently he drops down dead through sheer exhaustion. The mares of the Bedouin Arabs will often travel fifty miles without stopping ; and they have been known to go 120 miles on emergencies, with hardly a respite, and no food. In 1804, an Arab horse at Bangalore, in the presidency of Madras, ran 400 miles in the course of four successive days, and that without shewing any symptoms of more than ordinary fatigue. Sometimes our own English horses will perform equally astonishing feats, notwithstanding that they carry larger weights, and are more heavily harnessed. In June 1827, a gentleman left Dublin, mounted on a small gelding, in company with the day-coach for Limerick, and arrived at Nenagh at six o'clock the same evening, having kept the vehicle in view all the time, and entered the town with it, riding the same horse. There was a wager of fifty guineas to ten that he would not bring the horse alive to Nenagh. The animal was, however, none the worse for it, after the extraordinary ride of ninety-five English miles.

Even the ass, dull and stupid as our bad treatment too often makes him, is not without his share of vigour and endurance. In 1826, according to Captain Brown, a clothier of Ipswich undertook to drive his ass in a light gig to London and back again—a distance of 140 miles—in two days. The ass went to London at a pace little



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short of a good gig-horse, and fed at different stages well ; on his return he came in, without the application of a whip, at the rate of seven miles an hour, and performed the whole journey with ease. He was twelve and a half hands high, and half-breed Spanish and English.

### ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

In submission and attachment to man, the horse is equalled only by the dog and elephant. He soon learns to distinguish his master's voice, and to come at his call ; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence ; he joins with him willingly in any work, and appears susceptible of emulation and rivalry ; and though frequently fierce and dangerous to strangers, yet there are few instances on record of his being faithless to those with whom he is domesticated, unless under the most inhumane and barbarous treatment. Colonel Smith relates the following affecting incident of attachment in a charger which belonged to the late General Sir Robert Gillespie : When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore, was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort ; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

The affection of the horse is sometimes displayed in joyous gambols and familiar caresses like those of the dog, though, like the man in the fable who was embraced by his ass, one would willingly dispense with such boisterous manifestations. We are informed in the *Sporting Magazine*, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, December 1793, a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which would place its fore-foot in the hand of its

young master like a dog, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy rompings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every aggressive urchin, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the school-room, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed the young scapegrace did not deserve one-tenth of this attention, for we have often seen old 'Donald' toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at taw or cricket.

Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human species. During the Peninsular War, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the Peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

On the evening of Saturday the 24th February 1830, Mr Smith, supervisor of excise at Beaulieu, was proceeding home from a survey of Fort-Augustus, and, to save a distance of about sixteen miles, he took the hill-road from Drumnadrochit to Beaulieu. The road was completely blocked up with, and indiscernible amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr Smith soon lost all idea of his route. In this dilemma he thought it best to trust to his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course. The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glencon-

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vent, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all sense of consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so striking and providential an escape.

Very similar to the above is the following instance related of a hunter belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh: On one occasion his master was returning home from a jovial meeting, where he had been very liberal in his potations, which destroyed his power of preserving his equilibrium, and rendered him at the same time somewhat drowsy. He had the misfortune to fall from his saddle, but in so easy a manner, that it had not the effect of rousing him from his sleepy fit; and he felt quite contented to rest where he had alighted. His faithful steed, on being eased of his burden, instead of scampering home, as one would have expected from his habits (which were somewhat vicious), stood by his prostrate master, and kept a strict watch over him. The farmer was discovered by some labourers at sunrise, very contentedly snoozing on a heap of stones by the roadside. They naturally approached to replace him on his saddle; but every attempt to come near him was resolutely opposed by the grinning teeth and ready heels of his faithful and determined guardian.

The *Biographical Sketches*, on the authority of which we give the preceding, also records the following, as exhibiting a still more sagacious solicitude on the part of the horse for his master: 'A farmer who lives in the neighbourhood of Belford, and regularly attends the markets there, was returning home one evening in 1828, and being somewhat tipsy, rolled off his saddle into the middle of the road. His horse stood still; but after remaining patiently for some time, and not observing any disposition in its rider to get up and proceed further, he took him by the collar and shook him. This had little or no effect, for the farmer only gave a grumble of dissatisfaction at having his repose disturbed. The animal was not to be put off with any such evasion, and so applied his mouth to one of his master's coat laps, and after several attempts, by dragging at it, to raise him upon his feet, the coat lap gave way. Three individuals who witnessed this extraordinary proceeding then went up, and assisted him in mounting his horse, putting the one coat lap into the pocket of the other, when he trotted off, and safely reached home. This horse is deservedly a favourite of his master, and has, we understand, occasionally been engaged in gambols with him like a dog.'

The generally received opinion, that asses are stubborn and intractable, alike unmoved by harsh or affectionate usage, is in a

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great measure unfounded, as appears from the following anecdote, related in Church's *Cabinet of Quadrupeds*. In most instances, their stubbornness is the result of bad treatment—a fact that says less for the humanity and intelligence of man, than for the natural dispositions of the brute. An old man, who a few years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass, which conveyed his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor industrious creature a handful of hay, or a piece of bread, or greens, by way of refreshment and reward. He had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. His kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked whether his beast was apt to be stubborn. 'Ah! master,' replied he, 'it is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain; for he is ready to do anything, and go anywhere. I bred him myself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me; you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom.'

### INSTANCES OF REVENGE AND OBSTINACY.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, in America, was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind-legs, and killed his master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provocation was deceit and trickery; the poor horse, however, often receives heavier incentives to revenge. Can we blame him when he attempts it in such cases as the following? A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him;



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and had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with his teeth and broke his arm ; it then threw him down, and lay upon him—every effort to get it off proving unavailing, till the bystanders were compelled to shoot it. The reason assigned for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, and which it seems to have revengefully remembered.

The ass, like his congener the horse, is also sometimes influenced by the most determined revenge. At Salwell, in 1825, an ass was ferociously attacked by a bull-dog ; but the poor animal defended himself so gallantly with his heels—keeping his rear always presented to his assailant—that the dog was unable to fix on him. He at length turned rapidly round on his adversary, and caught hold of him with his teeth in such a manner that the dog was unable to retaliate. Here the dog howled most repentantly, and one would have thought that the ass would have dismissed him with this punishment : but no ; he dragged the enemy to the river Derwent, into which he put him over the head, and lying down upon him, kept him under water till he was drowned.

Occasionally the horse displays unparalleled obstinacy, suffering himself to be lashed and bruised in the severest manner rather than yield to the wishes of his master. In most instances there is some discoverable cause for such perversity, though in some there appears to be no other impulse save that of a stubborn and wilful disposition. We have witnessed a draught-horse, working lustily and cheerfully, all at once stand still on coming to a certain spot ; and no coaxing that could be offered, or punishment that could be inflicted, would cause him to move one step, until he was blindfolded, and then he would push forward as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, we chanced to see a carter's horse take one of these obstinate fits, when issuing from a quarry with a load of stones. The most shameful tortures were had recourse to by the carter and quarrymen ; but all to no purpose. We believe the animal would have suffered himself to be cut to pieces rather than stir one foot. At last the carter in desperation threw an iron chain round the neck of the animal, and yoked another horse to the chain ; but no sooner did the obstinate brute perceive the intention of this application, than he rushed forward ; and from that day, the simple jingling of a chain was quite sufficient to put him out of the sulks.

For the most part, however, there is some apparent cause for these intractable fits, such as the remembrance of a fright, of a severe punishment, or of some other injury. Thus we have known a riding-horse pass within a few feet of the wands of a wind-mill

when in motion; and yet no force or persuasion would induce him to pass them when they were at rest. This seemed curious to his master, till told that one day, when the animal was grazing immediately under the wands, they were suddenly set in motion, which so frightened him, that in his haste to escape he came down, and was stunned by the fall. The recollection of this had never forsaken him; and though he had courage to pass a moving wand, he could never so much as face one that had a chance of being suddenly set in motion. Akin to this is the following, related to us by a correspondent: In travelling by coach some years ago, we stopped at a country stage to change horses. While this process was going on, we remarked a peculiar interest to attach to the left-wheel horse, a strong-built, though rather hard-favoured and sinister-looking animal. After unusual preparations had been made, and amid the leers and jibes of a bevy of ostlers and post-boys, who stood by armed with whips and staves, the order was given to start. The other horses bounded forward, but the left-wheeler instantly squatted down on the ground, and there he lay, notwithstanding the shower of blows with which he was forthwith assailed from the bystanders. It was in vain that they beat, coaxed, and threatened him—there he lay, sullen and unmoved, till at last they were obliged to unyoke him, and supply his place with another. This had not been his first trick of the kind; yet we were told that the same horse submitted quietly to be yoked in a gig, and always proved a steady roadster. Some antipathy had rendered the coach abhorrent to him, though he did not pretend to exempt himself from other kinds of labour.

The ascendancy which some individuals have over intractable horses of this sort is truly wonderful, as the following curious instance, related of James Sullivan, a horse-breaker at Cork, and an awkward rustic of the lowest class, will shew. This man obtained the singular appellation of the *Whisperer*, from a most extraordinary art which he possessed of controlling, in a secret manner, and taming into the most submissive and tractable disposition, any horse that was notoriously vicious and obstinate. He practised his skill in private, and without any apparent forcible means. In the short space of half an hour, his magical influence would bring into perfect submission and good temper even a colt that had never been handled; and the effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. When employed to tame an outrageous animal, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal was given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From

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that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. The narrator of this account says: 'I once saw his skill on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of a natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of a *tête-à-tête* shews, that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it.'

### ATTACHMENT TO OTHER ANIMALS.

Gregarious when wild, the horse retains his sociable disposition undiminished by domestication and bondage. 'My neighbour's horse,' says White of Selborne, 'will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet.' The same disposition characterises less or more every member of the family. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb, will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often curious and inexplicable.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him, that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks: on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said: 'Let me also accompany you.' When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with

the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying at the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

The following singular instance of attachment between a pony and a lamb is given by Captain Brown: 'In December 1825, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from an individual passing with a large flock. It was so extremely wild, that it was with great difficulty separated from its fleecy companions. He put it into his field in company with a cow and a little white Galloway. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon exhibited manifest indications of fondness for the pony, which, not insensible to such tender approaches, amply demonstrated the attachment to be reciprocal. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle no doubt drew forth the officious gaze of many; and when likely to be too closely beset, the lamb would seek an asylum beneath the pony's belly, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs, with looks of conscious security. At night, it invariably repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger, before the head of its favourite. When separated, which only happened when effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the pony responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined the flock at a short distance from the pony, but as soon as the owner removed him, it quickly followed without the least regard to its own species. Another instance of the same description happened when riding through a large flock: it followed on without shewing any symptoms of a wish to remain with its natural companions.'

As already remarked, the attachments which the horse will form, when separated from his own kind, are often curious and inexplicable, shewing how much the whole animal creation, from man himself to the humblest insect, is under the influence of a social nature. 'Even great disparity of kind,' says White, 'does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against



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his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other ; so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems somewhat mistaken :

“ Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.” ’

We shall close this pleasing section of the horse's history with an extract from the *Biographical Sketches*, which speaks volumes for the intelligence and affection of the brute creation : ‘ My friend, Dr Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and always lay beside the horse. When Dr Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Cæsar. When it happened that the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again. While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's County, where I commanded a detachment, I had many opportunities of witnessing the friendship and sagacity of these intelligent animals. The horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his friend Cæsar as he could possibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Cæsar, bid him take the horse to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, which frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the rivulet, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. We followed at a great distance, always keeping as far off as possible, so that we could observe their manœuvres. They invariably went to the stream, and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

‘ The doctor frequently desired Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad. The dog, by a kind of bark, and leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him what he wanted, which was quickly understood ; and he cantered off, preceded by Cæsar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, and it was

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speedily done in the same manner. One one occasion Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to his canine guide, who took hold of the bridle, and led him through the water quietly.'

### POWER OF MEMORY.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognise their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those that have been in the army, though now degraded to carters' drudges, will suddenly become inspirited at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various manœuvres. Many interesting anecdotes might be recited under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards, he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. 'Here am I,' said he to himself, 'far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope.' He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

Sometimes the recollection of the horse serves him so well, that he will perform actions with as much precision when left to himself, as though he had been under the guidance of his master. A Wiltshire gentleman, in 1821, lent a well-bred and fiery mare to a friend from town, who had come down to try the Essex dogs against the Wilts breed of greyhounds. At the close of a very fine day's sport, the huntsman had to beat a small furze-brake, and, for the purpose of better threading it, the London gentleman dismounted, and gave the bridle of his mare to the next horseman. Puss was soon started; the 'halloo' was given. The person who held the mare, in the eagerness of the sport, forgot his charge, loosed his hold, and,

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regardless of any other than his own steed, left the mare to run, like Mazeppa's, 'wild and untutored.' But, to the astonishment of all, instead of so doing, or even attempting to bend her course homewards (and she was in the immediate neighbourhood of her stable), she ran the whole course at the tail of the dogs, turned as well as she could when they brought the prey about; and afterwards, by outstripping all competitors (for the run was long and sharp), she stopped only at the death of the hare, and then suffered herself to be quietly regained and remounted. What renders it still more remarkable is, that the animal had only twice followed the hounds previous to this event. It is true that her conduct may have been influenced by the circumstance, that the brace of dogs which were slipped were the property of her owner, and the groom had been in the habit of exercising them with her.

To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon horses which have once joined the chase, another incident, which occurred in 1807, has often been related: As the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton and Wilmslow in Cheshire, the horses that had performed the stage from Congleton having just been taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them with their harness on, and followed the chase till the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, till Reynard ran to earth in Mr Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed the stage back to Congleton the same evening.

Horses being highly susceptible in their dispositions, are also peculiarly mindful of kind treatment. 'This,' says Colonel Smith, 'was very manifest in a charger that had been two years our own, and which was left with the army, but had subsequently been brought back and sold in London. About three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it, we found the animal recognising its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the fore-feet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. We remember,' continues the colonel, 'a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th Dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms. The captain was a kind of centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable. After some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and became so attached, that

his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies could mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain; and on one occasion, when in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his fore-foot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving till he was remounted.'

The most remarkable instances of minute recollection, however, occur in horses that have been accustomed to the army. It is told that in one of their insurrections in the early part of the present century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh rencontre with the same troops; but no sooner did these horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed; and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, and delivered them up as prisoners to the Bavarians. 'If an old military horse,' we quote the *Cyclopædia of Natural History*, 'even when reduced almost to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the twang of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth appears to come upon him, and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform, and drawn up in line, it is no easy matter to prevent him from joining them. Nor does it signify what kind of military they are, as is shewn by the following case: Towards the close of last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike-road was in progress of construction in a part of the north. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally, to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. The assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day, as he was passing near a town of considerable size which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; and the instant that Solus (for that was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding-officer of a regiment on parade or at drill; nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding-officer in all their manœuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators, and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who did not feel very highly honoured by Solus making a colonel of him against his will.'



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The following illustration of combined memory and reasoning has often been recorded ; we are not aware, however, upon whose authority it originally appeared : A cart-horse belonging to Mr Leggat, Gallowgate Street, Glasgow, had been several times afflicted with the bots, and as often cured by Mr Downie, farrier there. He had not, however, been troubled with that disease for a considerable time ; but on a recurrence of the disorder, he happened one morning to be employed in College Street, a distance of nearly a mile from Mr Downie's workshop. Arranged in a row with other horses engaged in the same work, while the carters were absent, he left the range, and, unattended by any driver, went down the High Street, along the Gallowgate, and up a narrow lane, where he stopped at the farrier's door. As neither Mr Leggat nor any one appeared with the horse, it was surmised that he had been seized with his old complaint. Being unyoked from the cart, he lay down and shewed by every means of which he was capable that he was in distress. He was again treated as usual, and sent home to his master, who had by that time persons in all directions in search of him.

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to his nobler congener, as is shewn by the subjoined well-known anecdote : In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the *Ister* frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat ; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able to swim to land ; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling-map, had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

## DOCILITY.

The docility of the horse is one of the most remarkable of his natural gifts. Furnished with acute senses, an excellent memory, high intelligence, and gentle disposition, he soon learns to know and obey his master's will, and to perform certain actions with astonishing accuracy and precision. The range of his performances, however, is limited by his physical conformation : he has not a hand to grasp, a proboscis to lift the minutest object, nor the advantages of a light and agile frame ; if he had, the monkey the dog, and the

elephant would in this respect be left far behind him. Many of the anecdotes that are told under this head are highly entertaining.

Mr Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was presented him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal for a number of years officiated in the character of a waiter in the course of the performances at the amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, and would also bring into the riding-school a tea-table and its appendages, which feat was usually followed up by fetching a chair, or stool, or whatever might be wanted. His achievements were generally wound up by his taking a kettle of boiling water from a blazing fire, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators. Ray affirms that he has seen a horse that danced to music, which at the command of his master affected to be lame, feigned death, lay motionless with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprang to his feet. Feats of this kind are now indeed common, and must have been witnessed by many of our readers in the circuses of Astley, Ord, Ducrow, and others. Dancing, embracing, lying down to make sport with their keepers, fetching cane and gloves, selecting peculiar cards, and many similar performances, are among the expected entertainments of all equestrian exhibitions.

Some years ago, one of the most attractive of Ducrow's exhibitions was 'The Muleteer and his Wonderful Horse.' The feats of this pair are pleasantly described in a popular journal, by an individual who witnessed them in 1838: 'The horse,' says this writer, 'is a beautiful piebald, perfect almost in mould, and adorned about the neck with little bells. At first, it playfully and trickishly avoids its master when he affects an anxiety to catch it; but when the muleteer averts his head, and assumes the appearance of sullenness, the animal at once stops, and comes up close to his side, as if very penitent for its untimely sportiveness. Its master is pacified, and after caressing it a little, he touches the animal's fore-legs. It stretches them out, and, in doing so, necessarily causes the hind-legs to project also. We now see the purpose of these movements. The muleteer wishes a seat, and an excellent one he finds upon the horse's protruded *hind-legs*. A variety of instances of docility similar to this are exhibited by the creature in succession, but its leaping feats appeared to us the most striking of all. Poles are brought into the ring, and the horse clears *six* of these, one after the other, with a distance of not more than four feet between! After it has done this, it goes up *limping* to its master, as if to say: "See, I can do no more to-night!" The muleteer lifts the lame foot, and seems to search for the cause of the halt, but in vain. Still, however, the horse goes on

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limping. The muleteer then looks it in the face, and shakes his head, as if he would say : "Ah ! you are shamming, you rogue ; aren't you ?" And a sham it proves to be ; for, at a touch of the whip, the creature bounds off like a fawn, sound both in wind and limb.'

One of the earliest equine actors in this country was Banks's celebrated horse 'Morocco,' alluded to by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and by other writers of that time. It is stated of this animal that he would restore a glove to its owner after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear, and that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh quaintly remarks, 'that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world ; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse.' M. Legendre mentions similar feats performed by a small horse at the fair of St Germain in 1732. Among others which he accomplished with astonishing precision, he could specify, by striking his foot so many times on the ground, the number of pips upon a card which any person present had drawn out of a pack. He could also tell the hour and minute to which the hands of a watch pointed in a similar manner. His master collected a number of coins from different persons in the company, mixed them together, and threw them to the horse in a handkerchief. The animal took it in his mouth, and delivered to each person his own piece of money. What is still more wonderful, considering his size, weight, and peculiarity of construction, the horse has been known to pass along the tight rope. It is recorded that, at the solemnities which attended the wedding of Robert, brother to the king of France, in 1237, a horse was ridden along a rope, and that it kept balance and moved with precision. Our surprise at this rope-dancing faculty may, however, be a little abated, when we learn that the more unwieldy elephant has actually exhibited the same performance.\*

Even the ass, stupid as we are accustomed to consider him, is capable of being taught tricks equally clever and amusing. Leo, in his *Description of Africa*, 1556, gives the following account of a performance which he witnessed in Egypt : 'When the Mohammedan worship is over, the common people of Cairo resort to that part of the suburbs called Bed-Elloch, to see the exhibition of stage-players and mountebanks, who teach camels, asses, and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough ; for after he has frisked and capered about, his master tells him that the sultan, meaning to build a great palace, intends to employ all the asses in

\* According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by the Emperor Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks—fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope (or rather parallel ropes) bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick.

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carrying mortar, stones, and other materials; upon which the ass falls down with his heels upwards, closing his eyes, and extending his chest, as if he were dead. This done, the master begs some assistance of the company, to make up for the loss of the dead ass; and having got all he can, he gives them to know that truly his ass is not dead, but only, being sensible of his master's necessity, played that trick to procure some provender. He then commands the ass to rise, which still lies in the same posture, notwithstanding all the blows he can give him; till at last he proclaims, by virtue of an edict of the sultan, all are bound to ride out next day upon the comeliest asses they can find, in order to see a triumphal show, and to entertain their asses with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced, than the ass starts up, prances, and leaps for joy. The master then declares that his ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to carry his deformed and ugly wife; upon which the ass lowers his ears, and limps with one of his legs, as if he were lame. The master alleging that his ass admires handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest lady in company; and accordingly he makes his choice, by going round and touching one of the prettiest with his head, to the great amusement of the spectators.'

This astonishing aptitude in the horse and ass is often directed to purposes more immediately useful to themselves. Thus, in 1794, a gentleman in Leeds had a horse which, after being kept up in the stable for some time, and turned out into a field where there was a pump-well supplied with water, regularly obtained a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity. For this purpose the animal was observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with the head, in a way exactly similar to that done by the hand of a man, until a sufficiency was procured. Again, horses have been taught to go to and from water or pasture by themselves, to open the gate, and otherwise to conduct themselves with a propriety almost human. We have ourselves known a farm-boy, who was too small to mount the plough-horses, teach one of the team to put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then, by gently elevating the head, to let him slip backwards to his seat on its back. This act we have seen done by the same horse a hundred times, and there was no doubt that the animal perfectly understood the wishes of the boy, and the use of its lowering the head for the purpose of his mounting.

## GENERAL SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the manner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, and station their scouts and leaders,



shews how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c. are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by all. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the fore-foot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

The Rev. Mr Hall, in his *Travels through Scotland*, tells of the Shetland ponies, that when they come to any boggy piece of ground—whether with or without their masters—they first put their nose to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their fore-feet; and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine in a minute whether they will proceed; and that with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

Their sagacity sometimes evinces itself in behalf of their companions, in a manner which would do honour even to human nature. M. de Boussanelle, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat. In 1828, Mr Evans of Henfaes, Montgomeryshire, had a favourite pony mare and colt, that grazed in a field adjoining the Severn. One day the pony made her appearance in front of the house, and, by clattering with her feet, and other noises, attracted attention. Observing this, a person went out, and she immediately galloped off. Mr Evans desired that she should be followed; and all the gates from the house to the field were found to have been forced open. On reaching the field, the pony was found looking into the river, over the spot where the colt was lying drowned.

The deepest cunning sometimes mingles with the sagacity of the horse, as evinced by the subjoined well-known anecdote. Forrester, the famous racer, had triumphed in many a severe contest; at length, overweighed and overmatched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he reared, and eventually got abreast: they continued so

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till within the distance. They were parallel ; but the strength of Forrester began to fail. He made a last desperate plunge ; seized his opponent by the jaw to hold him back ; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, lost the race. Again, in 1753, Mr Quin had a racer which entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his rival gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs ; and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, now engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict.

Professor Kruger of Halle relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity, which we believe is not without parallel in our own country : A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint. Equal in point of sagacity with this was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a carter in Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. From the carter having a large family, this animal had got particularly intimate with children, and would on no account move when they were playing among its feet, as if it feared to do them injury. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of this animal. He carefully took it by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back, as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it. This animal was one of the most intelligent of his kind, and performed his duties with a steadiness and precision that were perfectly surprising.

The following manœuvre, which is related in most books on animal instinct, appears to us rather incredible ; we transcribe it, however, without vouching for its accuracy further than the general circulation it has received : The island of Krütsand, which is formed by two branches of the Elbe, is frequently laid under water, when, at the time of the spring-tides, the wind has blown in a direction contrary to that of the current. In April 1794, the water one day rose so rapidly, that the horses which were grazing in the plain, with their foals, suddenly found themselves standing in deep water, upon which they all set up a loud neighing, and collected themselves

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together within a small extent of ground. In this assembly they seemed to determine upon the following prudent measure, as the only means of saving their young foals, that were now standing up to the belly in the flood ; in the execution of which some old mares also took a principal part, which could not be supposed to have been influenced by any maternal solicitude for the safety of the young. The method they adopted was this : Every two horses took a foal between them, and, pressing their sides together, kept it wedged in, and lifted up quite above the surface of the water. All the horned cattle in the vicinity had already set themselves afloat, and were swimming in regular columns towards their homes. But these noble steeds, with undaunted perseverance, remained immovable under their cherished burdens for the space of six hours, till the tide ebbing, the water subsided, and the foals were at length placed out of danger. The inhabitants, who had rowed to the place in boats, viewed with delight this singular manœuvre, whereby their valuable foals were preserved from a destruction otherwise inevitable.

Respecting the intelligence of even the common work-horse, the least delicately treated of his kind, Mr Stephens, in his *Book of the Farm*, speaks in terms of high commendation. 'It is remarked,' says he, 'by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing conversing together, they will approach, and seem as it were to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this ; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companions, and will not stir when desired to stand, till his own name is pronounced. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to ; and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect sense of his work. [In ploughing] I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a directing pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard another neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of ceasing work in the evening, whether in summer or in winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise, and can even distinguish between musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, when even at his corn, would desist eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears, and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was sustained ; and another that was similarly affected by a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds : they never mistake one call for another.' It might also have been added, that work-horses seem fully to comprehend the meaning of the terms employed to direct

them—whether forward, backward, to the left, or to the right. A great deal of this gibberish might certainly be spared with advantage, as tending only to confuse the limited faculties of the animal ; but still there is no doubt that a horse will obey the command to stop, to go on, or to swerve to either side, even should its master be hundreds of yards distant. Work-horses seem also to anticipate Sunday, perhaps partly from memory, and partly from noticing the preparations making for it. They are quick observers of any change that takes place around them ; they can distinguish the footfall of the person who feeds them ; and seem fully to understand, from the kind of harness put upon them, whether they are to be yoked in the mill, in the cart, or in the plough. Even when blind they will perform their accustomed operations with wonderful precision. We knew a blind coach-horse that ran one of the stages on the great north road for several years, and so perfectly was he acquainted with all the stables, halting-places, and other matters, that he was never found to commit a blunder. In his duties he was no doubt greatly aided by hearing and smell. He could never be driven past his own stable ; and at the sound of the coming coach, he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that though half-a-dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet was he never known to stir till the sound of the ‘Ten o’clock’ was heard in the distance.

The manner in which the ass descends the dangerous precipices of the Alps and Andes is too curious and indicative of sagacity to be passed over without notice. It is thus graphically described in the *Naturalist's Cabinet* : ‘In the passes of these mountains, there are often on one side steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses ; and as these for the most part follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses ; and the animals themselves seem perfectly aware of the danger, by the caution they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider ; and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable, as if ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing for the encounter ; for they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having at length prepared for the descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves ; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must inevitably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful ;



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for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road with as great exactness as if they had previously determined on the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety.'

The preceding anecdotes—which form but a mere fraction of what might be gleaned—exhibit some of the principal features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured and greatly developed by domestication. Man has trained him with care, for the value of his services; we wish we could add, that he uniformly treats him with kindness and consideration. 'The reduction of the horse to a domestic state,' says Buffon, 'is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor.' If such be the principal features in the character of the horse—and they are universally admitted—the feelings of that individual are little to be envied who ever utters a harsh tone, draws a severe lash, or urges beyond his speed or strength an animal so willing and so obedient, and whose powers have been so essential to human progress.



## STORY OF PETER WILLIAMSON.



**P**ETER WILLIAMSON was born at Hirnley, in the parish of Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, about the year 1730, if not of rich, yet of respectable parents ; and but for an unfortunate circumstance, would most likely have lived and died like his ancestors, a humble Scottish peasant. When ten years of age, he was sent by his parents on a visit to his aunt in Aberdeen, already a town of rising commerce ; and while here, an event occurred which altogether altered the course of his destiny. Having one day strolled down to the pier to look with childish curiosity on the shipping in the harbour, he was espied by two men belonging to a vessel lying alongside, and persuaded by them, without difficulty, to come on board and see the different parts of the ship.

From the deck he was invited to go below, and there he was introduced to the society of a number of children of similar age, who had all been inveigled on board on the same seductive promises as had been held out to the luckless Peter.

The fact is curious, and in the present day it will scarcely appear credible, that these poor children were stolen in the manner described, and were now forcibly detained on board the vessel, till, the cargo being completed, the whole should be carried off and sold into bondage in the British-American plantations. That this should have taken place in one of the principal towns in Scotland little more than a century ago, without public remonstrance, may well excite our surprise ; and it is still more remarkable that, so far from being an isolated case of oppression, it was only part of a regular trade carried on at Aberdeen—the trade of kidnapping young persons, to be sold into a species of slavery in America. From evidence afterwards brought to light in consequence of Peter Williamson's abduction, it appears that at least two merchants were immediately concerned in this odious traffic, which was not unknown to the local magistracy, and, as was confidently believed, privately sanctioned by them. The trade was carried on under colour of

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indenturing apprentices for service in the plantations, where there was a demand for labour.\* Lads, it seems, from time to time offered themselves as apprentices to go abroad; parents also, occasionally from the pressure of poverty, would bring a boy to be enlisted for this pretendedly desirable kind of employment; the magistrates, likewise, handed over all vagrant youths troublesome to the community who fell into their hands; and by these various means the exporters carried on a trade which does not seem to have been held as particularly infamous, though it is certain they did not scruple to make up their cargoes by the felonious abduction of children, and disposed of the whole on equal terms abroad as articles of merchandise. Extraordinary as such a revelation of the social state of Scotland little more than a century ago cannot but now appear, the practice of kidnapping was not confined to the remote towns of North Britain. At the period to which we refer, and much later, it was carried on in London and many other places under the name of *crimping*. In the metropolis there were regular offices for entrapping young men, who, pressed by temporary difficulties, and unacquainted with the world, were easily seduced by the keepers of these establishments to ship themselves for countries where they were to revel in numberless delights, but where, in reality, they were to be plunged into the miseries of compulsory servitude. In the feeble state of the press and of public opinion, these atrocities excited little attention, and were only the subject of occasional remark or satire by the novelists and dramatists of the day.† In time, the practice of crimping and kidnapping became too odious to be conducted with impunity, though till comparatively recent times the army and navy were habitually recruited by means not more reputable; nor are we sure that the custom of employing intoxicating drinks as an agent of enlistment is yet abandoned, or the race of Sergeant Kites altogether extinct.

From this digression we return to the unfortunate subject of our memoir. The trade of the Aberdeen kidnappers was conducted with so little fear of legal impediment, that Peter Williamson and the other entrapped children were transferred from the vessel to a barn in the neighbourhood, there to remain in seclusion till the required

\* It is proper to state that our authority here and generally elsewhere in our narrative is the memoir of Peter written by himself, under the title of *French and Indian Cruelty exemplified in the Life and Various Vicissitudes of Fortune of Peter Williamson, who was carried off from Aberdeen in his infancy, and sold as a Slave in Pennsylvania; with a Dissertation on Kidnapping*, &c. Fifth edition, enlarged (Edinburgh, 1762).

† The story of George, the son of the Vicar of Wakefield, will here occur to remembrance. Going along the streets of London in a state of desperation, and with only half-a-guinea in the world, he tells us 'it happened that Mr Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception, In this office Mr Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves.' Great things were promised by Mr Crispe to George, who, however, escaped the gulf prepared for him. Mr Crispe was doubtless a type of the distinguished crimps of the day.

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number of youths was complete. The disappearance of her nephew alarmed the aunt; and, communicating the intelligence and her suspicions to his father, James Williamson, at Hirnley, he forthwith came to Aberdeen in quest of his lost child. Here having learned from public rumour that a number of youths were confined in a barn previous to their deportation to America, he proceeded to the spot, but was unable to gain admittance, nor was he permitted to see or speak to his son. James, from all we can learn of the strange transaction, now abandoned the search as hopeless, and went home to the disconsolate mother of his child. That he should have thus tamely submitted to be robbed of his son, may appear the height of pusillanimity; but any one acquainted with the partial administration of justice in Scotland at the period to which we refer, will feel no surprise at the whole tenor of the narrative. According to the testimony of an individual who was afterwards examined respecting the transaction, the barn at the time contained from forty to fifty young persons of different ages, voluntary and compulsory candidates for transportation; and, while carefully watched, to prevent escape, the whole were kept in a state of constant merriment by the well-plied strains of a bagpipe.

The complement of youths being made up, Peter sailed with his associates in misfortune from the harbour of Aberdeen in about a month from the time of his abduction, without any precise idea as to his fate, and all fears soothed by the deceitful promises of his captors. His departure, it is to be presumed, took place some time in 1740. The vessel was bound for Philadelphia, and the early part of the voyage passed off without any untoward event; but in approaching the American coast, a hard gale of wind sprung up from the south-east, and the captain not having kept a good reckoning, the vessel, to his surprise, struck about midnight on a sand-bank off Cape May, near the capes of the Delaware. All was now consternation on board; and, to the terror of the children and youths in the hold, the water gradually increased upon them, and threatened them all with destruction. Believing that the ship could not long hold together, the sailors hoisted out the boat, into which they went with the captain, leaving Peter, with his companions, as was imagined, to perish.

Deserted, without the least prospect of relief, but threatened every moment with destruction, the kidnapped youths and children passed the night in inconceivable distress and apprehensions. It may be readily supposed that no little relief was experienced when, as the morning broke, and the weather moderated, it was observed that the ship, instead of sinking deeper in the water, was fixed on a sand-bank, at the distance of about a mile from land. The wind continuing to abate, and the tide proving favourable, the recreant crew, who had for some hours been on shore, ventured out to their deserted craft, with the hope of saving at least part of the cargo.



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The first thing done was to convey on shore the distracted children, sixty-five in number, who were clinging in desperation to the bulwarks and shrouds of the vessel; and this being accomplished, a kind of encampment was struck up with tents made of the sails, and such other things as could be got readily ashore. Some provisions were also saved; but the general cargo was lost, and the ship in a few days went entirely to pieces. In the encampment which was formed, the party spent about three weeks, anxiously waiting for an opportunity of proceeding to Philadelphia, and such at length occurred by the passing of a friendly vessel, in which the whole were taken on board.

The party arrived in Philadelphia without encountering any new misfortune; and soon after landing, the youths and children were offered for sale to those in want of servants. The speculation, in a pecuniary sense, proved a fortunate one for the captain, for a number of persons coming to look at his stock, he was able to dispose of the whole he had on hand, at from £12 to £20 a head. It must be presumed that this transaction, villainous as it now appears, could not, as part of a regular trade, escape the notice of the colonial government; yet it attracted no attention from any of the public authorities, and Peter and his companions were accordingly disposed of to different parties, with as little regard for their feelings as if they had been so many cattle. The transfer, however, was not for permanent bondage, but only a limited series of years; and so far it differed from the more hapless conditions of negro slavery, which at the time was a legally protected institution in all the British possessions. Peter was sold for seven years, and, as he says, brought £16, a sum which left a handsome return for the trifling expense of his passage and keep since the day of his capture. He was fortunate in being bought by a countryman, Hugh Wilson, a native of Perth, who, having been kidnapped himself, could compassionate the fate of others subjected to the same calamity.

It was altogether a lucky turn of affairs which brought our hero into the hands of his countryman. Mr Wilson, unlike many of his neighbours, was a humane, worthy, and honest man. Having no children of his own, and commiserating Peter's unhappy condition, he received him into his family, and with much care caused him to be instructed in labours suited to his age and prospects. With still more considerate kindness, he gave Peter opportunities to attend school during the winter months, by which means, and by dint of persevering efforts during leisure hours at home, he acquired a facility in reading and writing, and generally improved his stock of ideas. Five years passed over, and Peter, now become a stout lad, was useful as a labourer on his master's farm, where he acquired a knowledge of husbandry, and gained general approbation for his steady and trustworthy habits. When seventeen years of age, he lost his indulgent master, an event which he had some reason to

lament ; but his grief was assuaged by finding that, as a reward for his faithful services, he had been bequeathed his liberty, besides a legacy of £200 currency, also his master's horse and wearing apparel.

Thrown upon the world, and now his own master, Peter bethought himself how much more advantageous it would be to remain in America, where labour was in demand, and well remunerated, than to return to his native country. He accordingly hired himself to parties who needed his services, and in this way, always husbanding his gains, he spent seven years among the farmers of Pennsylvania.

Thinking now that he had gained sufficient experience of rural affairs, and accumulated a sufficient capital, he resolved to settle on some advantageous spot ; but considering that a farmer without a wife makes but a poor shift, he deemed it to be an essential preliminary to be married. In this important adventure Peter was peculiarly fortunate, for his addresses were favoured by the daughter of a wealthy landowner and agriculturist in Chester county, and there being no objection to the match, they were accordingly married. The next consideration was the selection of a parcel of land : on this point, however, he was spared all difficulties, his father-in-law making him a deed of gift of a tract of land in Perk's county, on the borders of Pennsylvania, near the forks of the Delaware. The property consisted of about two hundred acres, thirty of which were cleared and fit for immediate use, and provided with a good house and barn.

The prospect of a journey to such a distant part of the settlements was somewhat serious, for the country was in many places not yet cleared of the original forest ; rivers were to be forded ; and not the least formidable danger lay in the chance of encountering a roaming and hostile band of native Indians. But Peter's heart was buoyant ; he was to be accompanied by a young and active wife accustomed to life in the settlements, and his father-in-law declared that they should not leave him empty-handed. The young couple were accordingly presented with a stout wagon, covered with a light canvas awning, as a shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night. Into the wagon, which was drawn by a pair of New-England horses, many little comforts were crammed by the friends of the newly wedded pair ; nor were there forgotten a rifle and small piece for use in killing game in case of need.

It was a bright morning in early spring as Peter, with his cavalcade, departed from Mount Hiram, his father-in-law's abode, on his travels towards what was to be his new and perhaps permanent home. A little touch of sorrow, not unaccompanied with anxiety as to the future, was experienced by Rose on leaving her father's comfortable dwelling, the home of her childhood ; but it was only for a moment. Her husband, buoyant with hope, acting as driver of the

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team, smacked his long whip, the horses bent their necks to the draught, and off the wagon rolled on its way. It would have been impossible to be dull in such a scene. The air, fresh and delightful, was lighted up by the cheerful rays of the sun just newly risen; the wild turkeys ran in and out beneath the bushes, startled by the approach of the wagon; the shrill whistle of the red-bird piped through the woods; and from the depths of the green magnolias came the frequent and interesting cry of the whip-poor-will.

The first night the party rested at the hospitable abode of Mrs Williamson's maternal uncle, a farmer of Dutch origin from the neighbourhood of New York, who kindly gave them some presents at parting. One of these acceptable gifts was a young cow, whose milk promised to be a great solace on the journey, though the guiding of the animal would insure some degree of trouble. On the second and third nights Peter and his wife were accommodated at the houses of settlers; but on the fourth, the clearings being now remote from each other, they were compelled to bivouac in the open air. The horses were unyoked and staked, a few small trees were cut down with the axe to form a species of palisade around the encampment. Some dry boughs were likewise collected to form a fire in the centre, and on this was prepared the evening meal, consisting of steaks of a young fawn which had been fortunately shot by Peter in passing through the thickets. With the addition of tea, for which the cow yielded some fresh milk, and cakes of Indian corn, their meal was quite a feast in the wilderness.

By keeping up the fire, and exercising some degree of watchfulness, Peter hoped to avert any molestation either from wild animals or Indians, and, with his rifle primed and ready for service, he occasionally during the night gave a scrutinising look round his encampment. Fortunately the night passed quietly away, and the neighing of the horses, with the cries of numerous birds in the woods, gave token of the fast coming day. Again was the wagon yoked, everything packed away, and the party on the march. This day a pretty broad stream, the largest they had yet encountered, was crossed with some difficulty: they were, however, assisted by a settler on horseback, who overtook them on their journey; and by this person, who was going in the same direction, they were accompanied till they reached their new home.

It would occupy too much space to describe Peter's various arrangements with respect to his farm; suffice it to say, that what with buying stock, household furniture, and implements of husbandry, a large share of his funds was dispensed, and some time consumed. In everything he was assisted by the counsel of his beloved Rose, who was quite a pattern of a managing New-England wife. In six months from the period of his arrival, with the assistance of hired labourers, nine more acres were cleared of timber, and a plenteous crop of wheat was taken from the ground which had previously been

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in cultivation. At the close of autumn, Peter sat down a happy and prosperous American farmer; and had occasion to bless God for having out of evil wrought to him so much good.

### A TURN IN PETER'S AFFAIRS.

The period of Williamson's settlement in the more remote parts of Pennsylvania was peculiarly unpropitious. The frontiers of that and the other New-England colonies were constantly harassed by parties of Indians, who came to attack the whites partly on their own account, and partly under the orders of the French, who had possession of Canada and Louisiana, and had formed a resolution of hemming in the English within a comparatively narrow strip of land bordering on the Atlantic. Without any such incitement, the Indian tribes were animated by a deadly hatred of the English colonists, who for the most part had taken their lands from them on no other plea than that of superior force.

The tribes who thus more immediately pressed on the English frontiers were the Algonquins and Mohegans, with the Delaware Indians, or Lenni Lenape, besides various races of lesser importance. Though occasionally punished for their incursions, and thinned in their numbers, they may be said to have maintained a constant petty war against the white intruders. Sometimes breaking a treacherous truce, they would suddenly leave their remote retreats in the wilderness, and appearing within the clearings of the English settlers, burn and destroy all the houses in their path, and either murder and scalp their unhappy inmates, or carry them off for a worse fate as prisoners. After such incursions, a series of bloody encounters usually ensued. The colonists, roused to a sense of danger, and animated by revenge, would hastily arm and pursue the savages to their homes; terrible battles took place; and peace, achieved by bloodshed, only continued till a new opportunity occurred for aggression. Restrained by no considerations of mercy, and glorying in the number of scalps which they could carry off as trophies of their bravery, the Indians inflicted the most horrible barbarities on those who fell into their hands. The stories told, therefore, of their incursions present the most afflicting details of suffering, relieved only by the heroism of settlers in defending their possessions, or in enduring the tortures of which they were the victims.

Peter Williamson, settled on his farm on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, was exposed to one of these sudden and terrific onslaughts. The autumn of 1754 had passed away, and been succeeded by the chills of October, when one evening Mrs Williamson, with the only servant resident in the house, went on a visit to the house of a neighbour at the distance of five or six miles. Peter alone remained



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at home to finish some necessary work which he had on hand, when, at a late hour, he was roused by a shout outside the dwelling :

‘ Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,  
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar.’

As a precaution, in case of some such attack, the door of the house had been fastened. Proceeding to an upper window, Peter perceived, to his surprise and horror, that the house was surrounded by a band of hostile Indians, twelve in number. He demanded what they wanted; but heedless of his inquiry, they commenced to beat in the door; and finding this more difficult than they expected, they told him in broken English that unless he came out they would set it on fire, and burn him in the midst of it. The party besieged threatened in turn to fire upon them if they did not desist; but this was a vain expedient, for already several of the band were knocking in a window behind. Finally, concluding that the safest course was surrender, and an attempt at conciliation, Peter opened the door and yielded himself prisoner.

A scene of savage vengeance succeeded. Peter was instantaneously seized and bound to a tree; the house was plundered of its more valuable contents; and to conclude the catastrophe, the dwelling, and also the barn and other outhouses, containing at the time two hundred bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep, were consumed in one conflagration. Having perpetrated this atrocity, one of the Indians approached their victim with a tomahawk, or small hatchet, and gave him his choice of instant death or of going along with the party and assuming the Indian mode of living. Adopting what he imagined to be the least of two evils, he agreed to go with his captors, and submit to any of their usages. This being quite satisfactory, he was loaded with spoils from his own dwelling, and marched off with the party in a direction towards the uncleared country. Not allowed a moment to rest, he was urged on during the whole night, less afflicted, however, with physical tortures, than anxieties respecting the fate of his unhappy wife, who might possibly have fallen into the hands of another band of these merciless marauders.

At daybreak, the Indians came to a halt, and Peter having laid down his burden, was again tied to a tree with a small cord; submitting with fortitude to his fate, whatever it might chance to be. It was no part of the plan of the savages to kill their helpless victim. Reserved as a useful drudge in carrying their spoils, he was only secured from flight. Having kindled a fire, and cooked some victuals, a part of which they gave their prisoner, they again set out on their journey, carefully avoiding those places where traces of their progress could be distinguished. Proceeding along by the river Susquehanna, their captive still laden with articles from his own dwelling, the party arrived at a spot near the Appalachian Mountains,

where they attacked another house, killing all the inmates except one, and burning all the outhouses with their contents. The person spared was a young man, who, like Peter, was destined to carry the plunder which had been secured. His services, however, were brought to a speedy termination. Unable to restrain his grief, which manifested itself in tears and moans, he excited the anger of his captors, who, by the blow of a tomahawk, put an end to his sufferings. Skulking about for four or five days, watching for new victims, they attacked another house; and, after committing similar ravages as before, they marched on, dragging Peter along with them, till they arrived at an Indian village, where the party proposed to remain during the winter.

The arrival of the party at their winter-quarters put an end for a time to Peter's bodily toils and fears, and he was now left in a great measure to his own resources, but without the privileges attending a state of liberty. None of the Indian families taking a fancy to shew hospitality towards him, he was under the necessity of erecting a small wigwam with the bark of trees, covering the whole with earth; and to allay the cold, he kept a fire constantly burning at the entrance of his hut. The only means at command for appeasing his hunger consisted of scraps of meat offered by his captors, along with a little roasted Indian corn.

When he took up his residence in the village, his clothes were in rags, and his shoes gone; and now his only resource was to adopt such portions of Indian attire, made chiefly of the hides of wild animals, as he could extort from the compassion of the tribe. Living in this precarious and far from satisfactory manner among the Indians for several months, he endeavoured to banish the vexations which would press upon his remembrance, by studying the manners and customs of this singular people, and acquiring some little knowledge of their language. From the account which he afterwards gave of them, and additional information conveyed by later observers, we derive the following view of this extraordinary race.

#### CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF THE INDIANS.

The Indians of North America are presented to us in a great variety of tribes, all less or more differing from each other in appearance, dress, and language, yet all of a bronze or copper colour, with straight, coarse, black hair, hazel eyes, high cheek-bones, and an erect form. In their social arrangements, they are wild and intractable; each tribe lives and migrates apart from the others; and, subsisting principally by the chase, they do not take willingly to agriculture, or any other kind of settled labour. Besides hunting buffaloes, and other beasts of the forest and open country, wars of one tribe against another seem to form a constant and disastrous

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occupation. Each tribe is led to war by a chief who is considered the most brave ; but, except on their warlike excursions, there is nothing like formal government. While dwelling in peace in their villages, there is, in reality, no kind of jurisdiction amongst them. All are equal ; but in cases of importance demanding the consideration of the tribe, a council is gravely held by the seniors and warriors, the assembly being open to all who please to take a part.

One of their most remarkable traits of character is the air of haughty indifference and contempt with which they view every object of interest presented to their notice by the whites. Their guiding rule is to be surprised at nothing which can occur ; and, unless when roused by warlike emotions, to be circumspect and deliberate in every word and action. If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with ; but, on being invited, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same thing among strangers. This reserve is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

The same uncompromising sentiment of self-esteem leads them to endure fatigues and bodily torments not only with fortitude, but the most contemptuous unconcern. On one occasion a party of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter hunting in his usual light dress. On perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running-fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph ; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with much more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. When brought to the camp of his enemies, he was condemned to be tortured and put to death. The victim, however, had resolved to baffle his captors. When taken to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprang off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank ; but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from

the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to quit them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done, and intended to do him. After shouting a defiance to them, he put up the shrill war-whoop as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him. He lay hid a little way off their camp till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him; but there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept forward, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot; clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, except when he reclined as usual a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and had been taken by them for the fiery torture. He dugged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before, and they returned home quite dispirited.

It is remarkable that, with all their natural or assumed austerity and disregard of dangers, the Indians are the vainest beings in existence. A young Indian warrior has been stated to be notoriously the most thoroughgoing beau in the world. The streets of London or New York furnish no subjects willing to undergo so much lacing and confinement in order to appear in full dress. One of these young Indians has been observed to occupy three full hours in painting himself fancifully with colours, adjusting his tufts of hair, and contemplating from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is seen in his eye. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears, and often in their noses; and nothing is more common than to see a thin circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from their nose, a little below the upper lip. Nothing shews more clearly the love of finery



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—the love of something by which to gain admiration—which is inherent in mankind. The silver nose-ornament, which to us appears so ugly, and must be very inconvenient to the wearer, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Porcupine quills, stained by different colours, are twisted in their hair; and in one or more tribes a great cumbrous hat or chaplet of feathers is worn by way of full dress. It is customary to shave a part of the head, leaving a long tuft at the crown, and with this are sometimes twisted the tails of animals, to hang down behind. A circle of red berries, or small shells, called a belt of wampum, surrounds the neck, beneath which depends a necklace of alligators' teeth, or claws of the wild eagle. The clothes or skins which cover the body, and the skin moccasins of the legs, are also covered with equally strange decorations; among which, on warlike occasions, are ostentatiously hung the scalps which the wearer has savagely torn from the heads of the unfortunate beings he has slain.

Figurative in their language, the Indians are also figurative in many of their international usages. In soliciting the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody tomahawk, inviting them to come and feast on the blood of their enemies. On similar occasions they are known to employ a calumet, or pipe, which they despatch, decorated with red feathers and other ornaments. If peace be their object, they invite those who have been their enemies to come and smoke the pipe in token of friendly intercourse. The bowl of the calumet is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem being of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted and decorated. At their peace convocations they sometimes formally bury a hatchet, as symbolical of the cessation of war between the parties.

The duty of the men is to fight and provide food, and on the women devolve all ordinary labours. The use of the axe or hoe is considered beneath the dignity of the male sex. It belongs to the females to plant corn where agriculture is carried on, to make and mend garments and moccasins, to build huts, to pitch tents, cut wood, to tend horses and dogs, and on a march to carry the baggage. The women do not murmur at this, but consider it a natural and equal distribution of family cares. But they are considered as an inferior race, and often transferred as property. Polygamy is general. Every man has as many wives as he can support, and in marriages the will of the bride is seldom or never consulted. A man addresses himself indirectly to the parents of his intended wife, and her fate depends on their will. The custom of dowry is reversed among Indians; the man makes certain presents to the parents of his wife, instead of receiving a portion with her. The marriage-ceremony is very simple, and in most tribes there is none at all. Divorces are frequent, and at the pleasure of the contracting parties; and it is

no uncommon thing to see an Indian woman who has been five or six times repudiated before she finally settles in life.

All the Indian tribes believe in one Supreme God and the immortality of the soul. They attribute all good and all power to the Supreme Being. Many tribes also believe in the existence of an intelligent evil principle, whose ill offices they endeavour to avert by prayer and sacrifice. They never ask the Supreme Being for anything, but merely return thanks for benefits received, saying that he is the best judge of what is for their advantage. They possess numerous superstitions, attributing supernatural powers to all serpents, especially rattlesnakes, and paying religious honours to rocks and venerable objects. They believe that all the lower animals have immortal souls as well as men; and, in short, that all nature teems with spirits. In their belief sorcery and charms are blended with the healing art, and their priests are also physicians and jugglers. Although believing in the immortality of the soul, their general idea of a future state refers to the delights of the chase and other materialities. In many tribes, men have what they call their *medicine bags*, which are filled with bones, feathers, and other rubbish. To the preservation of their medicine bags they attach much importance. Besides this, each holds some particular animal in reverence, which he calls his *medicine*—a word introduced by the French colonists—and which he can on no account be induced to kill, or eat when killed, for fear of some terrible misfortune.

Proud, haughty, revengeful, and superstitious, the Indians are yet faithful to their promise. One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W., who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. In this wild spot, Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians; for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly, he took every opportunity to secure their good-will. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of about six miles, had not been to see him, nor could he by any means ascertain the feelings and views of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was, that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came. Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and the little boy. The interview that followed was deeply interesting. Upon its result the judge considered that his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favourable impression upon the chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good-fellowship

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with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilisation.

The chief heard him out, and then said : ' Brother, you ask much, and promise much. I must have a pledge of your sincerity. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam ; I will bring him back in three days with my answer.'

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt deeper the pang that went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang from her seat, and rushing to the boy who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak. The judge knew better than his daughter, and delivered up the boy. The ensuing three days were spent in an agony of feeling by the mother, and Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chieftain were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief, his feet being dressed in moccasins ; a fine beaver skin was over his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honours, that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy to be described.

' The white man has conquered !' said the sachem ; ' hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian ; he will repay you with confidence and friendship.' He was as good as his word ; and Judge W. lived there many years, laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

All Indians are most ingenious in their contrivances. It has been said, that if an Indian were driven out into the extensive forests with only a knife and a tomahawk, he would fatten where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a spear, bow, and arrows ; then kill game, fish fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in abundance. Roving constantly about in the woods and open country, they acquire great swiftness of foot, and will outrun the most practised pedestrian among the whites. Nevertheless, there are instances of their being matched in this respect by those hardy Anglo-American hunters who frequent the western country for the purpose of trapping beavers and other fur animals. A number of years ago, John Colter, one of these hunters, had occasion to match himself in a race of a some-

what serious nature with a party of Blackfeet Indians. The incident took place at the head-waters of the Missouri, where he was trapping in company with a hunter named Potts. Aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet tribe, they proceeded with great caution, setting their beaver-traps at night, and taking them up in the morning, and remaining concealed during the day. Early one morning they were examining their traps in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri now called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat; but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, retook it immediately, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out: 'Colter, I am wounded.' Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows, so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, 'he was made a riddle of.' They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. Colter, who had been some time amongst the Keekatso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfeet language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians: he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and he led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could*.



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At this instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving his life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half-way across the plain before he ventured to look back over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than ninety or one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the forepart of his body.

He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop. But, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees, on the borders of the Fork; through this he pushed, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper end of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water among the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secreted himself, when the Indians arrived at the river, screeching and yelling in a terrific manner. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night; when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived a second time under the raft, and swam silently down the stream to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the savages, his situation

was still dreadful : he was completely naked ; the soles of his feet were stuck full with spines of the prickly pear ; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, though tantalised with plenty around him ; and he was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Big Horn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have sunk in despair ; yet he arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri. And here we end the perilous tale.

The tedium of inaction while encamped is sometimes relieved by games of chance, and also by feats of agility, and the sport of ball-play, in which some hundreds engage at a time in eager contest for superiority. The Indians have also various dances, performed to the beating of a tambourine or small drum, and to all of which they are extravagantly attached. Thus they have the Feast, the Scalp, the Dog, and the War Dance ; also a dance in honour of the growing Indian corn, called the Corn-dance, and which they perform with green stalks in their hands. All these dances are little else than violent pounding of the feet on the ground, and, accompanied with the monotonous beating of the drum, and the wild gesticulations and chattering of the dancers, are most ungainly. The most significant of these barbarous performances is the war-dance, which usually takes place before going on a warlike expedition. The warriors, painted and prepared for battle, with their tomahawks and scalping-knives, assemble at a convenient spot in the village, where they are surrounded by all the inhabitants of the different lodges, as spectators of the ceremony. A post being firmly planted in the ground near the circle formed by the dancers and spectators, a rude kind of music is struck up by drummers, and the warriors commence dancing in a slow measured step, uttering sounds in unison with the beating of the drums. From a slow they proceed to a quick step, increasing their energy, and working themselves gradually up to a pitch of savage fury. Louder and louder becomes their discordant chant, quicker and quicker is the motion of their limbs. The arms of the dancers are thrown wildly about, they brandish their weapons, and yells escape from their lips. Arrived at a state of seeming frenzy, a dancer leaves the circle, and with his glancing tomahawk strikes the post. In a moment all is hushed, and the warrior who has thus signalled himself commences an oration, in which his own achievements are the theme. He enlarges on the battles in which he has fought, what prisoners he has captured, what number of persons he has slain, pointing at the same time to the withered scalps which dangle as ornaments from his attire. If he has received wounds, he shews them ; and any remarkable encounter in which he has been engaged forms a subject of pantomimic representation. Having finished his harangue, he is succeeded by another ; and so on in succession, till the party, all animated with

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the same deadly purpose, are ready to rush away on their sanguinary expedition.

Apart from the wild ferocity of his disposition, the Indian is, on the whole, a noble savage, and possesses many admirable qualities. With few exceptions, however, they display an untameableness which dooms them to extirpation. It is to be lamented that from the white colonists, who have robbed them of their territories, they have acquired the vices without the benefits of civilisation. Whisky and rum introduced among them, under the appropriate name of *fire-water*, have caused frightful scenes of disorder, with loss of life, character, and property; while small-pox, and other diseases contracted from the white settlers, have carried off whole tribes—thousands at a sweep.

Such is but a very imperfect sketch of the Indian tribes of North America, who, fast disappearing before the encroachments of the white man, will in all probability, in less than a century hence, be altogether extinct as a separate people. To those who are curious to know more of them, we refer with pleasure to the work of Mr George Catlin, who had the courage and self-denial to live several years amongst the remote western tribes, for the purpose of acquiring information respecting their character and habits. From the large stores of varied matter which Mr Catlin presents to us, we shall take leave to lay before our readers one of the author's experiences as a wandering traveller.

He was one day riding across an Upper Missouri prairie, where the grass is seven or eight feet high, with three companions, one an Indian guide of the name of Pah-me-o-ne-quah, or the *Red Thunder*. Three of the party sat down to their mid-day meal, but the Indian stood aloof, sad and thoughtful. 'This is the plain of *fire grass*,' said he, 'where the fleet-bounding wild-horse mingles his bones with the red man, and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface.' Notwithstanding these ominous words, after gazing long around, he gracefully sank down on the grass, and his relieved companions chatted cheerfully by his side. But on a sudden 'Red Thunder' was on his feet—his long arm was stretched over the grass. "White man," said he, "see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie?—he rises! the hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake—this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way." No more; but his swift horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild-horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled

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hard ; yet hope was feeble ; for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted. The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also ; and the still swifter long-legged hare, which leaves but a shadow as he flies. Here was no time for thought ; but I recollect the heavens were overcast—the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul. . . . The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds ; his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff.

‘Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a *sea of fire* ! “How sublime !” I exclaimed, “to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed !” Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not ; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles as he pronounces the lengthened “Hush—sh,” his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eyeballs looking you to the very soul.

‘I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire ; and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

‘I stood secure, but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind which hurled this monster o’er the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash ; and then I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire.’ Such fires on the prairies are among the most awful phenomena which it is the misfortune of travellers to encounter.

## PETER’S STORY CONTINUED.

In the wild revels of his Indian captors, during his residence amongst them, Peter, in his character of prisoner, of course took no active part. He, however, learned to dance the war-dance, to cry the war-whoop, and to perform other feats, as far as could be attempted with safety. He likewise learned to dress himself in the attire of the Indians, and otherwise adopt some of their customs, by way of conciliating their regard. On account of this accommodating spirit, he was used not with actual cruelty, and his life was spared,



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that he might continue to serve as a convenient drudge either in the home encampment or distant war excursions.

Winter being now past, and the snows which lay on the ground having disappeared, the Indians were able to set out on a new expedition against the settlements, without the danger of having their footsteps tracked to their lurking-places in the woods. Properly equipped with firearms, provided no doubt by their French friends and allies, the party of warriors departed from the village, taking Peter with them very much in the capacity of pack-horse; his duty being to carry whatever load they were pleased to impose on his back and shoulders. Such an office, troublesome as it was, did not greatly oppress the young and hardy Scotsman, accustomed, during a number of years, to tolerably severe muscular exertion; besides, the expedition held out to him some hopes of escape, and a return to civilised life. Animated with such expectations, Peter patiently, and with his accustomed docility, trudged at the heels of the band, and, as far as Indians could stoop to express satisfaction with anything, they shewed their attendant that they were pleased with his alacrity and good-nature. Yet they were at all times on their guard against his attempting to elude them, and he felt that, if caught in any act which seemed like desertion, death would instantly be his fate.

Advancing by stealthy marches in an easterly direction, they encamped on the ground at night, without shelter from the weather, or any other comfort than a fire, round which they lay with their weapons in their hands, in case of a sudden attack. Occasionally they caught a little game with traps, for they were afraid to use their guns, lest the report should alarm or rouse the vigilance of enemies. Of this food our hero was indulged with a very scanty share, and unless for a few stalks of Indian corn, which he was fain to eat dry, he would have run the risk of starvation.

At the end of about a week's journey across a rough tract of country, the party arrived at the Blue Hills, and here they encamped for three days, to hold a council as to future proceedings. At this assembly, after due smoking and deliberation, it was sagaciously determined to divide the party into companies of about twenty men in each, every company to be headed by a well-tried brave. In the upbreak which now ensued, Peter had the good-fortune, as he considered it, to remain with his old masters, who were to continue encamped on the spot as a species of staff, on which the different bodies could, if necessary, fall back for assistance and provisions.

Detained in this comparatively near neighbourhood to the settlements, Peter began to meditate flight; the possibility of which, however, seemed still doubtful, as he was never suffered to stray from the party, and was bound when they had occasion to leave him for any brief space of time. A favourable opportunity soon occurred. One night the party having returned from hunting, all sat down to

supper on two polecats which had been captured, after which, greatly fatigued, they threw themselves down before their camp-fire, and were in a short time sound asleep. Now was an opportunity not to be thrown away. Having found, by touching the persons of the Indians, and by making sundry noises, that they would not readily awake, Peter's heart exulted with joy at the prospect of deliverance; and, committing himself to the Divine protection, he set forward defenceless on his hazardous enterprise. Such, however, was his terror, that in going away he frequently halted and paused, looking fearfully towards the spot where his enemies lay asleep, lest they should awake and miss him; but when he had reached a distance of two or three hundred yards, he mended his pace, and made as much haste as possible towards the foot of the mountains.

On approaching these hills, his ears were suddenly assailed with the dreaded shout of the savages, who, awakening, had missed their charge, and were now bellowing in their surprise and indignation. The deserter reasonably concluded that they would speedily separate themselves and hie off in quest of him in different directions. Heedless of consequences, and scarce knowing where he trod, he now drove impetuously onward through the woods, sometimes falling and bruising himself, and cutting his feet and legs in a miserable manner. Faint and maimed, he still continued his flight until break of day, when good-fortune threw in his way a hollow tree, into which he crept as a place of temporary security. Here he lay enjoying a feverish repose for two or three hours, at the end of which time he was effectually roused to the dangers of his situation, on hearing the voices of his pursuers, near the place of his concealment, threatening vengeance against him should he fall into their hands. Unable to detect the spot where the runaway lay hid, they at last left the place, and he remained in his asylum all the remainder of the day without further molestation.

Stiffened with fatigue, foot-sore, and with hunger appeased only by a few grains of Indian corn, our hero, at nightfall, once more set forward on his journey, keeping the direction of the settlements; trembling at almost every bush he passed, and thinking that each twig which touched him was a savage. Next day he concealed himself in the same manner, and continued his journey at night, avoiding everything like a beaten path as much as possible. On the third night, to his inexpressible terror, he stumbled on a party of Indians, who, awakened by the rustling of the leaves, started from the ground, and seizing their arms, ran from the fire among the woods. Whether to move forward or rest where he was, was now the difficulty. While Peter was revolving this serious question in his mind, he was relieved by seeing a herd of swine making towards the place where he guessed the savages to be: conjecturing that it was these animals which had made the noise, the party returned merrily to the fire of their encampment, and lay down as before.

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With more cautious and silent steps he now pursued his course till break of day, when he laid himself down to rest under a fallen log of timber, and slept undisturbed till noon. This was now the fourth day of his escape; and on gaining the brow of an eminence, he saw with delight some habitations of white people, though at a number of miles distant.

The pleasure he had in the scene before him was somewhat abated by his utter inability, from fatigue, to reach the settlements that night. Again, therefore, he composed his wearied limbs to rest; and at dawn of day set forward on his journey towards the nearest cleared lands. Nature, on the point of exhaustion, could with the utmost difficulty bear up for even the few hours which must elapse ere he reached a friendly dwelling. Foundering at the smallest obstacles, and in an agony of pain, it was four o'clock in the afternoon before he arrived at the first house in his path. It proved to be the dwelling of John Bell, an old acquaintance, whose wife opening the door, and seeing, as she thought, an Indian, fled screaming into the house. The whole family being alarmed, immediately seized their arms, and the applicant was speedily accosted by the master with his gun in his hand. Williamson now made himself known, assuring him that he was not an Indian, but an old friend, and was immediately received with every demonstration of kindness.

The poor wanderer, conducted into the house, was overcome with bodily distresses and emotion, and fainted, and fell upon the ground. Being recovered from this state, he was given some refreshment, but at first very sparingly, for fear of the ill effects it might have on his worn-out frame. For several days and nights he was thus affectionately nursed by the family, until his spirits and limbs were pretty well recruited, and he felt himself able to sit on horseback. Kindly equipped with some clothing, he now borrowed a horse from these good people, and proceeded towards the house of his father-in-law, distant about a hundred and fifty miles.

Peter's appearance at Mount Hiram, in Chester county, filled every one with surprise; for it was generally believed that he had fallen a prey to the Indians, and been consumed in his own dwelling. Great was the joy and satisfaction with which he was received, but not unaccompanied with a look of constraint and sorrow.

'Where, where is Rose?—tell me of my dear wife—I have heard that she returned here.'

'Alas, poor Rose is gone!' was the heart-breaking reply. 'She was not in a situation to endure such an accumulation of disasters, and died in a week after we brought her home.'

Peter bent his head to this new blow. 'Where,' thought he, in an agony of feeling, 'are my misfortunes to terminate?'

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### PETER AS A COLONIAL SOLDIER.

The news of our hero's escape from captivity among the Indians, and of his safe arrival at the house of his father-in-law, excited considerable interest in the neighbourhood; and the intelligence having reached Mr Morris, the governor of the state, his excellency requested to have some explicit information on the subject. Peter immediately complied with this wish, which had another object besides the gratification of personal curiosity. At this period, as has been said, the British colonies were pressed upon by the French, and their allies the Indians—an alliance disgraceful to a civilised people; but not more so to the French than the English, for they likewise sought and partook of aid from these savage denizens of the wilderness.

The information afforded by Peter to the governor led to examinations before the House of Assembly, by whom he was courteously dismissed, with a promise that all proper methods should be taken to reimburse those who had suffered by the Indians, and to prevent the commission of such hostilities for the future; but it does not appear that Peter ever received any substantial compensation from the state. Having declined to follow his father-in-law's advice, to return to his dilapidated farm, he was now abroad on the world without any means of subsistence. In this forlorn state he enlisted for three years in a regiment raised by General Shirley of New England, for the purpose of operating on the western confines of the settlements. In order that he might recruit his strength before going into actual service, he was transferred for a short time to Boston. His residence in the capital of New England was unchcered by any pleasing circumstance; and it was not without renewed apprehensions that he heard of the devastations still committing by the Indians on the persons and property of settlers. These outrages were committed with much audacity, and in the present day perhaps form the theme of numerous traditions related by the elder inhabitants of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. One strange fact caused a considerable sensation in Boston, for it occurred within the short distance of thirty miles from the city. In the course of April, a body of Indians, after skulking in the woods for some time, suddenly attacked the house of Mr Joseph Long, a gentleman of large fortune; and proving too strong for its defenders, scalped and cut to pieces the unfortunate gentleman, his wife, and nine servants; after which act of barbarity, they made a general conflagration of the dwelling, barns, cattle, and every other movable, including the mangled remains of their victims, the whole being consumed in one blaze. Only two members of the family were spared, the son and daughter of Mr Long, who were reserved, and carried off for greater cruelties. Alarmed at this inhuman butchery, the people of the



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neighbourhood and of Boston quickly assembled, to consider of proper measures for recovering the lost brother and sister, and of punishing the captors. Among the first who offered to go against the savages was Mr James Crawford, a young gentleman of Boston, who had paid his addresses to Miss Long, and was in a short time to have been married to her. His feelings on the occasion meeting with much sympathy, he instantly raised a hundred young men, who heroically engaged to go in quest of the marauders, and, if possible, rescue the young lady from their clutches. Desirous of having any aid which Peter could afford, from his acquaintance with some of the habits and places of resort of the Indians, the party applied to his officers, and their consent being given, Peter cheerfully joined the expedition.

Being quickly armed and provided with requisites for the journey, the party set out for Mr Long's plantation, which they soon reached, and thence proceeded by intricate paths through the woods on what they believed to be the track of the Indians. This path luckily proved the right one, and conducted them to the top of a hill, from which they saw the Indians in an encampment in the low grounds. Not anticipating any such visit, the savages had taken no precaution to keep up a watch, and therefore at midnight, when all were wrapt in sleep round their fire, the party stole upon them. The onslaught of the whites need not be described; it is sufficient to say that they slew every Indian who was upon the ground. Near the spot the young lady was found in a deplorable condition, with person soiled and torn, and her hands bound painfully round a tree; and she stated that next day she was to be sacrificed to the passions of her barbarous captors. Her brother, it was found, had been already put to death, and was past all worldly sufferings. It is to be regretted that, in releasing this young and accomplished female, the party of whites appear to have emulated the Indians in brutality. Not satisfied with killing them, they hacked the senseless bodies, steering homewards triumphant with fifty scalps, for which a handsome reward was paid by the authorities of Boston. There can be no doubt that such barbarities served to confirm the Indians in their hatred of the whites, and to perpetuate hostilities between them. In those times, however, anything like moderation in the treatment of tribes of aborigines was unknown.

Peter now embarked in the active life of a soldier, marching with his regiment to Oswego, at that time considered a remote part of the settled country near the great north-western lakes. The object of the expedition was to destroy certain French forts, and to protect the frontiers; but the duty was of the most harassing kind, and great numbers of men were picked off by Indians in the French alliance. One of the incidents which occurred while the English forces were encamped on the plains of Chippewa, will furnish an idea not only of Indian cunning, but of the singular perils to which

individuals were exposed during the campaign. Colonel St Clair, the commander, was a bold and meritorious officer; but there was mixed up with his bravery a large share of rashness, arising, perhaps, from ignorance of Indian tactics. His indiscretion in this case consisted in encamping on an open plain beside a thick wood, from which an Indian scout could easily pick off his outposts without being exposed in the least to the fire of the sentinel.

Five nights had passed, and each night the party had had to lament the disappearance of a sentry, who stood at a lonely post in the vicinity of the forest. These repeated disasters struck such a dread into the breasts of the remaining soldiers, that no one would volunteer to take the post, and the commander—knowing it would be throwing away their lives—let it stand unoccupied for a night or two. At length a rifleman of the Virginia corps volunteered his services. He was told the danger of the duty; but he laughed at their fears, saying he would return safe, to drink the health of his commanders in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle, and fell in. He arrived at his bounds, and, bidding his fellow-sentinels good-night, assumed the duties of his post. The night was dark, from the thick clouds that overspread the firmament, leaving no star to shine on the sentinel as he paced his lonely path, and nought was heard but the mournful hoot of the owl, as she raised her nightly song from the withered branch of the venerable oak. At length a low rustling among the bushes on the right caught his ear. He gazed long towards the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but saw nothing, save the impenetrable gloom of the thick forest which surrounded the encampment. Then as he marched onward, he heard o'er the gentle breeze of night the joyful cry of 'All's well,' after which he seated himself upon a stump, and dropped into a deep fit of musing. While he thus sat, a savage entered the open space behind him, and, after buckling his tunic, with its numerous folds, tight around his body, drew over his head the skin of a wild-boar, with the natural appendages of these animals; and, thus accoutred, walked slowly past the soldier, who, seeing the object approach, quickly stood upon his guard. But a well-known grunt eased his fears, and he suffered it to pass, it being too dark for any one to discover the cheat. The beast quietly sought the thicket to the left; it was nearly out of sight, when, through a sudden break in the clouds, the moon shone bright upon it. The soldier then perceived the ornamental moccasin of a savage, and quick as thought prepared to fire. But, fearing lest he might have been mistaken, and thus falsely alarm the camp—and also supposing, if it were so, other savages would be near at hand, he refrained, and having a perfect knowledge of Indian subtlety, quickly took off his coat and cap, and after hanging them on the stump where he had reclined, took hold of his rifle, and softly groped his way towards the thicket. He had barely reached it, when

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the whizzing of an arrow passed his head, and told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

Turning his eyes towards a small spot of cleared land within the thicket, he perceived a dozen of those animals sitting on their hind legs, instead of feeding on the acorns which, at this season, lay plentifully upon the surface of the leaves, and, listening attentively, he heard them converse in the Iroquois tongue. The substance of their discourse was, that if the sentinel should not discover them the next eve, so soon as the moon should give them sufficient light for their operations, they would make an attack upon the English camp. They then left their rendezvous, and soon their tall forms were lost in the gloom of the forest. The soldier now returned to his post, and found the arrow sunk deep in the stump, it having passed through the breast of his coat.

He directly returned to camp, and desired the orderly at the commander's marquee to inform him of his wish to speak with him, having something of importance to communicate. He was admitted—and having been heard, the colonel bestowed on him the then vacant office of lieutenant of the corps, and directed him to be ready, with a picket-guard, to march at eight o'clock in the evening—again to place his hat and coat upon the stump, and then lie in ambush for the intruders. Accordingly the party proceeded, and obeyed the colonel's orders by placing the coat and cap on the stump. The moon arose, but shone dimly through the thick branches of the forest.

While they were thus waiting, an arrow whizzed from the same quarter as before; the mock soldier fell on his face; a dozen subdued voices sounded from within the thicket, which were shortly followed by the sudden appearance of the speakers themselves. They had barely reached the fallen soldier, when our hero gave the word 'Fire!'—and the whole band lay dead upon the plain. After stripping them of their trappings, the party returned to the camp. The intrepid soldier who had detected the manœuvre of the Indians rose in the army, and afterwards signalised himself in the revolutionary war as the gallant Colonel Morgan.

Peter's exertions as a soldier during the campaign of 1755-6 against the French in the north-west were, as he tells us, so poorly rewarded, that for twelve months' service he never received more than six weeks' pay. A want of unanimity in the councils and proceedings of the English and colonial governments appears to have been the bane of this unfortunate contest. Peter, confined at Albany by wounds and personal weakness, had the good-fortune not to be present at the scene of General Braddock's defeat (July 9, 1755). Having gone with a large body of British and provincial soldiers to attack Fort Duquesne, General Braddock, whose knowledge of war had been gained on the plains of Flanders, was not cautious in guarding against an ambuscade in the woods through which he had to pass. Having crossed the river Monongahela, the army was

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proceeding forward, when it was suddenly attacked by an invisible enemy. Volleys of musketry were poured in upon the British force from behind bushes and trees, and the fire was returned at mere random, and without effect. The general and his officers, among whom was George Washington, then a young man, behaved with great bravery; but all was unavailing. The French and Indians, concealed in the ravines and forest, took deliberate aim, and produced a carnage unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. The general himself received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers fell by his side. The remnant of the army was carried off by Washington and others as they best could. About eight hundred English, but not more than forty French and Indians, were killed.

The disgraceful termination of this affair roused England to take more effective measures, and Wolfe was appointed to match himself with Montcalm. The result is well known. The French were vanquished on the plains of Abraham at Quebec (September 13, 1759), and their stronghold, Canada, added to the English crown. Before the termination of this protracted struggle for mastery between two European powers on the North American continent, Peter Williamson had brought his soldiering to a close. On the 14th of August 1756, he was taken prisoner by the French during one of the many ill-conducted attacks on their forts, and was conveyed with his companions in captivity to Montreal. From Montreal he was taken to Quebec; and there, in terms of surrender, the English prisoners were placed on board a French vessel, and despatched to England in exchange. The French, Peter observes, behaved with no little politeness, yet almost starved the prisoners on board, one biscuit and two ounces of pork per day being all that each man was allowed. After a passage of six weeks, the prisoners rejoiced in seeing the shores of England, and arrived at Plymouth on the 6th of November 1756. Having, after some delay, been permitted to land, parties of the released soldiers were draughted into different regiments; but our hero, on examination, was pronounced unfit for further service, in consequence of a wound in his hand, and was discharged.

### MISFORTUNES STILL PURSUE PETER.

With a gracious allowance of six shillings as travelling-money, Peter Williamson departed from the dockyard of Plymouth. Friendless and forlorn, and so maimed in his hand as to be unfit for any severe manual labour, he turned his face towards home, the home of his infancy—Scotland—whose blue hills he had not expected ever more to behold. With a heavy heart he trudged on his way northwards, as much in the capacity of a mendicant as an independent pedestrian. Occasionally he received succour from parish-officers; and as a discharged soldier, who could relate tales



of war in 'the plantations,' he was an acceptable guest at the farmers' firesides.

In the course of his journey he arrived at York; and here, in seeking a pass, with some small pecuniary allowance, he attracted the curiosity of the mayor, by whose benevolent interference he was able to get a narrative of his life and adventures printed. Such was the interest felt in this publication, that a thousand copies were sold in the first three weeks. Proceeding northwards, he sold six hundred and fifty in Newcastle; and wherever he went it met a like favourable reception. The profit on a thousand being thirty pounds, Peter began to think himself happy in having passed through hardships which were now proving so lucrative. Arriving in Aberdeen, June 1758, he made another effort to turn his misfortunes to profit, by exhibiting himself in the arms and accoutrements of the North American savages, and giving representations of their gestures and war-whoop. The exhibition was resorted to by applauding multitudes, and his pamphlet was also experiencing a ready sale, when a sudden stop was put to his proceedings by the magistrates. These worthy individuals, feeling the infamy of the exposure of the kidnapping system, and perhaps stimulated by their clerk-depute, and other parties who had been concerned in the traffic, caused Peter to be dragged before their tribunal, on the accusation of having issued 'a scurrilous and infamous libel on the corporation of the city of Aberdeen and whole members thereof.' Of this charge he was at once convicted; the obnoxious pages of his tract were ordered to be torn out and 'publicly burned by the common hangman, the town-officers attending, and publishing the cause of the burning;' he was ordained to be incarcerated till he should sign a denial of the truth of his statements; he was subjected to a fine of ten shillings, and banished from the city. All this persecution is the more monstrous, as it does not appear that Peter contemplated taking any measures to obtain satisfaction for his having been kidnapped. Now, however, having come to Edinburgh, and there found some sympathising friends, he was speedily induced to seek justice against these local tyrants. An action having been brought by him before the Court of Session, complaining of the unjust treatment he had latterly experienced from the Aberdeen corporation, he obtained, January 1762, a decision awarding him damages to the amount of £100, besides the expense of the litigation, about £80, 'for which the Lords declare the defenders to be personally liable, and that the same shall be no burden upon the town of Aberdeen.'

We are not aware of anything more ludicrous in the annals of courts of justice, than the paroxysm of alarm and vexation into which the magistrates of the good town of Aberdeen were thrown by the result of Williamson's well-sustained suit. An attempt was made by them to procure a reversal of the decision, by presenting what is termed a reclaiming petition to the court. The

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following is a copy of a letter from them to their law-agent in Edinburgh, Walter Scott, writer to the Signet,\* on this melancholy subject :

‘*ABERDEEN, February 4, 1762.*’

‘SIR—We are sorry to find by yours of 30th past, that there is a sentence pronounced against us in Williamson’s process, whereby we are decerned to pay to him a very large sum out of our private pockets.

‘We think it necessary to inform you that our conduct and intentions, with regard to our sentence against him, have been entirely misunderstood. We can with the greatest integrity declare that, at the time of pronouncing that sentence, neither of us knew directly or indirectly that ———, the depute-clerk, was anywise concerned in transporting boys to America, or that there ever was in being the book he produced in the proof : that neither of us had ever any interest or concern in such trade : that we never knew, and did not believe, that any men or boys were ever transported from Aberdeen to America contrary to law : that we considered the paragraph in Williamson’s pamphlet respecting the merchants of Aberdeen to be a very calumnious and reproachful aspersion on them, which they did not deserve : that Williamson himself had the appearance of being an idle stroller, and could give no good account of himself, and had procured this pamphlet to be composed for him, of such shocking circumstances, in order the more easily to impose upon and draw money from the credulous vulgar : and, upon the whole, that we had no motive of interest, either on our own account or any other person whatever, nor any prejudice against Williamson (having never before seen or heard of him), to induce us to pronounce the sentence against him : that we did it purely as what we judged material justice, to vindicate the character of those we believed to be innocent, and were unjustly reflected upon : and that whatever in the sentence appears to their Lordships to be either oppressive or illegal, proceeded entirely from error in judgment, and not from any sinister design : so that, however far the sentence has been wrong, we are ready most freely to make any declaration that may be necessary, that it proceeded from the most innocent intention.

‘Under these circumstances, you will easily perceive how much we were surprised on reading yours, giving account of the sentence against us, and how hard a thing it is to be decerned to pay a sum of money as a fine for doing what we considered to be our duty.

‘You will therefore lay this before the lawyers, in order they may the better form a reclaiming petition. We must think our case very hard, if their Lordships don’t grant us redress in this matter. We are,’ &c.

\* Father of the late Sir Walter Scott.

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‘This letter,’ says Peter, ‘did not avail their cause. It was in vain to deny their being in the knowledge that such an illicit species of traffic was carried on by some of the merchants in Aberdeen, when it was done in so public a manner that the meanest resident in the city observed it; when the *fama clamosa* of kidnapping overspread the whole country, so that the poor people whose business led them frequently to town, were afraid to carry their children along with them, lest they should be picked up and transported to the plantations. In the end, they insinuate that their sentence against me proceeded from an error in judgment, and not from any sinister design, and that they were willing to make any declaration necessary, to evince the innocence of their intentions. But if a sentence calculated for the suppression of truth, and to prevent the detection of a commerce the most illegal and most destructive of society, can be said to proceed from no sinister design, then every sentence that has a tendency to screen the guilty, and encourage those monsters who make a traffic of the persons and liberties of their fellow-creatures, must be accounted innocent. The whole of the procedure of the magistrates against me appears to have been directed to this single end. From this view, they *first* caused the whole impression of my book to be seized, and those offensive tell-truth leaves to be burned, that they might not revive the memory of this villainous trade, and rise in judgment against their brother-merchants. *Second*, In order to make the surer work of it, they extorted from me the declaration formerly stated, under the terror of imprisonment, and caused publish the same in the newspapers, in order to stigmatise my character, and brand me with the infamy of being an impostor and a liar. And, *lastly*, they banished me the city, lest I should retract my declaration, and have an opportunity to spread the truth of my former assertions. Their schemes, however, had an effect the very reverse of what they intended. Instead of suppressing the truth, their proceedings have proved the means of bringing it to light, and confirming it by indubitable evidence; and so opening a scene of the grossest impiety, barbarity, and wickedness.’

It was the intention of the officers of the crown to have instituted a criminal prosecution against the parties who had been engaged in the trade of kidnapping; but it unfortunately happened that the wretches were secured by a certain act of indemnity. They were still, however, civilly responsible to Williamson, who accordingly raised an action against a certain Bailie — and others, for damages on account of his abduction. The scoundrelism of the men, and the brutal manners of the time, are both evinced by some circumstances which took place in the course of this second litigation. Having obtained a temporary withdrawal of the process from court, in order that it might be submitted to friendly arbitration, the defenders entered into a conspiracy to intoxicate the arbiter, and

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obtain his signature to a decision in their favour. The arbiter was the sheriff-substitute of the county. It appears that they began to ply him with drink at eleven in the forenoon of the day preceding that on which he was to give his decision. Conveyed home at night dead drunk, he had no sooner awakened to consciousness next morning, than they administered to him a large dose of spirits, white wine, and punch, 'with cooling draughts of porter from time to time.' After dinner he and two others sat down to ombre, 'drinking at the same time, *helter-skelter*, a bottle and a half of Malaga, a mug of porter, two bottles of claret, and a mutchkin and a half of rum made into punch.' After these potations, the learned sheriff pronounced judgment, and retired to bed, where he lay all the next day (Sunday) speechless. The judgment thus procured was set aside by the supreme court, who, in December 1768, finally awarded to Williamson £200 in name of damages, in addition to the costs of his litigation, which were modified to one hundred guineas.\*

## PETER SETTLES IN EDINBURGH.

Peter who, meanwhile, had exhibited himself to large audiences in Edinburgh as an Indian warrior, now resolved to settle in that city and support himself by some kind of business. At that time the large hall in which the Scottish parliament had met, but which now, like Westminster Hall, was a sort of central place of resort in connection with the adjacent law-courts, was partially devoted to purposes not unlike those of a modern bazaar. Here Peter set up a tavern for the service of the multitudes—lawyers, litigants, and miscellaneous loungers—who, during session-time, filled the open space of the hall for three or four hours each day. In a volume, entitled *Reekiana, or Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, where there is a ground-plan of the hall, Peter's tavern, there exactly indicated, is said to have consisted of 'three or four very small apartments, one within another; the partitions made of the slimmest materials, some of them even of brown paper.' Here, too, our hero sold copies of his book, as also of other tracts of a more aspiring kind, which he wrote from time to time upon the politics of the day, but the whole of which have long since passed into oblivion. Robert Fergusson, in a poem on the *Rising of the Session*, thus alludes to Peter's little tavern:

'This vacance is a heavy doom  
On Indian Peter's coffee-room;  
For a' his china pigs are toom,  
Nor do we see  
In wine the soukar biskets soom,  
Light as a flie.'

\* See the *Book of Bon-Accord; a Guide to the City of Aberdeen.* 1839.



## STORY OF PETER WILLIAMSON.

Afterwards Peter removed to more spacious apartments in the neighbouring street, where his trade was less liable to be affected by times and seasons, and where his occasional exhibitions as a Delaware Indian furnished an attraction of considerable interest. But Peter was of too lively and ingenious a mind to be contented with such ordinary resources. Aided by the knowledge he had acquired in scenes more bustling than the Scottish capital then presented, he became a projector of schemes, locally new and unheard of, some of course visionary, but others practicable and likely to be generally useful. About 1772 we find him commencing the biennial publication of an Edinburgh Directory, being the first compilation of the kind which had appeared in our city. His directories are now esteemed curious memorials of a past state of things in the Scottish capital, and prized for their rarity by book-collectors. The greatest of this singular person's projects was that of a penny-post for the city and suburbs. More steady than projectors usually are, he had the address to establish and conduct this institution much to the satisfaction of the community, and with considerable advantage to himself.

While conducting his directories and penny-post, with other kinds of business, Peter formed a second matrimonial alliance, which, we regret to say, did not prove a happy one. Yet, though the current of his existence was ruffled by this unfortunate affair, his latter years were not by any means blank or joyless. Essentially good-tempered, and of a sanguine disposition, he surrounded himself with many friends, among whom he passed not unpleasantly into a hale and hearty old age. It is gratifying to know that he was not unrecompensed for his contrivance of the penny-post. When the institution was ultimately taken under the charge of government, a pension was bestowed upon Peter Williamson, who was thus satisfactorily provided for to the termination of his career.

Nothing remains to be told of 'Indian Peter,' but that, after attaining his sixty-eighth or sixty-ninth year, he died on the 19th of January 1799, leaving behind him the character of an enterprising and somewhat eccentric, but upright man.



## CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION.

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The Three Graces (*Wellingtonia gigantea*).

remarkable phenomena that the

No. 15.

**T**HE vegetation which everywhere adorns the surface of the globe, from the moss that covers the weather-worn stone, to the cedar that crowns the mountain, is replete with matter for reflection and admiration. Not a tree that lifts its branches aloft, not a flower or leaf that expands beneath the sunlight, but has something of habit or of structure—something of form, of fragrance, or of colour—to arrest the attention. It is true that early and constant familiarity has a tendency to render us unobservant of that which surrounds us; but that individual must be idle, and ignorant as idle, whose curiosity cannot be awakened by a description of the wonderful mechanism and adaptations of vegetable life. It is to a brief account of the more following pages are devoted;

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not with a view to excite mere unreasoning wonder, but with a desire to create a spirit of inquiry into principles as well as into facts, and to lead the mind to one of the most agreeable pursuits which the wide field of nature presents.

### GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF PLANTS.

Minerals, plants, and animals are all formed by the chemical combination of certain elementary substances. In minerals, these elements combine by the force of chemical affinity only; but in plants and animals, they are held in combination by vital action. Vitality enables plants and animals, by means of certain organs, to absorb and assimilate food, consisting of the elements necessary for their increase, and also to reproduce beings of their own kind; hence they are said to be *organised*, and the substances of which they are composed are known by the general name of *organic matter*. Minerals, not possessing vitality, have no organs, and consist only of *inorganic matter*. Plants derive their sustenance from inorganic matter—air, earth, and water; animals cannot do so, but must live on vegetables, or prey upon each other. Vegetation, therefore, must be the precursor of animal life in the economy of nature.

The simplest forms of life are observable in certain plants and animals whose economy is limited to the absorption and assimilation of nutriment, and the power of reproduction; and the difference between these humble plants and animals is so trifling, that in them the animal and vegetable kingdoms seem to pass into each other. Thus, notwithstanding all the light which modern science has thrown on organic life, we are yet at a loss to distinguish between certain lowly forms of corallines and sponges, and to say which are plants and which are animals. But while to the eye of imperfect knowledge, the lowest forms of plants and animals seem to merge into each other, it must be ever borne in mind that, beyond a faint analogy, there is nothing like identity between the respective functions of these two great kingdoms.

Few plants possess the power of locomotion; and though the aquatic plant, called the fresh-water sailor, seems to detach itself from the mud in which it originally grows, and rises to the surface of the water to expand its flowers, this must be regarded as the necessary result of a peculiar mechanism, and not of volition. Plants may be propagated by division; but it is only among the lowest animals, as sponges and polyps, that detached parts will become perfect individuals. Plants have no stomach; and though the lobe-like leaves of Venus's fly-trap, hereafter to be noticed, are said to digest the flies they catch, it is rather ordinary decay that takes place than true digestion. Plants are without feeling. Though the leaves of the sensitive plant shrink at the slightest touch, yet we

## CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION.

cannot, without a misapplication of words, apply the term feeling where no nervous structure has yet been discovered. In like manner, the growth of young trees and shrubs has been compared to the spinal marrow of animals ; the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in autumn, to the circulation of the blood ; and the exhalation of oxygen, and the absorption of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, to respiration ; but all these are mere analogies, not identities of function. Indeed, all the vital operations of plants are performed in a different manner from those of animals ; the instances of locomotion, sensitiveness, and power of digestion in plants being very rare and imperfect, while the power of propagating by division in animals is equally so.

Plants, whether rooted in the soil or on other organic bodies—whether floating in water or suspended in the atmosphere, are dependent upon air, moisture, heat, and light for their perfect development. Besides these conditions, many require nourishment from the soil ; but, strange as it may appear at first sight, soil is not essential to vegetation in general ; for many plants, such as aquatics, parasites, and aërials, grow and propagate their kind without once coming in contact with the ground. It is common to divide the vegetable kingdom into two great sections—those plants which flower, as trees, shrubs, and grasses ; and those which do not flower, as ferns, sea-weeds, and mushrooms. It is also usual to arrange them according to their manner of growth. Thus, some increase by external layers, as the fir, the wood of which shews many concentric layers, each ring being a year's growth ; others grow from within, as the palm, the trunk of which shews no concentric layers ; and some increase by mere prolongation of the apex, or growing point, as the ferns, sea-weeds, and lichens. Those which increase by external layers, have the nerves of the leaves reticulated or netted, as in the apple ; those which grow by internal additions, have the nerves arranged in parallel order, as in the lily ; and those which add to their bulk by simple extension of the growing point, have no distinct venation, as in the lichens.

## REPRODUCTION AND DISPERSION OF PLANTS.

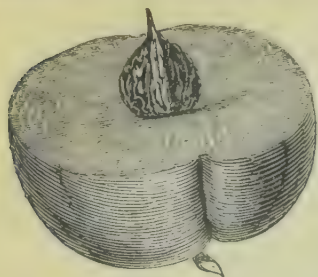
The main object of a plant during growth seems to be the reproduction of its kind. Whether the term of its being be limited by a day, by a year, or by centuries, its sole effort—as it proceeds from leaf to stem, from stem to branch, and from branch to flower and fruit—is the multiplication of itself. This is effected variously : by seeds, by spores or embryo plants, by tubers, by runners which put forth shoots as they elongate, by branches which send down roots, by branches bending downwards and taking root, by slips or detached branches, or even by single leaves.

Increase by seed is the most familiar mode of reproduction, being



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common to all flowering plants. Seeds are merely leaves preserved



Section of a Peach.

in peculiar cerements against the return of the season of growth. They are also furnished with a sufficiency of nutriment for the embryo plant, till its roots have struck into the soil, and its leaves be expanded into the atmosphere. For the excitement of growth in seeds, a certain amount of heat and moisture is necessary; but too much heat would parch them, and too much cold or moisture would destroy their vitality. To provide against such contingencies, nature has conferred on them the most

ingenious and perfect coverings. The cocoa-nut has a tough fibrous coir and woody shell, impervious alike to drought and rain; the chestnut has a compact leathery envelope; the peach a hard stony case, surrounded with soft flesh; the apple a fleshy pome, enclosing leathery cells; the rose a waterproof hip, packed with down; the pea and bean a pod of parchment; and seeds apparently naked have either a coriaceous membrane, or have their exterior tissue so condensed, that they look as if they had come from the hand of the jannanner. In all of them, the protection against cold, drought, moisture, and other destructive agencies is very complete. Seeds which have been buried for centuries have, on being brought to the surface, sprung up into healthy plants: even a crop of wheat is said to have been reared from seeds taken from the hand of an Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old!

Equally perfect with this protection are the means for their dispersion over the surface of the globe. What could be better adapted for floating from island to island than the cocoa-nut, with its light fibrous coir and woody shell? What more easily caught up by the slightest breath of air than the seeds of the thistle or dandelion, with their little parachutes of down? Or what more aptly fitted for attachment to the coats of wandering animals than the hooked heads of the teasel and burdock? Nor does contrivance end here. Many, when ripe, are ejected from the vessels which contain them with considerable force by means of elastic valves and springs. The *Cardamine impatiens* throws its ripe seed to a considerable distance on being touched; so does the squirting cucumber, the geranium, the common broom, and others, as if they were endowed with vitality, and had a care for their embryo progeny. Some do not even part with their seeds till these have struck root as independent plants. Thus the mangrove, which flourishes amid the mud of tropical deltas and creeks, retains its berries till they have sent down long threadlike radicles into the silt below, as if it felt

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that the water and slime by which it was surrounded were elements too unstable to be intrusted with its offspring.

Plants that reproduce themselves by spores or germs belong to the flowerless section of vegetation, as the ferns, sea-weeds, mosses, mushrooms, and the like. In many of these the reproductive spores are so minute that they float in the air unseen; and not a dried mushroom or puff-ball that is struck by the wandering foot, but disperses thousands of its kind around it. The little brown specks on the leaf of the fern, the snuff-like powder of the puff-ball, or the dust arising from the mould of a decayed cheese, are all alike the germs of future plants; and when we consider how minute each individual is, how liable to be borne about by winds, by water, and by the coverings of animals to which they may adhere, we shall cease to wonder at the fact, that there is not a



Fern, shewing the clusters of spore-cases (sori) on back of the frond.

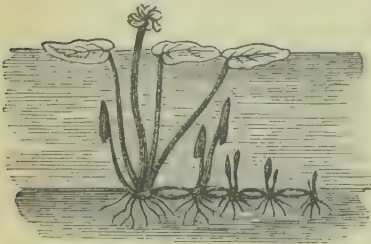
portion of surface, organic or inorganic, that may not be covered with their growth. The spores of sea-weeds, which are always surrounded by water, are covered by a mucilage that enables them to adhere to whatever solid body they touch; and what is peculiar in this adhesive substance—it is insoluble in water. ‘Let chemistry,’ says Macculloch in his *Illustrations of the Attributes of God*, ‘name another mucilage, another substance which water cannot dissolve, though apparently already in solution with water, and then ask if this extraordinary secretion was not designed for the special end attained, and whether also it does not afford an example of that Power which has only to will that it may produce what it desires, even by means the most improbable.’

Many plants, as the potato, reproduce themselves both by seeds and tubers. Both modes, however, do not take place with equal exuberance at one and the same time. In its native region of South America, where the climate is better adapted for blossom and ripening of seed, the potato flowers luxuriantly, but yields an insignificant crop of small acid tubers: in our unstable climate, on the other hand, the underground progeny is the more abundant and prolific. There is, it would seem, a certain amount of vital force in every plant, and if that force be expended on flowering, tubers will not be produced, and if on the production of an underground progeny, the seed will not be matured, as is the case with the horse-radish and Jerusalem artichoke. Here, however, it must be remarked, that tubers are not roots in the botanical sense of the word: they are true underground stems, which, instead of terminating in fruit and seed, terminate in nodes full of eyes or leaf-buds, and supplied with a quantity of farinaceous matter for the support of the young buds, till they have struck their roots in the soil

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to elaborate their own sustenance. Let any one unearth a potato plant with care, and he will at once perceive the difference between the true roots spreading out into minute fibres, and the underground stems terminating in tubers. The former are tough and fibrous, diverging into minute radicles, each tipped with its little sucking point or spongiole; the latter are soft and succulent, undivided, and ending in a mass of farinaceous matter, studded with young buds. Each of these buds, if detached with a portion of the tuber, and placed in proper soil, will spring up into a perfect plant—the farinaceous fragment supplying it with food until roots and leaves are formed.

The manner in which plants reproduce themselves viviparously, differs according to the constitutional character of the kind. Some, as the elm and poplar, have their roots furnished with buds, which sooner or later sprout forth into offsets and suckers, as they are called, and these annually increase in bulk and height, ultimately becoming, under proper conditions, perfect trees. Others multiply themselves by sending out runners, each of which produces



Aquatic Plant extending its creeping stems along the mud.

several young plants; and many herbaceous perennials extend themselves in the same way, either by runners under ground, as the couch-grass, or above ground, as the strawberry. Most people must have observed the continual efforts of the latter plant to extend itself in this way; and so it is with many others—the propensity being most powerful where there is the least opportunity of bringing forth seed. It is often highly interesting to watch

the progress of these runners. Where the soil is soft and favourable throughout, the young shoots are developed at about equal distances; but where the soil is hard, or covered with stones, the runner pushes its way over these obstructions, refusing to put forth a single bud until the proper conditions for its maintenance be reached. We have often seen a gravel-walk thus crossed by a strawberry runner, the runner being as budless as a piece of copper wire, until it had arrived at the soil on the other side, where it immediately put forth its young progeny in abundance. Instances of this kind are often ascribed to vegetable instinct; and were it not for the essential differences which evidently exist between vegetables and animals, one would be almost tempted to assign to it a higher designation. Some plants produce living seeds in the vessels where the ordinary seed is matured, as may be seen in certain varieties of the onion,

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known as tree and apple onions ; and others, like some of the lilies, yield little perfect bulbs in the axils of the stem leaves.

Another manner in which trees multiply themselves is by their branches bending downwards till they touch the ground with the growing points, which then take root and spring up into independent stems. This frequently happens among trailing shrubs, as the bramble and honeysuckle, and may also be witnessed among our garden roses and gooseberries. A somewhat similar mode of extension is presented by the banyan, which becomes enlarged without the assistance of either seeds or suckers. Roots are produced by the under side of the lower branches : these hang dangling in the air for months before they reach the ground ; this at last they penetrate, and become stems to a new head of branches. An old tree of this kind, as will be shewn in another section, presents a most magnificent object, forming concentric corridors over a great extent of surface. Acting upon the principles here pointed out by nature, gardeners propagate many of their favourites by layers—that is, by bending a branch or shoot till a portion of it be buried in the soil, where it throws out roots, and establishes itself as an independent plant. This being done, it is removed from the parent stock and placed in another situation. Plants are also propagated by slips—that is, by detached young shoots being thrust into the soil, where they throw out roots, and grow up into healthy individuals. Budding is another artificial mode of propagation : it is, in fact, merely slipping at an earlier stage of growth. It is performed by taking the leaf-bud from one tree or branch, and neatly inserting it under the cuticle of another tree or branch, where, fed by the necessary juices, it extends to a new bough or arm. Grafting may be regarded as the planting of a cutting, in a growing stock suitable to it, instead of in the ground. Perhaps the most curious mode of natural reproduction is that by the leaf. Some leaves, as those of the *echeveria*, *malaxis*, *gloxinia*, *fuchsia*, *orange*, and others, when fallen to the ground in a young and growing state, occasionally put forth roots and become perfect plants.

What a curious view of vegetable life do the principles of reproduction unfold ! namely, that all parts of a plant—whether root, tuber, bulb, stem, branch, leaf, or seed—will, under certain conditions, grow up into a perfect individual, similar to the parent from which it has sprung. All modes do not take place at one and the same time, for nature is never prodigally wasteful of her resources ; but where climate or other conditions interrupt production by one source, another is developed more exuberantly than usual to supply its place. If we have not conditions to mature fruit and seed, there will be tubers, or suckers, or runners instead ; and just as the chances of failure are great, so are the modes of reproduction proportionally increased. There is nothing corresponding to this in the animal kingdom, unless among the very lowest forms, as the polyps



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and sponges, which also increase by division. Lop away a branch from a tree, and its place may be supplied by another ; break off the limb of a crab or insect, and another limb will shortly take its place ; but while the detached branch will spring up into a tree similar to its parent, all vitality has fled from the separated limb of the crustacean. The higher kinds of animals have no power to reproduce lost parts ; but while devoid of this vegetative-like power, they have a more exalted sentient development ; and if denied the power to reproduce a lost limb, they are endowed with faculties which can better protect them.

## METAMORPHOSES OF VEGETATION.

In a state of nature, certain orders of vegetation are limited to certain localities, these situations being characterised by some peculiarity of soil and atmospheric influence. If the conditions of soil and climate remain the same, the characters of plants are nearly uniform and stationary ; and this may be always said of them in their natural state. But if they be removed from a poor to a rich soil, from a warm to a cold climate, from a dry to a moist habitat, or *vice versâ*, then their internal structure will undergo a change ; and this change will manifest itself in one or other of their external characters. In some classes, the change is most evident in the roots and tubers ; in others, in the stems and leaves ; while in many, the flowers and fruit are the parts most affected.

The changes which *roots* and *tubers* can be made to undergo are numerous and highly beneficial to man. The potato, for example, is a native of tropical America ; and when found wild, its tubers are small and scarcely edible ; while in Europe it has been rendered by cultivation one of the most valuable articles of food. The produce of an acre of wild potatoes could be held in a single measure ; while in Britain, the same area will yield from forty to sixty bolls. Cultivation has produced a thousand varieties of this tuber, varying in shape, size, colour, and quality. Beet, parsnip, and turnip are also made to assume many variations under proper cultivation. The swollen root of the latter, for instance, has, since the beginning of the present century, been metamorphosed in forms from globular to fusiform, in colours from white and yellow to purple and green, and in weight from a couple of ounces to twenty pounds. So also with the carrot, which in a wild state is a slender, tapering, fleshy root of a yellowish-white colour, but which by cultivation increases in size, and assumes a deep red or orange colour. In the one case, the root is not much thicker than a common quill ; in the other, it becomes as thick and long as a man's arm.

*Stems*, though less liable to metamorphosis of this kind, are still capable of being strangely changed from their normal condition. The vegetable known as kohl rabi is an instance of a stem swollen

at its base, as the root of the cultivated turnip is at its upper part. If a tree which is a native of mountains be placed in a valley, it grows more rapidly, and its timber becomes softer and less durable; and, in like manner, if the tree of a valley be removed to a mountain, it becomes of slow growth and small dimensions, but produces timber remarkable for its toughness and durability. By cultivating upon this principle, tall stems are for the most part rendered short, and short ones taller; the dahlia, for example, having been reduced to one-half of its natural height by garden culture.

*Leaves* are also subject to innumerable metamorphoses, arising either from culture, change of season, disease, or injury by insects. Let any one examine the cabbage in its wild state, as it trails among the shingle of the sea-shore, with its slender stem and small glaucous leaves, and then turn to the giant of the garden, with its stout fleshy stalk and large succulent leaves springing and thickening so rapidly that they have not room to unfold themselves, but gather into a *heart* or cluster several feet in circumference, and he will have some idea of the metamorphic adaptation of vegetable life. It is owing to the Protean nature of this organ that we have puckered leaves, as in the curled cress and curled savoy; and that we have notched and lobed ones becoming simple and entire.

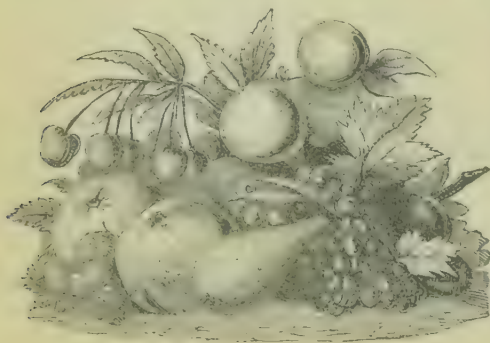
The metamorphoses which occur in the *floral organs* are also very frequent; and on this feature depends all that variety and beauty which it is now so much the object of the florist to produce. These transformations consist in an increase of the petals, in a conversion of stamens into petals, and in some modification of the colour. What are called *double* flowers are produced by a multiplication of the petals, as in the common varieties of the rose; and *full* flowers are those in which the multiplication is carried so far as to obliterate the stamens and pistil. The rose, for example, produces in a wild state only a single row of petals, surrounding a vast number of yellow stamens; but when cultivated, many rows of petals are formed at the expense of the stamens, which are proportionally diminished. Compare the dog-rose of our hedges with the cabbage or Provence rose of our gardens; or compare the single anemones and ranunculus of the Levant with the finest Dutch varieties, and see what cultivation has produced. In the one case there are only five diminutive petals; in the other we have hundreds. The wild anemone is scarcely an inch across; the Dutch have reared specimens more than six inches in diameter.

‘With regard to *colour*,’ says Dr Lindley, ‘its infinite changes and metamorphoses in almost every cultivated flower can be compared to nothing but the alterations caused in the plumage of birds, or in the hairs of animals by domestication. No cause has ever been assigned for these phenomena, nor has any attempt been made to determine the cause in plants. We are, however, in possession of

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the knowledge of some of the laws under which change of colour is effected. A blue flower will change to white or red, but not to bright yellow; a bright yellow flower will become white or red, but never blue. Thus the hyacinth, of which the primitive colour is blue, produces abundance of white or red varieties, but nothing that can be compared to bright yellow—the yellow hyacinths, as they are called, being a sort of pale yellow ochre verging to green. Again, the ranunculus, which is originally of an intense yellow, sports into scarlet, red, purple, and almost any colour but blue. White flowers which have a tendency to produce red will never sport to blue, although they will to yellow; the roses, for example, and the *crysanthemums*.

The changes which the fruit or seed undergoes are also very numerous and obvious. Where, for instance, is there a native grain like wheat, or a native fruit like the apple? In a wild state, the seeds of our cereal grains (wheat, barley, oats, &c.) are thin and meagre; by proper cultivation they are rendered large, plump, and full of farina, so as to become the most important articles of human subsistence. Wheat is now believed to be a transmuted form of the *Ægilops*, a grass found on the shores of the Mediterranean, and differing from it chiefly in the size of the grain and the number of awns with which it is furnished. The experiments of M. Favre, repeated by others, seem to shew that the number of awns is rapidly reduced by cultivation, whilst the size of the grain is increased. The small globular sour crab of our hedges is the original of the numberless varieties of apples now cultivated by gardeners, each variety differing some-



what in size, shape, colour, and flavour. In like manner with the sloe, which few could detect as the parent of our purple, yellow, and white plums; and so also with the wild cherry, and almost every species of our cultivated fruits and seeds. We not only can change their size, colour, and other external char-

acters, but can transform them from dry, acrid, and noxious fruits, to fleshy, pleasant, and wholesome products.

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### CLIMBING PLANTS OF THE TROPICS.

The climbing plants or lianas of the tropics are even more wonderful than the palms which rise above the other trees of the forest, and fling out their great and graceful leaves in the upper air. The climbing plants of temperate climates are either herbaceous plants or small shrubs, but some of those of the tropics attain the dimensions of trees, with stems thicker than a man's body. They surmount the tallest trees, grasping their stems in firm convolutions, and often descending from the top in great festoons, passing to another and another tree, which they include in their coils, and rising again to the summit, winding the whole into a maze of living net-work. The trees which support these climbers are often killed by their constriction, but the firm woody stems of the climbers retain their place, and form a wonderful living mound. Some of the palms are climbers, and among these are the rattans of the East Indies, which with stems always reed-like and slender, sometimes attain the prodigious length of 1000 feet.

### GIANT PLANTS.

There are some orders of plants of larger growth than others, and there are species of such colossal dimensions as to have long been not only subjects of wonder, but of religious reverence and historical association. Among these may be ranked the *Adansonia*, the banyan, and others of the tropical forest, trees of gigantic size, and also certain natives of temperate regions, as pines, oaks, planes, and chestnuts, which occasionally attain a size so unusual, that they appear more like several trees united by a sort of Siamese brotherhood than individual trunks. Such individuals may be regarded not only as giants, but as patriarchs; not only as emblems of strength, but as emblems of duration.

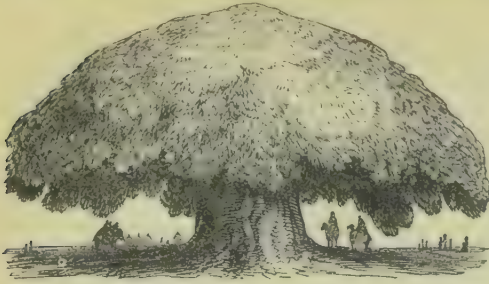
The *Adansonia*, which derives its name from the French botanist Michel Adanson, belongs to the *Bombacææ*, or silk-cotton-tree tribe, and is justly regarded as the Colossus of the vegetable kingdom. It is a native of Senegal, Guinea, and the countries on the west coast of Africa; but specimens have been found growing freely both in India and South America. Besides its botanical appellation, the *Adansonia* is known as the baobab, the monkey-bread-tree, and the Egyptian sour gourd. The height of the trunk is moderate, varying from 50 to 60 feet, but its lateral bulk is almost incredible.

In 1756, Adanson met with trunks in Senegambia having a diameter of 30 feet and a circumference of 90; and Mr Gilberry observed one having a circumference of 104 feet, though its height did not exceed 30. The branches are of considerable size, and 50 or 60 feet long; the central branch rises perpendicularly, the others spread



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round it in all directions; and their extremities being bent towards



Adansonia, or Baobab Tree.

the ground by the weight of foliage, the whole tree presents the appearance of a vast hemispherical mass of verdure 140 or 150 feet in circumference (see fig.). Indeed, a full-grown Adansonia seen at a distance almost presents the appearance of a forest; and it is not till the spectator has satisfied himself

by a near inspection, that he can be convinced that the luxuriant verdure proceeds from a solitary stem. The leaves, which closely resemble those of the horse-chestnut, are of a deep green: and it is said that Cape Verd (literally, the Green Cape) takes its name from the circumstance of its being clothed with these gigantic trees. The flowers are white and pendent, on drooping flower-stalks of a yard in length, and are extremely large, measuring, when fully expanded, from 4 to 6 inches in diameter. A full-grown Adansonia, clothed with its brilliant verdure and snowy blossoms, must therefore present a most magnificent spectacle; and we can fully appreciate the feelings that prompt the untutored negro to worship under its shade, and hail the opening of the flowers with a pious good-morning. Another consideration connected with the baobab is the great age to which many individuals must arrive, as may be inferred from their enormous bulk. It is no doubt a very rapid grower, for a specimen in the Botanic Garden at Calcutta is said to have attained a circumference of 18 feet in twenty-six years; but when we multiply this ten or twenty fold, and make allowance at the same time for the slower increase of maturity, we can readily believe that many specimens now extant may have witnessed the revolutions of more than 2000 years. Adanson indeed looks upon it as the oldest living monument on the globe; and taking his data from two specimens which he examined in 1761, he calculates that some of the baobabs then flourishing on the coast of Africa might have existed for 5000 years! This is obviously an erroneous calculation, founded on the increase by annual layers, as witnessed in temperate regions—a circumstance which is by no means constant, as there may in the tropics be two, three, or even more layers formed in one year, according to seasonal influences; but even after the necessary deductions, we are compelled to regard the Adansonia as alike the monarch and patriarch of the vegetable kingdom.

## CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION.

Among the many astonishing features of Indian vegetation, the *Banyan*, or sacred fig of the Hindus, is one of the most curious and beautiful. Its branches bend towards the ground, take root, and thus form separate trees, which successively cover a vast space of ground, and furnish an agreeable and extensive shade in warm climates. Milton thus correctly describes its habit, where he speaks of its leaves as being those of which Adam and Eve 'made themselves aprons:'

' Soon they chose  
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renowned—  
But such as at this day, to Indians known,  
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root; and daughters grow  
About the mother-tree, a pillared shade,  
High overarched, and echoing walks between.'

The banyan is the *Ficus Indica* of botanists, and belongs to the *Moraceæ*, or fig and mulberry tribe. A specimen is mentioned by Marsden as growing in Bengal, which had fifty or sixty stems, with a total diameter of 370 feet, and which afforded at noon a shadow the circumference of which was 1116 feet. There is another yet more gigantic still standing on the island of Nerbuddah, near Baroach, called the *Cubbeer Burr*. The tradition of the natives is, that this tree is 3000 years old; and it is supposed by some to be the same that was visited by Nearchus, one of Alexander the Great's officers. The large trunks of this tree amount in number to 350; the smaller ones exceed 3000; and each of these is continually sending forth branchlets and hanging roots to form other trunks. The circumference of this remarkable plant is nearly 2000 feet. Roxburgh states that he found the banyan in the greatest perfection and beauty about the villages on the skirts of the Circar Mountains, where he saw some individuals 500 yards round the circumference of the branches, and 100 feet high; the principal trunk being more than 20 feet to the branches, and 8 or 9 feet in diameter. Though undoubtedly a tree of wonderful dimensions, the banyan must be regarded as a succession of independent stems rather than as a single individual; for it is evident that some of the earlier rooting-branches may exceed the parent trunk in size, and that any of them being once rooted, would live and send forth new branches in arches and colonnades though the original stem were utterly destroyed.

The *Dracæna* or *Dragon Tree* is another of those gigantic plants which give character to the vegetation of intertropical countries. It is found abundantly in the East India Islands, in the Canaries and Cape Verds, and along the coast of Sierra Leone. In ordinary cases, the erect trunk of the dracæna does not exceed fourteen feet in height, but divides into a number of short branches, each

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ending in a tuft of spreading sword-shaped leaves, pointed at the extremity. The tree is palm-like in its growth, but belongs to the asparagus tribe of Jussieu, or, according to Dr Lindley, to the *Liliaceæ*. It does not increase by external layers like the oak and fir, but enlarges after the manner of the palm, and therefore has not a trunk of true durable timber; nevertheless, some specimens have been known to grow to an enormous size, and to endure for many centuries. The most celebrated specimen on record is that of Orotava, in the island of Teneriffe, which in 1799 was found by Humboldt to be 45 feet in circumference, and about 50 or 60 feet in height. 'The trunk,' says Humboldt, 'is divided into a great number of branches, which rise in the form of a candelabra, and are terminated by tufts of leaves, like the yucca which adorns the valleys of Mexico. It still bears every year both leaves and fruit. Its aspect feelingly recalls to mind "that eternal youth of nature" which is an inexhaustible source of motion and of life.' Though continuing thus to grow, this tree had not perceptibly increased in size during the life of the oldest inhabitant, as its top branches, from the brittle nature of the wood, were constantly being broken down by the winds. In 1819, the greater part of its top was blown down; and in 1822 the venerable trunk was entirely laid prostrate by a tempest. The enormous bulk of this wonderful vegetable was noted so early as 1402 by Bethencourt, according to whose description it was then as large and as hollow as it was found by Humboldt; hence the latter infers that, along with the *Adansonia*, the *dracæna* of Orotava was one of the oldest inhabitants of our globe.

The *Courbarils* of the primeval forests of Brazil are thus spoken of by Von Martius: 'The place where these prodigious trees were found appeared to me as if it were the portal of a magnificent temple, not constructed by the hands of man, but by the Deity himself, as if to awe the mind of the spectator with a holy dread of His own presence. Never before had I beheld such enormous trunks: they looked more like living rocks than trees; for it was only on the pinnacle of their bare and naked bark that foliage could be discovered, and that at such a distance from the eye, that the forms of the leaves could not be made out. Fifteen Indians, with outstretched arms, could only just embrace one of them. At the bottom they were 84 feet in circumference, and 60 feet where the boles became cylindrical!' We know too little of these vegetable leviathans to give a more minute account; but if they are as Martius describes, they may be justly considered as rivalling the *Adansonia*s both in point of age and dimensions.

Passing from trees of strange habit and growth, only familiar to the inhabitants of the tropics, we shall now advert to some which are common in European forests, and which occasionally attain dimensions little if at all inferior to the baobabs and banyans of India and Africa. Among these we may notice, in the first place,

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the *cypress*, *yew*, and *cedar*, which belong to the *Coniferae*, or fir tribe, and which are all remarkably long-lived and enduring. The largest known specimens of the cypress are to be met with in Mexico. At Atlixo, for instance, there is one said to be 76 feet in girth; and another at St Maria del Tuli, which is 118 feet in circumference! This is larger, certainly, than any of Adanson's baobabs; 'but,' says Humboldt, on examining it narrowly, 'M. Anza discovered that what excites the curiosity of travellers is not a single individual, but three united trunks.' There is, however, at Chapultepec, in the same region, a third cypress, which is said to be 117 feet 10 inches round; and the younger De Candolle considers it even older than any of the baobabs of Senegambia. Michaux, who published a splendid work on the forest trees of America, says that the largest stocks of the cypress are 120 feet in height, and from 25 to 40 feet in circumference above the conical base, which at the surface of the earth is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk. In the East, the cypress is the emblem of mourning, and is generally to be found overshadowing with its dark branches the spots consecrated to the dead; and it is owing to the respect which they meet with in such situations that so many gigantic and venerable specimens have been allowed to survive. Nearly allied to the cypress, and applied to the same funereal purposes, is the yew-tree of our own country, which often attains to enormous dimensions. That of Hedsor, in Bucks, is about 27 feet in girth, and is still in full health and vigour; that of Fortingal, in Perthshire, mentioned by Pennant in 1770, was 21½ feet; those of Crowhurst, in Surrey, were more than 11 feet; and those of Fountain Abbey, in Yorkshire, well known so early as 1155, about the same dimensions. Respecting the cedar of Lebanon, Maundrell tells us that when he went into the East, a few old trees were then growing on the loftiest parts of the mountains. Measuring one of the largest, he found it to be 36 feet in girth, and 111 feet in the spread of its boughs. About 18 feet from the ground it divided into 5 limbs, each of which equalled in bulk an ordinary tree. The cedar, like the yew and cypress, is an evergreen, and occupies a pre-eminence over all other trees in the East in point of beauty and duration.

Belonging to the same natural order we may mention the Norfolk pine, or *kauri*, of the New Zealanders, which occasionally grows to a very large size. Mr Terry, in his recently published work on New Zealand, mentions two extraordinary individuals which he saw on the eastern coast, near Mercury Bay, and which were supposed to be the largest on the island. The available trunk of one, which was cut down and brought to England, was 150 feet in length, and 25 feet in circumference at the base; the other is still standing, and is called by the natives the Father of the *kauri*. 'Although almost incredible, it measures 75 feet in circumference at its base! The



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height is unknown, for the surrounding forest is so thick, that it is impossible to obtain an accurate view of the tree. There is an arm some distance from the trunk, which measures 6 feet in diameter at its junction with the main stem.' Some of our own native pines, such as those of Glenmore and Athole, have reached to a great age and size ; but they are as mere saplings compared with this 'Father of the kauri.'

The *Wellingtonia gigantea*, a pine of California, exceeds in size all others of its family, all other trees of temperate climates, and indeed almost all those of the tropics. It is found on the Sierra Nevada, in about 38° N. lat., and at an elevation of 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea. It was discovered in 1850 by a Mr Dowd, who, in hunting deer, came with astonishment into the midst of what is now known as the Mammoth Tree Grove of Calaveras. For several years the trees of this group were supposed to be the only trees of their kind in existence, but other groups were afterwards found in



Cone and Leaves of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*.

other localities, and individual trees in different parts of the district. A tree which was felled in the Calaveras grove measured 302 feet in height, and 96 feet in circumference at the ground. It was sound to the centre. It must have been of very great age, and was probably a tree of considerable size in the time of Solomon. Five men were employed for twenty-two days in felling it, which was accomplished by boring into it with great augers, and sawing between the auger holes. When it had been cut through, it remained steadfast in its erect position, till great wedges were driven in, a work of more than two days, when at last it fell. The amount of solid timber in this tree has been calculated at 500,000 cubic feet. On the stump, which

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is nearly ten yards in diameter, a round wooden house has been erected, which has sometimes been used for dancing, and for theatrical performances. Within an area of fifty acres, the Calaveras grove contains one hundred and three trees of large size, twenty of which exceed twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, and one is 321 feet in height. A still larger one has fallen and lies half buried in the soil. Three hundred feet from its base, it was broken by striking against another large tree in its fall, and is there eighteen feet in diameter. Three trees, standing close together, are known as the Three Graces (see first page); they are of nearly equal size, and almost 300 feet in height. Trees of similar magnitude exist in the other localities where the *Wellingtonia* has been found. One of a large group of trees at Mariposa is 102 feet in circumference. The *Wellingtonia* has not a great umbrageous head, but a stately columnar stem, with comparatively small branches on its upper part, and foliage somewhat similar to that of the *Arbor vitæ*. It has been introduced into this country, to the climate of which it is very suitable, and many fine young trees are already to be seen. Plants are common in our nurseries.

The *oak*, *chestnut*, and *beech*, though differing considerably in external aspect, belong to the same natural order, namely, *Corylaceæ*, or *Cupulifera*, so called from the cup or cupule in which the fruit is contained, as is well illustrated by the common acorn. They are excellent timber trees, generally flourishing for centuries, and growing to a large size, sometimes attaining proportions truly colossal, and outliving dynasties and kingdoms. As a complete record of celebrated oaks would require several volumes, we shall merely allude to some of the more remarkable found in Britain. The *Shire Oak*, which grew near Worksop, deserves honourable mention, in respect both of its own dignity and that of its situation. In point of grandeur, few trees equalled it. Its boughs overspread a space of 90 feet in diameter—an area capable, on mathematical calculation, of containing 235 horse. It stood on a spot where the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby unite, and spread its shade over a portion of each. From the honourable station of thus fixing the boundaries of three large counties, it was equally respected through the domains of them all, and was known far and wide by the honourable distinction of the *Shire Oak*, by which appellation it was marked on all the larger maps of England. *Fairlop*, known for centuries as the monarch oak of Hainault Forest, in Essex, has attained dimensions even still more gigantic. The tradition of the country traces it half-way up the Christian era. It is still a noble tree, though it has now suffered greatly from the depredations of time. About a yard from the ground, where its rough fluted stem is 36 feet in circumference, it divides into eleven vast arms, yet not in the horizontal manner of an oak, but rather in that of a beech. Beneath its shade, which overspreads an area of 300 feet in circuit, an annual

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fair was held on the 2d of July, and no booth was suffered to be erected beyond the extent of its boughs. 'Honours, however,' says Kirkby, 'are often attended with inconveniences, and Fairlop has suffered from its honourable distinctions. In the feasting that attends a fair, fires are often necessary; and no place seemed so proper to make them in as the hollow cavities formed by the heaving roots of the tree. This practice has brought speedier decay on Fairlop than it might otherwise have suffered.' The next we shall mention is *Damory's Oak*, which formerly grew not far from Blandford, in Dorsetshire, and five or six centuries ago was probably in its maturity. At the ground, its circumference was 68 feet, and 17 feet above the ground its diameter was four yards. As this vast trunk decayed, it became hollow, forming a cavity which was 15 feet wide and 17 feet high, capable of holding twenty men. During the civil wars, and till after the Restoration, this cave was regularly inhabited by an old man, who sold ale in it. The tree suffered greatly during the storm of 1703, by which several of its noblest limbs were broken down; and in 1755, the remnants of the venerable trunk were sawn asunder and sold as firewood. The *Skelton Oak*, near Shrewsbury, in sight of which the famous battle betwixt Henry IV. and Hotspur was fought in 1403, is still standing, and in foliage. It is 37 feet in circumference at a foot and a half from the ground, and is otherwise proportionally large. It divides into two enormous limbs, both of which have been fractured; and the lower portion of the trunk is hollowed out into a recess capable of accommodating a dozen persons.

One of the noblest trees on record is a chestnut upon Mount *Ætna*, though it has now lost much of its original dignity. Many travellers have taken notice of this extraordinary tree. Brydone, who wrote his account in 1771, says it had then the appearance of five distinct trees, the space between which, he was assured, had once been filled with solid timber. The possibility of this he could not at first conceive; for the five trees together spread over a space of 204 feet in diameter. At length, however, by an examination, he was convinced that at one period these had been but one mighty tree; and he found that this chestnut was of such renown, that it appeared marked in an old map of Sicily, published a hundred years before; and an account of it at that period is given by Kircher, fully corroborating its dimensions. The great chestnut which stood at Finhaven, in Forfarshire, was long accounted the largest tree in Scotland. In 1744, the measures of this remarkable trunk were taken before two justices of the peace, when the circumference at half a foot from the ground was 42 feet 8½ inches. A chestnut cut down at Kinfauns Castle in 1760 was 22½ feet in girth; and there is at present a beautiful chestnut at Riccarton, in Edinburghshire, full 27 feet in circumference; its branches covering an area of 77 feet in diameter. There are also several measurements of gigantic beeches

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on record ; but of these our space will not allow us to take even a passing glance.

### GIGANTIC FLOWERS AND LEAVES.

Of the blossoms which adorn our conservatories and gardens, those of the rose, the peony, the dahlia, hollyhock, and passion-flower are amongst the largest and most showy. These, however, are but mere pigmies to many that are found in other lands, where excess of light and sunshine call into existence myriads of flowers as remarkable for size as they are exuberant in colour and fragrance. One of the largest yet discovered is that of the *Victoria Regia*, belonging to the *Nymphaeaceæ*, or water-lily tribe, the leaves of which measure above 18 feet, and its flower nearly 4 feet in circumference! It was met with in British Guiana, in 1837, by Sir Robert Schomburgk, who thus speaks of his discovery : 'It was on the 1st of January this year, while contending with the difficulties of nature, opposed in different forms to our progress up the river Berbice, that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of the basin attracted my attention. It was impossible to form any idea of what it could be ; and animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, we were shortly afterwards opposite the object which had raised my curiosity—a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten ; I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded. A gigantic leaf, from 5 to 6 feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light green above and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms, and as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire. The leaf, on its upper surface, is a bright green, in form almost orbicular, except that on one side it is slightly bent in ; its diameter measured from 5 to 6 feet. Around the whole margin extended a rim from 3 to 5 inches high ; on the inside light green, like the surface of the leaf ; on the outside, like the leaf's lower surface, of the brightest crimson. The calyx is four-leaved, each sepal upwards of 7 inches in length and 3 inches in breadth ; at the base they are white inside, reddish brown and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is from 12 to 13 inches ; on it rests the magnificent corolla, which, when fully developed, completely covers the calyx with its hundred petals. When it first opens, it is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day altogether of a pink colour : as if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet-scented. We met the plants frequently afterwards ; and the higher we advanced, the more



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gigantic they became. We measured a leaf which was 6 feet 5 inches in diameter, its rim  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches high, and the flower across 15 inches!

Of more colossal dimensions than the *Victoria*, but inferior in organisation, is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a native of the hot damp jungle of Sumatra. This plant grows parasitically on a kind of vine, and in structure is intermediate between the fungi and the endogens, forming one of the rhizanth, or root-flowers, which have no true stem or leaves. It was discovered in 1818 by Dr Joseph Arnold, and named after Sir Stamford Raffles, then governor of that island. The discoverer thus describes it: 'At Pulo Lebban, on the Manna river, I rejoice to tell you I met with what I consider the greatest prodigy of the vegetable world. I had ventured some way before the party, when one of the Malay servants came running to me with wonder in his eyes, and said, '*Come with me, sir; come!—a flower, very large, beautiful, wonderful!*' I went with the man about a hundred yards into the jungle, and he pointed to a flower growing close to the ground, under the bushes, which was truly astonishing. My first impulse was to cut it up, and carry it to the hut. I therefore seized the Malay's parung, and found that the flower sprung from a small root which ran horizontally (about as large as two fingers). I soon detached it. To tell you the truth, had I been alone, and had there been no witnesses, I should, I think, have been fearful of mentioning the dimensions of this flower, so much does it exceed any other I have heard of; but I had Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles with me, and Mr Palsgrave, who, though equally astonished with myself, yet are able to testify as to the truth. The whole flower was of a very succulent substance, the petals and nectary being in few places less than a quarter of an inch thick, and in some places three-quarters of an inch. It measured a full yard across, the petals being 12 inches high, and a foot apart from each other. The nectarium, in the opinion of us all, would hold twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy we calculated to be fifteen pounds.'

Besides these floral Titans, of which we have given details, there are many other gigantic blossoms to whose dimensions we can merely advert. The flowers of the *Aristolochia*, or birthworts of tropical America, are often from 15 to 16 inches across, and are large enough to be drawn over the heads of the Indians, who make caps of them in their sports. The *Magnolia grandiflora* of North America is not less remarkable for the size of its leaves and flowers than for its lofty stature. Its trunk is commonly straight, and not unfrequently 90 feet in height, and about 3 in diameter, having a fine pyramidal head of foliage and blossom. Its leaves are like those of the laurel, but much larger, being 8 or 9 inches in length; the flowers are white, 7 or 8 inches in diameter, and of an agreeable odour. They are larger than those of any other

tree with which we are acquainted, and on detached trees are exceedingly numerous, rendering the magnolia one of the most superb productions of the vegetable kingdom. The *Agavè Americana*, which was at one time regarded as a marvel, is remarkable for its gigantic panicle of flowers. This plant is often known by the name of the 'Great American Aloe,' because resembling the aloes in its leaves; but it belongs to the natural order *Amaryllidaceæ*, and has little in common with the aloes. The flowering of the agavè was considered to be of rare occurrence (taking place only once in a century); but this has been disproved—the plant, in good condition, producing flowers every seven or ten years. When these do come forth, they present a most interesting spectacle, the stem rising from 30 to 40 feet high, and bearing hundreds of greenish-white flowers on an elegant branched spike. The panicle, or bunch of flowers, is often 15 feet in height, and is in this respect without a parallel.

We have already alluded to several gigantic leaves, but all of them fall infinitely short of the dimensions attained by the leaves of the palm family. The largest of which we have an authentic account is that of the Talipat palm, which grows luxuriantly among the mountains of Ceylon. Knox quaintly speaks of this tree as being 'as tall as a ship's mast, and very straight, bearing only leaves, which are of great use to the inhabitants of Ceylon: one single leaf being so broad and large, that it will cover fifteen or twenty men, and keep them dry when it rains.' The Rev. H. Caunter says he has seen specimens of the Talipat 200 feet in height, the leaves of which were 11 feet in length, and 16 in breadth, and the fruit about the size of a twenty-four pound shot. While on the banks of the Calany, his attention was particularly arrested by several rafts on the river, over which a complete canopy was thrown, formed of a single leaf of the Talipat, that entirely covered both freight and crew!



*Agavè Americana.*

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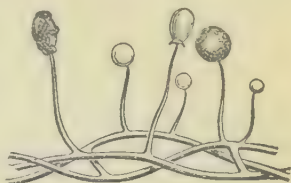
### MINUTE PLANTS.

As we have vegetables celebrated for their gigantic size, so we have others remarkable for the minuteness and delicacy of their proportions. Nature knows no limit either in the ascending or descending scale : she is as wonderful and perfect in the formation of a fungus, which the unassisted eye cannot detect, as she is in the structure of the oak and cedar, which command our veneration. With the characters of the latter the botanist has been long familiar, because their dimensions more forcibly arrest the eye of sense ; to the structure of the former he is only beginning, as it were, to have access through the lenses of the microscope.

One of the most extraordinary of microscopic plants is the *Achlya prolifera*, whose soft silky threads may sometimes be seen adhering to the surface of gold-fishes, and covering them, as it were, with a whitish slime. This appearance is generally looked upon as a species of decay or consumption in the animal itself, and not as an external clothing of parasitic plants. It is, however, a true vegetable growth, each individual consisting of a single filament, with a minute pear-shaped ball on the top, containing numerous grains, which are the seeds or embryos of future plants. The green slime, which in summer gathers over the surface of stagnant water, is of the same order of vegetation ; namely, *Conserveæ*—an order entirely dependent upon water for their growth and propagation, and to which drought is certainly fatal. The *achlya* has been examined by Dr Unger, who describes it, when at its full growth, as consisting of transparent threads of extreme fineness, packed together as closely as the pile of velvet, and much resembling, in general appearance, certain kinds of mouldiness. When placed under the microscope—for the unassisted eye can perceive nothing of its true construction—each thread is terminated by the pear-shaped ball already alluded to, which is about 1-1200th of an inch in diameter, and consists of a single cell filled with a mucilaginous fluid, in which float the procreative granules. The contents of this cell are seen to be in constant motion from the earliest stage of their existence ; but as they advance to maturity, the mucilage disappears, and then the motion of the granules becomes more rapid and violent, till ultimately they burst their way through the cell, and are transferred to the water, there to perform their circle of being, and to give birth to new races of granules. All this takes place with such amazing rapidity, that we are assured an hour or two suffices for the complete development and escape of the spores ; so that we need not wonder when we are told that, once established, the *Achlya prolifera* will often complete the destruction of a healthy gold-fish in less than twelve hours.

Another of these curious parasites is the *Mucor mucedo*, which

abounds in bruised fruit and other substances containing fecula or sugar. It belongs to that section of the fungi generally known under the name of moulds, of which that common on stale bread, and the rust, mildew, and smut in wheat, are familiar examples. These moulds are of all shapes—simple, branched, spherical, radiating, presenting a surface like velvet, or a net-work of the most delicate texture; and of all hues—green, blue, yellow, and vermillion. The *Mucor mucedo* consists of a single filament, headed by a very minute ball-shaped receptacle. In the young state, this little ball is covered by a thin membrane, which bursts as the spores arrive at maturity, which then present themselves like so many dusty particles congregated round a central nucleus. Being so minute, the slightest touch or the gentlest breath of air is sufficient to scatter them in thousands; and thus the mucors increase with amazing rapidity. As they require abundant nutriment, it is only on succulent parts that they luxuriate, and for this reason they are principally injurious to fruits—the slightest injury from an insect affording them a basis for propagation.



*Mucor mucedo*, highly magnified.

From the examples we have just given, it must not be supposed that plants of microscopic dimensions are to be found only among parasitic fungi. There are others equally minute, and still more wonderful in the aggregate, which are of independent growth, and which twine and interlace their tiny branches into a net-work as tough as the strongest felt, and extending over many yards of surface. These are the fresh-water conservæ, of which the substance called 'water-flannel' may be taken as a well-known example. A specimen was thus described by a correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*: 'A friend put into my hand the other day a yard or two of what seemed a coarse kind of flannel, gray on one side, and greenish on the other, and a full quarter of an inch in thickness. It had been thrown up by the river Trent, and washed ashore in vast sheets. Those who had seen it pronounced it a manufactured article; and so it was, but by the hand of nature. When this substance is handled, it is harsh to the touch, although composed of the finest threads. To the naked eye, it presents no character by which it may be known from any coarse and loosely-woven cloth. The microscope reveals its nature. It is then found to consist of myriads of jointed threads, whose joints are compressed alternately sideways and vertically; they are here and there transparent, but for the most part opaque and rough to the eye. The white side is more opaque than the other, and more unexamined; but if a little muriatic acid be added to the water in which the fragments of water-flannel float, copious bubbles of air appear. These are bubbles of carbonic acid,



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extricated by the action of the muriatic acid on a coating of carbonate of lime, with which the plant is more or less completely invested. If, after this operation, the threads are again examined, the contents of the joints become visible : in the green parts of the flannel, they were filled with an irregular mass of green matter ; in the white part, with myriads of globules, intermixed with a shapeless substance. The globules are the seeds. If a little iodine is then given to the flannel, it is readily absorbed ; and the contents, shapeless matter, globules, and all, become deep violet, shewing that all this substance is starch. Hence it appears that the water-flannel is a microscopic plant, composed of jointed threads, secreting carbonate of lime on their surface, and forming seeds composed of starch within them. And when we consider that the joints are smaller than the eye can detect, while each contains from fifty to one hundred seeds, it may easily be conceived with what rapidity such a plant is multiplied. Besides which, as their contents consist to a great extent of starch, the most readily organisable of vegetable materials, the means of growth with which the plant is provided are far more ample than anything we know of in the higher orders of the vegetable kingdom.' This vegetable swarms on stagnant pools, where it lives on the decaying matter which all waters more or less contain, and thus tends to their purification, the while that its own substance forms food for myriads of animalcules that wander over its trackless fields and endless mazes.

Here, however, we must close our record of microscopic plants, which, it will be seen, belong chiefly to the mosses, lichens, fungi, and other forms of flowerless vegetation. Zoologists tell us, when speaking of animalcules, that there is not a drop of stagnant water, not a speck of vegetable or animal tissue, but has its own appropriate inhabitants. The same may be remarked of plants ; for we cannot point to a speck of surface, unless chilled by everlasting cold, or parched by continuous drought, that has not its own peculiar vegetation. The spores or seeds of these minute parasites are almost infinitesimally small : they are floating above and around us, unperceived by the naked eye, ready to fall and germinate wherever fitting conditions are presented. Nay, as certain changes in animal tissue are ascribed to animalcules, certain changes in organised substances, such as fermentation, are ascribed to vegetable growth. Yeast is a true vegetable, consisting of minute organised cells or spherules, which propagate with amazing rapidity so long as they find their proper nutriment in the fermenting liquid. Nor is there anything more incredible in the fact, that the little globular yeast-plant should extract its nutriment from the fluid on which it floats, than that the water-flannel should extract its starch or lime from the water which it covers.

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### PECULIAR PLANTS.

Under this head we comprehend such plants as stand out in bold relief from the rest of the vegetable kingdom for some noted peculiarity in structure, habits, or properties. It is true that every plant has its own specific distinctions; but there are several which seem to stand apart as the curiosities of vegetation, just as the orni-thorhyncus and giraffe stand isolated among animals. They have no congeners in the peculiarity that renders them remarkable.

The cow-tree, or palo de vaca of South America, is one of the most interesting of this class. It is known to botanists as the *Galactodendron utile*, or useful milk-tree, and belongs to the *Urticaceæ*, or nettle tribe, the herbaceous members of which have their juice thin and watery, while in the ligneous species it is milky and viscous. The cow-tree is a native of the Caraccas, and grows in rocky situations at an elevation of nearly 3000 feet. It is thus described by Baron Humboldt: 'On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might fancy you saw the family of a cowherd gathering around him, and receiving from him the produce of his kine. The milk obtained by incisions made in the trunk is glutinous, tolerably thick, free from all acridity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the trituros or calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect. The viscosity of the milk is the only thing that renders it somewhat disagreeable. The negroes and free labourers drink it, dipping into it their maize or cassava bread.' Sir R. Ker Porter describes the palo de vaca as a tree of large dimensions, mentioning that he measured one somewhat more than 20 feet in circumference at about 5 feet from the root. This colossal stem ran up to the height of 60 feet perfectly uninterrupted by either leaf or branch, when its vast arms and minor branches, most luxuriantly clothed with foliage, spread on every side fully 25 or 30 feet from the trunk, and rose to an additional height of 40 feet, so that this stupendous tree was quite 100 feet high in all. Others were seen at a distance of still larger dimensions.

Equal in utility with the cow-tree in yielding an agreeable

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beverage, but belonging to a very different order, is the ravanala, or traveller's tree of Madagascar. This curious plant belongs to the same tribe as the plantain and banana; namely, the *Musaceæ*, and is known to botanists by the name of *Urania speciosa*. It forms a striking feature in the scenery, as it does in the economy of its native country, and is thus described by Mr Backhouse in his *Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa*: 'Clumps of these trees, composed of several stems rising from the same root, are scattered over the country in all directions. The trunks, or, more properly, root-stocks, which are about 3 feet in circumference, sometimes attain to 30 feet in height; but whether of this elevation, or scarcely emerging above ground, they support grand crests of leaves of about 4 feet long and 1 foot wide, but often torn into comb-like shreds. The head is of a fan-like form, and the flowers, which are not striking for their beauty, are white, and produced from large horizontal green sheaths. The foot-stalks of the leaves, which are somewhat shorter than the leaves themselves, yield a copious supply of fresh water, very grateful to the traveller, on having their margin cut away near to the base, or forced from contact with those immediately above them, especially those about the middle of the series. The root-stock is of a soft cellular substance, and the fruit, which resembles a small banana, is dry, and not edible. This remarkable vegetable production is said to grow in the most arid countries, and thus to be provided for the refreshment of man in a dry and thirsty land. Probably the water may originate in the condensation of dew, and be collected and retained by the peculiar structure of the leaf: it has a slight taste of the tree, but is not disagreeable.'

The *Pitcher-Plant*, or *Nepenthes distillatoria*, is another of those fluid-containing plants whose structure and adaptation strike us with wonder and admiration. It is the type of the recently established order *Nepenthaceæ*, and is commonly met with in Ceylon and other islands of the East, where it is known by the appropriate name of pitcher-plant, on account of the singular flagon-shaped appendage which holds the water. 'Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate,' says Barrow in his *Cochin-China*, 'and found on the most dry and stony situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would have withered and perished. To the foot-stalk of each leaf, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistency and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery or dew falls, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction probably is occasioned by the hot,

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dry atmosphere; and the expansion of the fibre does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly, as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water, when gradually absorbed through the handle into the foot-stalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open. The accompanying figure represents a leaf of the *nepenthes*, with its curious appendage and fittings, than the structure of which nothing could be more thoroughly adapted for accomplishing the end in view.



Under this head may be mentioned the shea or butter tree, from the kernel of which the Africans extract a fatty substance that is whiter, finer than the best butter made from cow's milk, and equal to it in flavour, with this advantage, that it will keep without salt for many months; the tallow-tree of China, which yields a waxy substance used in the manufacture of candles; the fruit of the candleberry myrtle of North America, which abounds in a similar product, and is used for the same purpose; the India-rubber-tree, from the thickened juice of which caoutchouc is obtained; the bread-fruit, and many others; but as these have been noticed in various popular works, and as our space is limited, we pass on to the curious phenomena of

## HEAT AND LUMINOSITY IN PLANTS.

We are aware that warm-blooded animals have the power of keeping up a certain temperature within them, which varies at certain stages of their growth, and perhaps periodically. This result is obtained by respiration—the oxygen of the atmosphere uniting with the carbon of their blood, and producing a species of combustion. The more fresh air we breathe, the greater the heat of our bodies, so long as we take proper food to afford the carbon. A similar though less understood phenomenon seems to take place in the respiration of plants. Heat is always disengaged when gaseous products are liberated; and as vegetables respire, however slowly, a certain degree of heat must be produced during that process. In germination, heat is sensibly evolved: a piece of ice placed on a



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growing leaf-bud dissolves, when it would remain unchanged in the open air ; and experiment has proved that the surface of growing plants is three or four degrees higher than the surrounding medium. Again, the internal temperature of a large trunk is always higher than the surrounding atmosphere ; and though young shoots are sometimes frozen through, the general structure of the wood and bark is such as to conduct heat so slowly, that the internal warmth is never reduced beyond what seems necessary to vitality. During germination, this heat is most perceptible ; and though it be rapidly dissipated by the extent of surface exposed to the air, 110 degrees have been noted during malting, and 87 in the flower of a geranium, when the atmosphere was only at 81. Heat is evolved, in a remarkable degree, by the flowers of some of the species of *Arum*. There is a South American species, the heat of the flower of which is very sensible to the human hand.

The luminosity of plants—that is, the evolution of light either from living or dead vegetable structure—is a still more curious phenomenon. Flowers of an orange colour, as the marigold and nasturtium, occasionally present a luminous appearance on still, warm evenings ; this light being either in the form of slight electric sparks, or steadier, like the phosphorescence of the glowworm. Thus the tube-rose has been observed in sultry evenings, after thunder, when the air was highly charged with electric fluid, to dart small scintillations of lurid flame in great abundance from such of its flowers as are fading. Sometimes the leaves emit the light, as appears by the following record : ‘In the garden of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, on the evening of Friday, September 4, 1835, during a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, the leaves of the flower called *Oenothera macrocarpa*, a bed of which is in the garden immediately opposite the windows of the manuscript library, were observed to be brilliantly illuminated by phosphoric light. During the intervals of the flashes of lightning the night was exceedingly dark, and nothing else could be distinguished in the gloom except the bright light upon the leaves of these flowers. The luminous appearance continued uninterruptedly for a considerable length of time, but did not appear to resemble any electric effect.’ Certain fungi which grow in warm and moist situations produce a similar phosphorescence ; and decaying vegetables, like dead animal matter, have been observed to emit the same kind of luminosity. From these examples, it would appear that the light was sometimes due to electricity, and sometimes to a true phosphorescence, like that of the glowworm. Luminosity may, however, be produced by actual combustion of the volatile oils, which are continually flying off from certain plants : those of the *Dictamnus albus* will inflame upon the application of a match, so that the bush may thus be enveloped in flames, and yet not be consumed.

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For further interesting information upon this subject, the reader is referred to Dr Phipson's work on *Phosphorescence*.

### MOTION AND IRRITABILITY IN PLANTS.

There is no difficulty in understanding what is meant by motion and sensation in animals ; they move by muscular contractions and expansions, and feel through their nervous structure. When, however, we speak of motion and irritability in plants, the phenomena assume a more puzzling aspect. Vegetables have, no doubt, woody fibres, sap vessels, spiral vessels, &c. ; but then these have no affinity to the veins or muscles of animals. They may serve the same purposes in their economy, but it would be transgressing all rules of sound science to establish an identity between the two sets of organs ; to call, for example, these vessels the *nerves* of plants, and to ascribe to them the faculty of sensation, when there is nothing beyond the faintest analogy between their structures. Although plants may not feel, however, as the higher animals do, which have a regular nervous structure and a brain, yet they may possess an irritability analogous to, or even identical with, that possessed by polyps and sponges. Polyps have no discernible nervous structure, yet they seem to feel, to contract, and expand at will ; and so may the vitality of plants depend upon the existence of an irritability, if not similar, at least analogous. It is a beautiful and exalting idea, certainly, to believe in the sensation and enjoyment of vegetable life ; to people the fields and forests with structures rejoicing in the light and sunshine of summer, exulting in the reproduction of their kind, and becoming dormant during the rigours of winter ; to feel and declare with the poet—

‘And ’tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.’

Science, however, is more rigid and cautious than poetical fancy ; and, in the present state of our knowledge, little more can be done than merely to describe the phenomena.

The principal phenomena of vegetable irritability may be divided into three kinds—those caused by atmospheric influence, those depending upon the touch of other bodies, and those which appear to be perfectly spontaneous. Atmospheric influence occasions the closing of the leaves over the part of the tender growing shoot at night, as may be observed in the chickweed and other common plants, which are then said *to sleep*. The folding of some flowers in the absence of the sun, and the opening of others as soon as that luminary has withdrawn its beams, are ascribable to a similar cause. The white marigold closes its flowers on the approach of rain, and the dwarf celandrina folds up its bright crimson corolla about four o'clock every afternoon. The evening primrose, on the contrary,

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will not open its large flowers till the sun has sunk below the horizon ; and the night-blowing cereus only expands its magnificent blossoms about midnight. Some flowers are so regular in their hours of opening and shutting, that Linnæus formed what he called *Flora's Time-piece*, in which each hour was represented by the flower which opened or closed at that particular time.

The irritability produced by external touch is a familiar, but little understood phenomenon. The movements of the sensitive plant are well known ; and it is also known that if the ripe seed-vessels of the noli-me-tangere be touched in the slightest manner, they will open with elasticity, and scatter their contents. The reservoirs which contain the milky juice of the wild lettuce are so remarkably irritable, that the gentlest touch is sufficient to cause it to be ejected from them with considerable force. When this plant is about to flower, if an insect happens to crawl over the surface of the stalk anywhere near to its summit, a jet of viscous milk is propelled, which, if it happens to strike the tiny intruder, glues him to the spot.



Venus's Fly-trap, and Sundew.

In the same manner the fruit of the squirting cucumber throws out its seeds, and the moist pulp in which they are contained, with great violence, and to a considerable distance. The stamens of the barberry, when touched with a pin, spring forward, so that they come in contact with the stigma, after which they soon return to their proper position. The most remarkable instance of irritability by contact is that

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exhibited by Venus's fly-trap, *Dionæa muscipula*, a native of Canada, and nearly allied to the common sundew of the British commons. Its flowers have nothing remarkable about them, except that their petals roll up when they are about to decay ; but the leaves are very curiously constructed. They have broad leaf-like petioles, at whose extremity are two fleshy lobes, which form the real leaf, and which are armed with strong sharp spines, three on the blade of each lobe, and a fringe of longer spines round the margin, as is shewn in the preceding figure. When an insect touches the base of the central spines, the leaf collapses, and the poor intruder is caught, being either impaled by the central spines, or entrapped by the others. The leaf then remains closed, the fringe of long spines being firmly interlaced and locked together, till the body of the insect has wasted away. This apparatus being the nearest approach to a stomach which has been yet observed in plants, an experiment was tried some years ago of feeding a dionæa with very small particles of raw meat, when it was found that the leaves closed in the same way as they would have done over an insect, and did not open again till the meat was consumed.

The spontaneous movements of plants are much more difficult to be accounted for than those occasioned by atmospheric influence, or by external touch. We can fancy light and heat contracting or dilating the vessels, and thus occasioning flowers to open or shut, and leaves to fold or unfold ; but plants have some movements for which there is apparently no external cause. The *Hedysærum gyrans*, for example, has compound leaves, the terminal leaflet of which never moves except to fold itself close down to its own stalk ; but the side leaflets have such eccentric movements, as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to explain them, and which might appear, indeed, to a fanciful mind as though the whole plant were actuated by a feeling of caprice. Generally, all the leaflets twist and whirl themselves about in an extraordinary manner, though the air of the house in which they grow is perfectly still ; but frequently the leaflets on only one side will be affected, and sometimes only a single leaflet will move, or all will become motionless together ; and when this is the case, it is quite in vain to attempt to set them again in motion by touching them ; though sometimes in a moment, as if from the pure love of mischief, after the touching has ceased, the leaflets will begin to move again as rapidly as before. In like manner the side leaflets frequently continue their eccentric movements all night, while the terminal leaflet remains quietly folded up, and apparently fast asleep. M. Dutrochet ascribes all these movements to an interior and vital excitation ; indeed *life* appears to be intimately connected with irritability, as the latter quality exists only in plants in a vigorous condition.

The vitality of plants may be destroyed by giving them deleterious or poisonous substances. Excess of manure will kill any plant. An



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apple-tree or gooseberry-bush dies from a large dose of liquid manure. Some curious experiments made by Marcet and Macaire further illustrate this subject. Common kidney-beans which had been watered with a decoction of arsenic faded in the course of a few hours; they then began to turn yellow, and on the third day were dead. A lilac was also killed by having arsenic introduced into a slit in one of its branches. Mercury, under the form of corrosive sublimate, produced the same effects as arsenic; but when used as quicksilver, no results were observed. Vegetable poisons have been proved to be equally injurious to other plants as mineral ones; a solution of nux-vomica killed some kidney-beans in the course of a few hours. Prussic acid had the same effect in the course of a day, and deadly nightshade in about four days; while spirit of wine killed the plant to which it was administered in a few hours.

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Such is a rapid glance at the more prominent points of a subject which would require as many volumes for its full explanation as we have devoted pages. Our descriptions, imperfect as they are, may serve, however, the useful purpose of directing the attention of many to an inexhaustible field of inquiry, and of the purest and most delightful recreation. The study of nature is open to every one, whatever his means or circumstances. The objects of pursuit are above, beneath, and around us; they are ever fresh and enticing; and we feel that we are as far from having exhausted their wonders to-day as we were twenty years ago.

‘Not a plant, a leaf, a flower, but contains  
A folio volume. We may read, and read,  
And read again, and still find something new—  
Something to please, something to instruct,  
Even in the noisome weed.’





## CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

**I**NSTANCES of children having been left by accident or by unnatural parents to perish in solitary places, are unhappily to be met with in various eras of social history. Sometimes the infants thus exposed have, by some extraordinary means, been preserved, and have lived in a savage condition till found by chance and brought within the pale of civilisation. It has occasionally happened that beasts usually remarkable for ferocity have nurtured them until strong enough to subsist upon roots, berries, and other fruits. Children found under such circumstances have always been regarded with interest. Though painful to the last degree to behold a human being possessing all the characteristics of a wild beast, yet it has been pleasing and instructive to watch the gradual development of their faculties, and the growth of their moral sentiments. It is our purpose in this paper to record some of the most prominent of these cases, detailing the more interesting at length. Many accounts of wild children—for example, that of Valentine and Orson—are doubtless fabulous: it has been our care, however, to select such as are well authenticated.

There is no instance on record which excited more curiosity, especially in England, than that of a child who was known as

### PETER THE WILD BOY.

At the beginning of the last century, a great sensation was created by the accidental finding of a wild boy in a German forest, to whom

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the above name was afterwards given. The earliest account of him is to be found in a letter from the Hanoverian correspondent of the *St James's Evening Post*, published December 14, 1725. 'The intendant of the house of correction at Zell,' says the writer, 'has brought a boy to Hanover, supposed to be about fifteen years of age, who was found some time ago in a wood near Hamelin, some twenty miles hence. He was walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees.' The young savage was brought to George I., who was at that time residing in Hanover. The king was at dinner, and some food was offered the youth, which he rejected. His majesty then ordered him such meat as he liked best; and raw food having been brought, he devoured it with a relish. As he was unable to speak, it was impossible to learn how he was first abandoned in the woods, and by what means he existed. Great care was taken of the boy by order of the king; but, despite the vigilance of those who had charge of him, he escaped in less than a month to the woods. Every species of restraint had been evidently irksome to him, and he availed himself of the first opportunity of freedom that occurred. The woods in the neighbourhood of Hanover were diligently searched, and at length he was discovered hiding in a tree. The boldest of his pursuers were unable to reach him, for as fast as they attempted to climb, he pushed them down, so great was his strength. As a last resource, they sawed down the tree; luckily, it fell without hurting its occupant, and he was once more captured.

Early in the following year (1726) George I. returned to England, and Peter was brought over also. His appearance in London excited intense curiosity. The public papers teemed with notices of his conduct and appearance. On arriving at the palace, a suit of blue clothes was prepared for him; but he seemed very uneasy at wearing apparel of any sort, and it was only restraint that would induce him to wear it. Various colours and descriptions of costume were meantime provided, and at length his taste appeared to be gratified by a strange dress, thus described by a correspondent to an Edinburgh newspaper, April 12, 1726: 'The wild youth is dressed in green, lined with red, and has scarlet stockings.' By the same account, we find that he had been taught to abandon the use of his hands in walking, and to move about in an erect posture. 'He walks upright,' says the same authority, 'and has begun to sit for his picture.' On his first arrival, no inducements could persuade him to lie in a bed, and he would only sleep in a corner of a room.

When in presence of the court, Peter always took most notice of the king, and of the princess his daughter. The scene was so novel to him, and he so strange an object to those who saw him, that many ludicrous scenes took place, which are humorously related by Dean Swift in his amusing account 'of the wonderful

wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted, and taken in toils; how he behaved himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726.' From the droll character of the dean, he may be suspected of having overdrawn his account of the wild boy: but we have carefully compared it with the current newspapers of the time, and find that in the main particulars he is correct.

It appears that, after residing many months within the pale of civilisation, the boy was unable to articulate words. He expressed pleasure by neighing like a horse, and imitated other animal sounds. The king placed him under the tuition of the celebrated physician of that day, Dr Arbuthnot, by whose instructions, it was hoped, the boy would, after a time, be enabled to express himself in words. On the 5th July 1726 he was baptised, at the doctor's house in Burlington Gardens, by the name of 'Peter.'

All attempts to teach this boy to speak were unavailing; and it was several years before his habits were at all conformable to civilised society. Finding this impracticable, the king caused a contract to be made with a farmer in Hertfordshire, with whom he was sent to reside, and who put him to school; but without any visible improvement. Instead of eating the food provided at the farm table, he preferred raw vegetables, particularly cabbage leaves; though he was not long in acquiring a taste for wine and spirits. His habits were far from steady: he was constantly running away from home, and cost his protector some trouble in reclaiming him. On one of these excursions, he was arrested, on suspicion of being a spy from the Scottish Pretender, whose army was then invading England. As he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them where to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees. He took great delight in climbing trees, and in being in the open air when the weather was fine; but in winter, seldom stirred from before the fire.

After twelve years' residence in Hertfordshire, Peter was removed to the care of another farmer in Norfolk, where he resided during the rest of his life. In the beginning of June 1782, Lord Monboddo, the author of *Ancient Metaphysics*, visited the half-reclaimed 'boy,' for by that title he was designated even in his old age. He then resided at a farmhouse called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhamstead. The pension which George I. had granted was continued by his successors, George II. and George III. 'He is,' says his lordship, 'low of stature, not exceeding five feet three inches; and though he must now be about seventy years of age,



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he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard. His face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to clope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which is characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors.'

Peter had always been remarkable for his personal strength; and even in his old age, the stoutest young countrymen were afraid to contend with him in athletic exercises. To the last, his passion for finery continued; and anything smooth or shining in the dress of a visitor instantly attracted his attention. 'He is,' remarked a correspondent of Lord Monboddo, 'very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fireplace would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place. He is extremely good-tempered excepting in cold and gloomy weather; for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked; but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bedclothes, to which it was long before he was reconciled. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shewn any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did. Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything that can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart: the latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully occupied in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected.'

Nothing further can be gleaned respecting 'Peter the wild boy,' except that he did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at Broadway farm in February 1786, at the supposed age of seventy-three.

More interesting than the history of Peter the wild boy, is that of

## MADEMOISELLE LEBLANC.

One evening in the autumn of 1731, the villagers of Soigny, near Châlons, in the north-east of France, were engaged in a little festival, or *ducasse*, when their merriment was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a wild animal in human form. Its hair was long, and floated over its shoulders. The rest of the form was black, and nearly naked, and in the hand was wielded a short thick club. The terrified peasants mistook it for an evil spirit, and not daring to attack it themselves, let loose a huge dog, having a collar surrounded with iron spikes, which they kept for the protection of the village against marauders. The strange figure, so far from flying, stood at bay, and awaited the attack of its assailant without a sign of fear. The dog, furiously set on by the peasants, made a sudden spring at the intruder's throat; but one violent and dexterously dealt blow from the cudgel laid the beast dead on the spot. The wild creature then turned, crossed the fields at a rapid pace, and, darting into the forest whence it had at first emerged, climbed a tree with the activity of a squirrel. The villagers were too frightened to follow it, and all traces of the alarming visitor were lost for several days.

Meanwhile the proprietor, or *seigneur*, of the estate of which Soigny formed a part, having heard of the adventure, caused search to be made in every part of the wood; but without effect. In about a week, however, one of his servants perceived in the orchard of the château during the night a strange-looking figure mounted on a well-laden apple-tree. The domestic, having more courage than the villagers, approached the tree stealthily; but ere he could reach it, the creature sprang into another, and passing from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, at length escaped from the orchard, and fled to the summit of a high tree in a neighbouring grove. The servant awoke his master, who instantly arose, ordered up all his household, and sent one to the village to desire the assistance of some of the peasants. They all assembled at the foot of the tree, determined to prevent the escape of this singular being, which made every effort to conceal itself amidst the foliage, though without being able wholly to escape observation.

The villagers at once recognised it as the 'evil spirit' who had killed their dog, while the Seigneur de Soigny was able to distinguish that the creature resembled a young girl, and explained, to quiet the fears of the peasants, that she was in all probability some unhappy maniac who had escaped from confinement, and whom thirst (for the weather was oppressively warm) had driven from her haunts in the forests.

They continued to watch all that night and part of the following day, when Madame de Soigny proposed that a pail of water should be placed at the foot of the tree, and that the people should retire,

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so as to induce the maniac to descend. The stratagem succeeded. After some hesitation the creature came down, and eagerly approached the pail to drink, which she did like a horse—plunging her face into the water. The bystanders immediately rushed forward to secure her; but did not without much difficulty. Both her fingers and toes were armed with long and sharp nails, and she used them with great address and perseverance against her assailants; but after some trouble, they captured and conveyed her to the château.

She was taken into the kitchen. It happened that the cook was preparing some fowls for the spit; and on seeing them, the girl broke away from her captors, seized, and, though raw, devoured them with avidity. It was evident, from the quantity she ate and the eagerness with which she swallowed it, that she had not tasted food for a long time. Her appetite once satisfied, she looked around, and without betraying any lively signs of curiosity at the surrounding objects, evinced by her actions and countenance that they were quite strange to her. She appeared to be from twelve to thirteen years of age, and the blackness of her skin arose partly from constant exposure, and partly from dirt. She uttered no articulate sounds, but occasionally made a loud and unpleasant noise with her throat.

Monsieur de Soigny and his wife were for some time at a loss to know what to do with their extraordinary guest. During the rest of the day, she manifested the utmost impatience at the restraint she was placed under, and shewed every desire to escape to the forest. At night, she refused to eat the food which was offered her, because, probably, it had been cooked; and could not by any inducement be persuaded to lie on a bed. All attempts to clothe her were equally useless.

By dint of management, however, and constant attention from Madame de Soigny and her household, the young wild girl became gradually reconciled to her new state. Her repugnance to clothing and to dressed food was gradually overcome, and after the lapse of a month, it was found practicable to allow her to range about the château unattended; for her desire to escape appeared to have left her. In a little time longer, it was thought advisable to take her out of doors; for the sudden and complete change in her mode of life was injuring her health. This was rather a hazardous experiment, and her host took care to be well attended while accompanying her. The moment she got into the fields, she set off, running with a speed which was truly astonishing, and not one of the party could keep up with her on foot; but De Soigny being on horseback, managed to keep her within sight. After a time, she came to the brink of a small lake. Here she stopped, and, divesting herself of her clothes, plunged into the water. Her host began to dread she had endeavoured to escape from him by self-destruction;

but on arriving at the pond, he was gratified to find her swimming about with the greatest ease and dexterity. Soon, however, his fears were again awakened, for she dived and remained under water so long, that he gave her up for lost. He was in the act of preparing himself for an attempt to save her, when to his relief she again appeared on the surface, gracefully shaking the water from her long hair. As she approached the shore, something was perceived in her mouth which glistened in the sun; and on coming out of the water, De Soigny was astonished to find that, during her long dive, she had employed herself in catching a fish, which she devoured on the shore. Having resumed her apparel, she returned home peaceably with the domestics, whom they met on their way back.

It was long before the girl could be taught to make articulate sounds, which was the more singular, as there was scarcely any of the noises peculiar to a forest which she could not imitate. She occasionally amused her new companions by copying the cries of wild animals and of birds so exactly, that there was no difficulty in recognising the beast or bird she was imitating. The song of the nightingale, however, was beyond her powers, for she never attempted to imitate that. From all these facts, it was concluded that she was not, as at first conjectured, an escaped maniac, but some unfortunate being who had been abandoned in infancy, and had managed to subsist in the woods in a perfect state of nature.

Great pains were taken to teach her to speak, and after much perseverance, they were crowned with success. It was noticed that, as she improved in speaking, the feelings and ideas belonging to her early habits left her; and it was unfortunate that, in proportion as her ability to communicate her early history increased, new feelings and new mental resources impaired her memory of her old way of life. Still some of the most important facts connected with her former existence she retained; the most striking and interesting of them being the one which led to her capture.

All that she could remember, when able to speak well enough to be understood, was, that she had lived in the woods as long as her memory could trace, with, up to a very recent period, a companion about her own age, supposed to have been a sister. Of her parents, her recollections were extremely indistinct. The idea she communicated regarding them was something like this: That they lived near the sea-shore, and collected sea-weed for manure. In the winter, she and her companion covered themselves with the skin of some animal they had previously slain for food; but in the summer, they had no other covering than a girdle. To this she suspended the only weapon she ever possessed—the short strong cudgel with which she so promptly slew the village watch-dog. In speaking of this cudgel, she invariably applied to it the word which signifies a wild boar's snout (*boutoir*), to which in shape it had some remote



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resemblance. It was to her an important weapon, for with it she killed such wild animals as afforded her sustenance. One remarkable but not very pleasing trait in her past history was her fondness for blood, and particularly that of hares. Whenever she caught a hare, she did not kill it at once, but opening a vein with her sharp nails, sucked the blood and threw away the carcass. This fondness for hares' blood did not wholly leave her in after-life.

Of her companion she remembered nothing except her death. They were swimming together, as near as could be understood, in the river Marne (which gives the name to the department in which the wood of Soigny is situated), when a shot from the gun of a sportsman—who perhaps mistook them for water-fowl—passed close to them. They instantly dived, and having swam for some distance under water, escaped into a part of the forest which was supposed to have been near to some village. Here they happened to find something (whether a chaplet or string of beads, could not be sufficiently made out), which each wished to possess. In the struggle that ensued, the sister inflicted a sharp blow on the wild girl's arm, which was returned on the head with a stroke from the 'boutoir,' with so much violence, that she became, in the words of the narrator, 'all red.' This excited her sorrow, and she ran off to seek some remedy. It was difficult to make out the nature of the intended remedy; still it was clear that some curative means was known to the young savage; but whether gum obtained from a tree, or the skin of a frog bound to the wound with strips of bark, could not, from the confused nature of the recital, be ascertained. Be that as it may, on her return to the spot where she had left her sister weltering in blood, she could nowhere find her. Her grief was now redoubled, and she sought every part of the wood in vain; nor did she relax her search till coming suddenly upon the villagers at Soigny, whither she had wandered in the hope of quenching her thirst. The rest of her story is known. Her companion was never heard of more; and it was thought that she must have been dragged away by a wolf to his den, and there devoured. The accident happened, as near as could be computed, about three days before the capture of the survivor near the château.

In a very few months the fame of Monsieur de Soigny's strange inmate spread to Châlons, and thence to Paris. De Choiseul, bishop of that diocese, went expressly to Soigny to see her, and inquire into every particular concerning her. The result was, that he caused her to be removed into a convent. It must be owned that the inhabitants of the château were not displeased at the change. The wild girl, despite her improvement, cost them much fear and anxiety. Her temper was ungovernable and easily roused, especially when within sight of, or when spoken to by, any of the male species, for whom she from the first entertained a decided aversion. This was the chief reason for the bishop recommending

her to be transferred to a convent, where none of the male sex would cross her path to vex her.

Once within the walls of her new abode, the wild girl was immediately baptised, but by what Christian name we have not been able to ascertain, the only title given to her from that period having been *Mademoiselle Leblanc*. The secluded nature of the place had no effect in taming her wild temper, so that low diet and frequent bleedings were resorted to. This treatment not only had a most prejudicial effect upon her health, but renewed her desire to return to the woods. Indeed, it was remarked that the more she was subjected to privation and restraint, the more forcibly her savage propensities returned. On one occasion, she shewed that her thirst for living animals had not wholly left her. A young lady, of a very blooming and sanguine complexion, who resided at Châlons, had a great curiosity to see her, and was seated at dinner when she was introduced. There happened to be a chicken at table, and *Mademoiselle Leblanc's* eyes appearing wild and excited, the young lady offered her a wing; but the girl refused it, and trembling with excitement, said with savage simplicity: 'No, no, it is not that; it is you I want.' As she said these words, she appeared so very much inclined to seize the young lady, that her attendant removed her by force.

During the confinement of the wild girl in the convent, the queen of Poland passed through Châlons on her way from Paris, on purpose to see her. Her majesty had the bad taste to order a sort of exhibition, in which the girl performed all her savage tricks; she was made to howl as she was wont in the forest, and a live hare was actually brought her to suck to death. This exhibition had nearly terminated fatally, on account of her invincible dislike to men. One of the queen's officers was silly enough to make some jesting approach to her. In an instant she seized him by the throat, and would assuredly have strangled him, but for the interference of the bystanders.

After having remained some years in the convent, she became an object of such great curiosity to the Parisians, that M. de la Condamine, the celebrated member of the Academy of Sciences, was commissioned to make a journey to Châlons to inquire into the particulars of the wild girl's life. On seeing her, and hearing her story, he determined to remove her to Paris for the purpose of placing her in some religious house in that city. On arriving, however, it was found that her health was so severely impaired, that the discipline of a monastic institution would be far from beneficial. Condamine, therefore, having succeeded in raising by subscription a fund for her support, provided an asylum for her near Paris, and proper persons to attend her. Towards the latter portion of her existence, few traces of the savage state in which she was found in Soigny remained; at all events, if any existed, the ill health in

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which she spent the latter days of her life prevented her from manifesting them. She died at Paris in the year 1780, forty-nine years after her capture by Monsieur de Soigny, and in about the sixty-second year of her age.

### VICTOR, THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

Towards the end of the year 1798, a child who appeared to be about eleven or twelve years of age, and who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune, in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted, was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them. They carried him to a neighbouring village, where he was placed under the care of an old woman, from whom he, however, found means to escape before the end of the week, and fled to the mountains, where he wandered about during the winter, which was uncommonly severe, without any clothing but a ragged shirt. At night he retired to solitary places, but in the day approached nearer the houses and villages. He thus passed a roving life, till at length he voluntarily took refuge in a house in the canton of St Sernin. After being kept there two or three days, he was sent to the hospital of St Affrique, whence he was removed to Rodez, where he remained several months. During his abode in these different places, he always seemed to be wild, impatient of restraint, and capricious, and constantly intent on getting away.

How he was originally abandoned, no one ever discovered; but from certain scars on various parts of his body, he was thought to have escaped from the terrors of the Revolution, during which so many cruelties were perpetrated. From the testimony of the country-people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve, which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune. When he was first taken into society he lived on acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequently near escaping, and at first exhibited great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another; and his voice was imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way.

But despite all these disadvantages, the young savage was by no means destitute of intelligence. During an intercourse of six weeks with society, he had learned to prepare his food with a great degree of care and attention. M. Bonaterre informs us that, during his

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stay at Rodez, his employment was shelling kidney-beans, and that greater discernment could not have been shewn by a person the most accustomed to the employment. As soon as the pods were brought him, he fetched a kettle, and arranged his materials in the middle of the apartment in the most commodious manner possible, placing the kettle on his right hand, and the beans on his left. The shells he opened, one after the other, with admirable dexterity, putting the good grains into the kettle, and throwing away the bad ; and if any grain happened to escape him, he took it up and placed it with the others. He formed a separate heap of the empty shells ; and when his work was finished, he filled the kettle with water, and placed it on the fire, on which he threw the empty husks, to increase the heat.

In the year 1799 he was removed to Paris, and placed in the deaf and dumb institution, under the care of Madame Guerin and the superintendence of M. Itard, physician to the asylum. Beneficial results, from M. Itard's judicious treatment in exciting the dormant faculties of the strange patient, shewed themselves in three months' time. The touch by that time appeared sensible to the impression of all bodies, whether warm or cold, smooth or rough, soft or hard. The sense of smell was improved in a similar way, and the least irritation now excited sneezing. From the horror with which he was seized the first time this happened, it was presumed that it was a thing altogether new to him. The sense of taste was improved in a still greater degree. The articles of food on which he subsisted for some time after his arrival in Paris were excessively disgusting : he dragged them about his room, and ate them out of his hand, besmeared with filth. So great was the change which had taken place in this respect, that he now threw away the contents of his plate if any particle of dust or dirt had fallen upon it ; and after he had broken his walnuts with his foot, he cleaned them in the most careful manner.

His new habits, and the tenderness that was shewn him, at length began to inspire the youth with a fondness for his new situation. He likewise conceived a lively attachment for his governess, which he would sometimes testify in the most affectionate manner. He could never leave her without evident uneasiness, nor meet her again without expressing his satisfaction. Once after he had slipped from her in the streets, on again seeing her he burst into tears. For several hours he appeared much dejected, and Madame Guerin having then gently reproached him, his eyes again overflowed with tears. As in all similar cases, the endeavours to excite the faculty of speech were almost futile, and never advanced him beyond the capability of uttering a few exclamations and unimportant words. Neither did his sense of hearing improve much.

Some traits this boy exhibited were amusing. 'When fatigued,' says a contemporary account, 'with the length of the visits of



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inquisitive strangers, he dismisses them with more frankness than politeness, presenting to each, but without an air of contempt, their cane, gloves, and hat, then pushing them gently towards the door, which he shuts after them with great violence. This kind of language Victor understands, when employed by others, with the same facility as he uses it himself; and his readiness in this respect is truly astonishing, for it requires no previous instruction to make him comprehend the meaning of signs which he has never seen before.'

### CASPAR HAUSER.

Of all the cases of abandoned children, none ever created a greater sensation than that of a youth who was left at the gate of the city of Nuremberg, in Germany, so recently as 1828.

On the Whit-Monday, which happened in that year on the 26th May, a citizen who lived at Unschlitt Place, near the little frequented Haller gate of Nuremberg, was loitering before his door between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when he remarked at a little distance a young man in a peasant's dress. He was standing in the singular posture of a person endeavouring to move forward, without being fully able either to stand upright, or to govern the movement of his legs. On approaching, this singular stranger held out a letter directed to the captain of the 4th squadron of the 6th Regiment of Bavarian Light Horse. As this person lived near to the new gate, the citizen assisted the crippled youth to his house. On the door being opened, and the servant inquiring the applicant's business, it was evident that he did not comprehend the inquiry. His own language was little else than unintelligible sounds, mixed with tears and moans; but, with difficulty, the following words were made out: 'Reuta wahn, wie mei votta wahn is' ('I will be a rider or trooper, as my father was'). He was taken for a kind of savage; and as the captain was from home, he was conducted to the stable, where he stretched himself on the straw, and soon fell into a profound sleep. Upon the return of the captain, it was with great difficulty that he could be awakened. When fully conscious, he gazed intently on the officer's glittering uniform, which he seemed to regard with childish satisfaction, and instantly groaned out 'Reuta,' &c. The captain then read the letter, which was from an unknown hand, wishing that the youth should be received into the captain's troop of light horse. It was written in German; but enclosed was a memorandum in Latin, which the writer of the letter declared he had received when the boy, then a baby, was left at his house on the 7th of October 1812. The memorandum ran thus: 'The child is already baptised. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father was one of the light horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light

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Horse, for there his father also was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen years old. He was born on the 30th April 1812. I am a poor girl, and cannot support him. His father is dead.'

Neither of the epistle nor the enclosure could the captain make anything, and consequently handed his extraordinary visitor over to the police, which was done by about eight o'clock in the evening. When in the guard-room, in which were several inferior magistrates and police soldiers, he betrayed neither fear, confusion, nor astonishment. He continually cried, and pointed to his tottering feet; and this, joined to his childish demeanour, excited the pity of the officials. A soldier brought him a piece of meat and some beer, but he rejected them with abhorrence, partaking simply of bread and water, which he appeared to do with a relish. The usual official questions of 'What is your name? Whence came you? Produce your passport?' were put to the youth in vain. The magistrates began to suspect that he was playing a part, and this suspicion was soon greatly confirmed. A bystander proposed trying if he could write; and pen, ink, and paper were placed before him, which appeared to give him pleasure. He took the pen in his hand, by no means awkwardly, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, began to write! He slowly and legibly traced the words 'Kaspar Hauser.' All was doubt and uncertainty. It was doubtful whether he ought to be treated as an idiot or an impostor. However, for the present, he was removed to the place appropriated to rogues and vagabonds—a tower near the guard-house. During this short way he sank down, groaning at almost every step. Walking seemed to be not only painful, but a motion with which he was quite unacquainted. Soon after entering the small apartment allotted to him, he lay down on a straw-bed, and slept soundly.

A close scrutiny of this strange being's attire increased the astonishment. It consisted of a peasant's jacket over a coarse shirt, a groom's pantaloons, and a white handkerchief marked 'K. H.' The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of coloured rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and several religious tracts. An examination of his person presented new grounds for surprise. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands; but were covered all over with blisters, which fully accounted for the pain which walking seemed to give him. His gait was that of a child learning to walk in leading-strings; indeed he could not walk at all without assistance. To account for this, his knees were attentively examined, when it was found that the joint, instead of being a protuberance when the leg was straightened, formed a sort of hole or depression; while at the back, his hams so nearly touched the ground, that a common playing-card could scarcely be thrust between.

After a time, Caspar was no longer kept in the tower, but was admitted amongst the family of the prison-keeper, Hiltel, of whose

children he seemed very fond. About a fortnight after his arrival, he was visited by a young college professor, Daumer, who eventually, with the concurrence of the city authorities, took Caspar to his own home to educate him. The professor soon discovered that his mental powers only required attention to become cultivated. He soon was able to speak intelligibly; and the first use to which he put his new accomplishment, was to make a deposition before the burgomaster of Nuremberg. Not to cause him embarrassment, however, Mr Binder, the burgomaster, abandoned legal forms, and had Caspar to his house, so as to get him to converse freely, and without restriction, concerning his previous history. From these conversations he drew up a document, of which we give an abridgment. Caspar declared that he knew not who he was, nor where his home is. As long as he can recollect, he had constantly lived in a sort of hole, which he sometimes called a cage, where he always sat upon the ground, with his back supported in an erect posture (this was fully corroborated by the state of his knees). The only human being he had ever seen, up to the time of his arrival in Nuremberg, was 'the man,' as he said, 'with whom I have always been;' whose face he had never seen. He knew no difference between day and night; but whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Shortly before his removal, 'the man' placed a small table over his feet, and spread something white upon it (paper), he put a kind of stick between his fingers (proved to have been a lead pencil), and guided his hand in making black marks, which pleased him very much. The man came every day to guide his hand; and by imitating the marks thus made, after the man was gone, Caspar learned, it would seem, to write his name. As to speaking, all he was ever taught to say was 'Reuta,' &c. Finally, the man came one day, placed his hands over Caspar's shoulders, and carried him on his back out of his prison, and made him try to walk; but 'it became night'—that is, he fainted with the effort; and at last he brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

This extraordinary account increased the mystery. The story of Caspar spread not only over Germany, but throughout Europe. Many thought him an impostor. He was examined by the faculty, by law-officers, and by every competent person who imagined they could find a clue to the mystery. Meanwhile he continued under the tutorship of Professor Daumer, and made very great improvement; though his new state of existence was extremely distasteful to him, and he longed to go back to 'the man with whom he had always been.' He suffered from headache. The operation of his senses, from their extreme acuteness, gave him pain rather than pleasure. He soon learned to talk like a child, for his memory was very good. As an instance of it, Dr Osterhausen, an eminent physician, gave him a nosegay, naming the different flowers: several days afterwards, other flowers were brought him, and all of

the same kind as those which composed the former nosegay he named correctly. At an early stage of instruction, he exhibited a great love of order, and was extremely obedient. In short, he in less than a year became nearly reconciled to his new position, and was allowed to go about with little restraint.

On Saturday, 17th October, Caspar was the subject of an extraordinary and nearly fatal event. He was accustomed, daily between eleven and twelve, to leave Professor Daumer's house to attend a ciphering class; but on the above day, not feeling well, he was desired to remain at home, while his host went out to take a walk. A little after twelve, Daumer's sister was sweeping the house, when she observed on the stairs several spots of blood and bloody footsteps. These marks she traced along the passage to a closet, and there, to her horror, beheld a large quantity of clotted blood. She instantly called her mother. In great alarm, they sought Caspar in his chamber, but he was not to be found either there or in any other part of the house. The marks of blood being more carefully traced, were found to lead to a cellar door. This was opened, and after a time Caspar was found within, to all appearance dead, with a large wound across his forehead. The servant-maid and the son of the landlord had now joined them, and Caspar was removed to his chamber. He appeared to breathe, and presently gave a deep groan, saying with difficulty: 'Man! man!—mother tell professor—closet;' he could say no more, for he was seized with a strong ague; after which he lay senseless for forty-eight hours. In his delirium, he murmured at various times: 'Man came!—don't kill me—I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you too—don't kill—why man kill?' He was assiduously attended by the medical officer of the city jurisdiction, and under his hands gradually recovered. When strong enough, the judicial authorities caused him to be examined as to his misfortune. From his deposition,\* it appears that, while in the closet, to which he had occasion to retire, he heard footsteps softly treading the passage, and presently the head of a person masked appeared. In an instant he received a severe blow on the forehead, which felled him to the ground: he fainted, and did not completely recover his senses till found in the cellar. How he got there, he was unable to remember correctly, but thought that he must have been left for dead; and, coming to a sort of half-consciousness, had crawled thither, partly from fright, and partly from having mistaken his way to Mrs Daumer's chamber.

This new circumstance redoubled public curiosity respecting Hauser. Some deep and diabolical mystery hung over him. It was evident that those who sent him to Nuremberg had been disappointed in his not becoming at once absorbed in the ranks of the

\* It may be well to observe, that all the depositions respecting this extraordinary case are still preserved in the police-court of Nuremberg.



army, and were afraid lest the attention of the public which he had excited would lead to the discovery of his origin. To prevent this, his murder must have been planned and attempted. These machinations were, however, on this occasion frustrated, for the wound was not so serious as to prevent his complete recovery. He resumed his studies, and pursued them with so much success, that he was not to be known in company from any other young man who had been brought up under ordinary circumstances. His temper was good, and his manners gentle and amiable.

While with Professor Daumer, he became an object of great interest to Earl Stanhope, who wished to have the entire charge and expense of his future education. With this view, Caspar was removed by that nobleman to Anspach, and put under the care of an able schoolmaster. After a time, he was found competent to undertake an official situation, and he received the appointment of clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal. It was Lord Stanhope's plan to accustom him, whilst filling this situation, to the ordinary business of life ; with the view of bringing him eventually to England, and of adopting him as his foster-son. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 14th of December 1833, Caspar Hauser, while returning from his official duties at mid-day, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him the secret of his origin, if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post ; he took Caspar aside, and, without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had sufficient strength left to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words, when he immediately fainted, and, after relating the circumstances of his assassination, died on the 17th of the same month. Every expedient which the police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has not yet been divulged.

This history is so strange and mysterious, that its authenticity would be open to many doubts, but for the unquestionable respectability of our informant, and the notoriety of the facts at the time.





## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

‘Not a flower  
But shews some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.  
Happy who walks with Him ! whom what he finds  
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,  
Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.’—COWPER.

### WILD-FLOWERS.



BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields !  
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,  
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—  
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,  
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—  
I love ye all !

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem  
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,  
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;  
And I can image you, as in a dream,  
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—  
I love ye all !

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth  
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem :  
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,  
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,  
As light erewhile into the world came—

I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !  
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—  
Our own blue-bell—the daisy, that doth rise  
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow ;  
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—

I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !  
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,  
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees :  
I often wish that I were one of you,  
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—

I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !  
The evening-star grows dim and fades away,  
And morning comes and goes, and then the day  
Within the arms of night its rest doth take ;  
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—

I love ye all !

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love !  
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,  
And in your native woods and wilds to be.  
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move ;  
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—

I love ye all !

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—  
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,  
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side !  
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell ;  
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—

I love ye all !

—NICOLL

LET US GO TO THE WOODS.

LET us go to the woods—'tis a bright sunny day :  
They are mowing the grass, and at work with the hay.  
Come over the meadow and scent the fresh air,  
For the pure mountain breezes are everywhere.

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

We'll follow this winding path up to the hills,  
And spring with a lightsome foot over the rills.  
Up, up!—it grows sweeter the higher we get,  
With the flowers of the season that linger here yet.  
Nay, pause not to gaze at the landscape now;  
It is finer when seen from the high hill's brow.  
We will gather all curious flowers as we go;  
The sweet and the scentless, and those that bend low;  
The pale and the gaudy, the tiny, the tall,  
From the vine, from the shrub, we will gather them all.

Now here's the Clematis, all graceful and fair;  
You may set it like pearls in the folds of your hair.  
And if for your bosom you'd have a bouquet,  
Here's the Meadow-pink sweet, and the Touch-me-not gay.  
Here's the full-blown Azalea, perfuming the air,  
Here's the Cardinal-flower, that a princess might wear.  
And the wild mountain Phlox, pink and purple and blue,  
And Star-flowers both of white and of golden hue.  
And here's a bright blossom, a gay one indeed,  
Our mountain-maids name it the Butterfly-weed;  
So gorgeous its colours, one scarcely can tell  
If the flower or the insect in beauty excel.

Here's the low dwarf Acacia, that droops as it grows,  
And its leaves, as you gather them, tremble and close.  
And near us, I know by her breath on the gale,  
Is the tall yellow Primrose, so pretty and pale.

Here's the Pigeon-pea, fit for a fairy's bowers,  
And the purple Thrift, straightest and primmest of flowers.  
Here is Privet, no prettier shrub have we met;  
And the Midsummer-daisy is hiding here yet.

But stay—we are now on the high hill's brow!  
How bright lie the fields in the sunlight below!  
Do you see those white chimneys that peep o'er the grove?  
'Tis your own little cottage, the home that you love:  
Let us go by the fields where the Chinquapins are,  
And through the long lane where the Chestnuts hang fair,  
They are scarcely yet ripe, but their tender green  
Looks lovely the dark clustering foliage between:  
And we'll stop at the nest that we found in the wood,  
And see if the blackbird hath flown with her brood:  
And we'll list to the mocking-bird, wondering thereat,  
Till he pauses, as if to ask: 'Who can do that?'  
We will listen and gaze, for the lowliest thing  
Some lesson of worth to the mind can bring.



## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,  
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it doth lie :  
And 'tis good to go forth among scenes like these,  
Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees,  
If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs  
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.

—*Anonymous.*

### DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along !  
We have short time to stay as you ;  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or anything :  
We die,  
As your hours do ; and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

—HERRICK, 1648.

### THE SWEET-BRIER.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind  
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,  
In all the blooming waste it left behind,  
As that the sweet-brier yields it ; and the shower  
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower  
One half so lovely ; yet it grows along  
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.  
Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;  
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand  
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;

## SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Its sweetness all is of my native land ;  
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate  
Among the perfumes which the rich and great  
Buy from the odours of the spicy East.  
You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you hate  
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,  
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

—BRAINARD.

## THE FLOWER-GIRL.

COME buy, come buy my mystic flowers,  
All ranged with due consideration,  
And culled in Fancy's fairy bowers,  
To suit each age and every station.  
For those who late in life would tarry,  
I've Snowdrops, winter's children cold ;  
And those who seek for wealth to marry,  
May buy the flaunting Marigold.  
I've Ragwort, Ragged Robins too,  
Cheap flowers for those of low condition ;  
For bachelors I've Buttons blue ;  
And Crown Imperials for ambition.  
For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,  
I've Pheasant's Eye and sprigs of Heather ;  
For courtiers with the supple knee,  
I've Parasites and Prince's Feather.  
For thin tall fops I keep the Rush,  
For peasants still am Nightshade weeding ;  
For rakes, I've Devil-in-the-Bush,  
For sighing Strephons, Love-lies-bleeding.  
But fairest blooms affection's hand  
For constancy and worth disposes,  
And gladly weaves at your command  
A wreath of Amaranths and Roses.

—MRS CORBOLD.

## THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower ! I love in forest bare  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
Unapt the passing view to meet,  
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;  
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried ;  
I copied them—but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.

—BRYANT.

THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here ;  
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,  
And pours the dayspring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could raise the daisy's purple bud !

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

And cut the gold-embossed gem,  
That, set in silver, gleams within !  
And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see  
In every step the stamp of God.

—DR GOOD.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly-tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,  
Can reach to wound ;  
But as they grow, where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.  
I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralise :  
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.  
Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear  
Harsh and austere ;  
To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
Reserved and rude ;  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.  
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness shew,  
All vain asperities I, day by day,  
Would wear away ;  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.  
And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they ;



SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng ;  
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
More grave than they ;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

—SOUTHEY.

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,  
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds ;  
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,  
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew.  
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,  
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',  
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'  
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,  
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,  
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,  
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee  
Was floating awa', like a clud ower the sea,  
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—  
The sweet child of summer—in its rockely green.

And when the night-clud grew dark on the plain,  
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,  
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,  
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,  
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,  
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark-green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,  
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,  
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,  
And its wee leaves shrunk in the frozen air ;  
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,  
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around ;  
And this bonnie blue flower hung down its wee head,  
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,  
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was dead.

—ANDERSON.

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of joy and love—  
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn ;  
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,  
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,  
Pure as the heart in its native heaven ;  
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,  
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,  
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes ;  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,  
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot ;  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

—PERCIVAL.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn  
Are waving o'er the pool,  
Moved by the wind that breathes along  
So sweetly and so cool.  
The hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
The primrose hides below,  
And on the lonely passer-by  
A modest glance doth throw !

The humble primrose' bonnie face  
I meet it everywhere ;  
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,  
It comes and nestles there.  
Like God's own light, on every place  
In glory it doth fall :

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

And where its dwelling-place is made,  
It straightway hallows all !

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,  
The primrose bloometh lone ;  
And love it wins—deep love—from all  
Who gaze its sweetness on.  
On field-paths narrow, and in woods,  
We meet thee near and far,  
Till thou becomest prized and loved,  
As things familiar are !

The stars are sweet at eventide,  
But cold and far away ;  
The clouds are soft in summer time,  
But all unstable they :  
The rose is rich—but pride of place  
Is far too high for me—  
God's simple common things I love—  
My primrose, such as thee !

I love the fireside of my home,  
Because all sympathies,  
The feelings fond of every day,  
Around its circle rise.  
And while admiring all the flowers  
That summer suns can give,  
Within my heart the primrose sweet,  
In lowly love doth live !

—NICOLL

FIELD-FLOWERS.

YE field-flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,

SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes ;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore :  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem :  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield :  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.



SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
    In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
    And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
    And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
    Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starred :  
Unskilful he to note the card  
    Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
    And whelm him o'er !

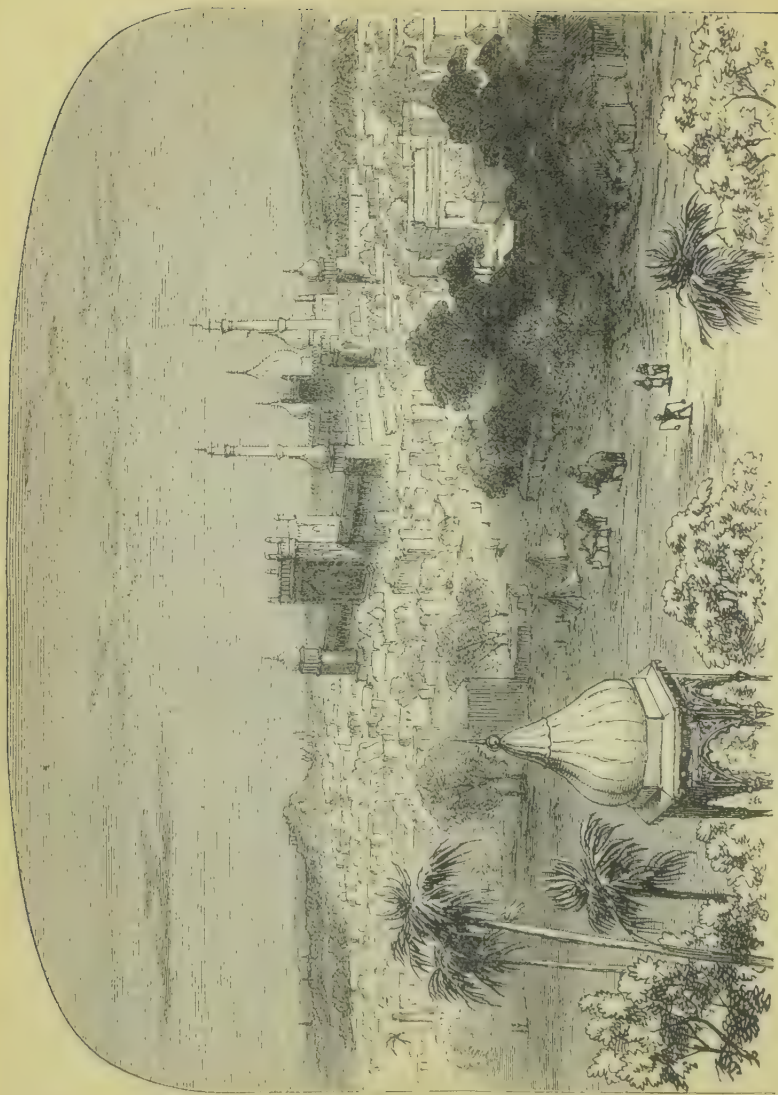
Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven ;  
By human pride or cunning driven,  
    To misery's brink,  
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
    He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
    Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
    Shall be thy doom !

—BURNS.







DELHI.

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**H**ORATIO NELSON was born on the 29th of September 1758, in the parsonage-house of Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, of which his father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was rector. Horatio was his fifth son, and named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole, to whom Mrs Nelson was related. The early days of the young Horatio gave promise of the future man. He became distinguished among his youthful companions for bold and adventurous achievements. Though weak in constitution, and subject to attacks of ague, which made him irritable in temper, he possessed the best dispositions, and even when young, had a high sense of conscientiousness, and shrunk from everything like deception or meanness.

## LIFE OF NELSON.

It is related of him that, when about five years of age, being on a visit to his grandmother, he absented himself without permission: not making his appearance at the dinner hour, the old lady became much alarmed, especially as he had formed acquaintance with a gang of gipsies who were loitering in the neighbourhood, and she was apprehensive they might have decoyed him away. Diligent search in various directions was promptly instituted, and after the lapse of several hours, he was found alone by the side of a rather rapid and deep brook, which he was unable to cross. His conduct on this occasion was peculiar to him through life—he evinced no symptoms of alarm, although his companion (a cow-boy little older than himself) had left him; and when his grandmother closed a reproof with: ‘I wonder, child, that fear did not drive you home!’ he promptly answered: ‘Fear! Grandmamma, I never saw fear. What is it?’

The first seminary of any importance which he attended was the High School at Norwich; and while studying here, he was recalled home on the death of his mother, who expired December 24, 1767, Horatio being then about nine years and three months old. How little often determines one's career in life! The funeral of Mrs Nelson brought her brother, Captain Suckling, of the Royal Navy, on a visit to the rectory; and on this occasion the imagination of young Horatio was fired by the stories and anecdotes of sea-life which his uncle related in the company of his friends, and he determined, if possible, to be a sailor. His studies at Norwich, and afterwards at North Walsham, failed in obliterating this juvenile fancy from his mind; and his father, desirous of permitting him to follow the bent of his inclinations, easily induced Captain Suckling to take him under his charge. Passing over the painful parting with brothers and playmates, we follow the young aspirant in his entrance into active life.

The ship of Captain Suckling was lying in the Medway, and to place him in the way of reaching it, Mr Nelson accompanied his son to the metropolis; but from thence he was sent down, unattended and unbefriended, to Chatham.

## EARLY LIFE AT SEA.

The entrance of Nelson upon the profession of which he was destined to be the highest ornament, took place under extraordinary circumstances. His uncle, it appears, knew not on what day he was to be expected. Arriving therefore at Chatham, shivering with cold, and not knowing where to go or what to do, Horatio wandered about the streets for some hours, undergoing the full weight of that desolation of heart which, even in the most favourable circumstances, befalls young persons for the first time sent from a home of familiar faces into the midst of strangers. At length a kind-hearted officer,

observing his melancholy appearance, took him to his house and administered to his necessities; after which he put him into a boat to be conveyed to the *Raisable*. Here again he met with disappointment—his uncle was not on board—no one had been apprised of his coming; and he walked the deck the whole of the remainder of the day without any one noticing him, or making him an offer of food; and it was not till the succeeding day that humanity prompted the gunner to inquire who he was, and, as Nelson himself afterwards expressed it, ‘to take compassion on him.’

The *Raisable* had been put into commission in consequence of a dispute with Spain, which seemed likely to lead to war. This expectation proving happily fallacious, the vessel was quickly discharged, so as to leave to Captain Suckling no alternative from sending his nephew on board a merchant West Indiaman, under charge of a master who had been his own mate. In this situation young Nelson applied himself diligently to his duties, and acquired a considerable knowledge of his profession; but amongst the crew he imbibed a dislike to the Royal Navy, as a service not calculated to afford the best practical knowledge of seamanship and navigation. On his return home, he found his uncle in command of the *Triumph*, 74, lying as guard-ship at Chatham, and he was invited to join that ship. Much as he esteemed his uncle, he was averse to comply; but Captain Suckling, desirous of removing the false impressions that had been made, urged upon him the many advantages to be derived in the service; and the youth reluctantly consented. A period of peace offers but a confined sphere of operation for a young naval officer; there is, in fact, little opportunity of acquiring knowledge, especially on board a guard-ship, and therefore his uncle, by way of encouragement, gave Horatio charge of the launch, that had been decked and rigged as a cutter-tender to the ship of the commanding-officer of the station. This was a situation which could not fail to be agreeable to our youth, as it gratified that ambition of distinction which was ever his ruling passion. His exultation, however, noways allayed the thirst for information which was also strong in him. His little vessel had frequently to navigate the Medway down to the Great Nore, and from thence up the Thames to the receiving-ship for volunteers and impressed men lying off the Tower of London; or down the intricate channels, and round the North Foreland to the Downs. It was a humble service; but even humble services can be well or ill performed; and in no situation in life may a young man of apt faculties fail to acquire skill that will fit him for higher callings. The boy Nelson—for such he really was—became a clever pilot for those parts, and gained a confidence in his own knowledge that increased as he grew older.

In April 1773, on the application of the Royal Society, Lord Sandwich ordered two stout bomb-ketches, the *Racehorse* and the



*Carcase*, to be fitted out for the purpose of getting as far north as possible, in order to explore the much-talked-of North-west Passage. The former vessel was commanded by the Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave), the latter by Captain Lutwidge, both excellent seamen and scientific men. Every attention was paid to the equipment of the expedition, both for the attainment of the object and for the comfort of the people. Nelson's mind, already excited by the responsibility of command, and the acquisition of nautical knowledge, especially as a pilot, no sooner heard of the intended voyage of discovery than he became extremely solicitous to join in it. But orders had been issued that no boys were to be admitted on board of either vessel, and therefore there was no prospect of his being able to go. Still, he did not fail, at every convenient opportunity, to press the matter upon Captain Suckling, who, won by his nephew's importunity, applied to Captain Lutwidge, with whom he was upon terms of friendship, to take him in the *Carcase*. The order of the Admiralty was for some time a considerable obstacle; till, struck by the unsubdued spirit of the bold and anxious lad, the commander of the *Carcase* consented to receive him, and he was rated coxswain on the ketch's books.

The vessels sailed on the 2d June 1773, and on the 28th of the same month made the land of Spitzbergen, and ran along the coast, which was pretty clear of ice, and the weather moderate; but on the 5th July they found a barrier that opposed their further progress. The ice extended from north-west to east, without displaying any opening, the vessels having run along it from east to west more than 10 degrees. Captain Phipps then changed his course to the eastward with no better success. On the 31st July they were encompassed by ice, and by observation found themselves to be in latitude  $80^{\circ} 37' N.$ ; the ships, separated by the massive blocks, being only two lengths from each other, and without room to swing.

On the 3d August, finding that the ice did not give way, but, on the contrary, pressed so heavily that some of the blocks were forced above the others as high as the mainyard, the officers gave orders to cut a passage through; but the progress made by the men was so small, and the dangers to which they would be exposed by wintering there so great, that Captain Phipps announced his intention of launching the boats (which had been prepared for such an exigency) over the ice, and abandoning the vessels altogether. After this undertaking had been commenced, an opening was observed; all sail was set on the two vessels, to force them along; and on the 9th, the ice becoming more loose, they moved slowly through small openings, and got past the boats, which were taken on board again. On the following day, after encountering much peril, a brisk wind from north-north-east carried them clear, and they returned to the harbour of Smeerenburg, on the coast of Spitzbergen, to repair damages.

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Young Nelson acquired much praise for his assiduity and intrepidity during the period of peril. He had charge of one of the exploring boats, and acquitted himself so well, that he gained the approbation of both Captain Phipps and his own commander. One night, whilst blocked up in the ice, a bear was observed prowling about the *Carcase*, and Nelson, who had the watch on deck, unperceived, armed himself with a musket, and, accompanied by a ship-mate, went in pursuit of the animal. A heavy fog came on, and Nelson's absence being detected, a search was promptly instituted, but without effect, and he was given up for lost. As daylight advanced, however, he was discovered at a considerable distance off, and his companion about midway between him and the vessel. By the aid of the glass, Nelson was seen with his musket clubbed near to an immense white bear that was separated from him by a chasm in the ice. A gun was fired to recall him; but he hesitated to obey: at last, however, he returned, and then he related that, having presented his musket at the bear, it had missed fire; but anxious to slay the creature, he had followed, under a hope of getting a good blow at it with the butt of his weapon. The firing of the gun from the ship frightened the beast away, and probably saved the lad's life. His captain severely reprimanded him for quitting the vessel without leave, and demanded the cause of his placing himself in so much peril. 'Sir,' answered Nelson, 'I wanted to kill the bear, that I might get the skin for my father.'

After recruiting the strength of the crews, and repairing the injuries sustained from the icebergs, Captain Phipps sailed from Smeerenburg to renew his task; but finding everywhere that the barrier was impenetrable (many of the bergs being not less than three hundred feet in height), and the season getting far advanced, he bore up on the 22d August for England, where soon afterwards the vessels were paid off.

The dangers to which he had been exposed, and the hardships he had undergone, had no influence to daunt the intrepid heart of Nelson. He had increased his stock of knowledge, his mind had become more expanded, and he had gained that perfect self-confidence which generally leads to prominent results in after-life. His uncle and his father were proud of him; for both Captain Phipps and Captain Lutwidge had given him excellent certificates of conduct, and had also spoken highly of him to Captain Suckling. The voyage had not been of long duration; but in his brief career as a sailor he had visited the torrid and the frigid zone, and experienced the extremes of heat and cold; and besides being made acquainted with the difference in climates, had also been instructed in the use and practice of astronomical instruments, and otherwise improved himself in navigation.

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### JOINS THE ROYAL NAVY.

The exploring vessels were paid off a few days after Nelson had entered upon his fourteenth year, and he passed a short interval at the parsonage-house in Burnham-Thorpe, where he was looked upon as a hero. He then rejoined his uncle at Chatham; but understanding that the *Seahorse*, a frigate of twenty guns, was fitting for the East Indies, under the command of the celebrated Captain Farmer, whose bravery was well known, he applied to be removed into her; and through the interest of his uncle, and the recommendation of Captains Phipps and Lutwidge, he succeeded. He was not at first rated as a midshipman, though he was privileged to appear on the quarter-deck, and messed with the 'young gentlemen;' Captain Farmer's name was so famous, that parents who had destined their sons for the sea were glad to get them under so gallant a chief, and consequently the vacancies were filled; but to give him the pay of an able seaman, he was rated as a foretop-man, and in reefing and furling sails, the foretop was the station he occupied, to assist in the operation and to see it well performed. As soon as a vacancy occurred on the books, it was filled up with his name.

He joined the *Seahorse* in October 1773, very little more than a fortnight after being paid off from the *Carcase*; and now he was about to traverse the Indian Ocean. The manners of Nelson did not at first please his new messmates; his indefatigable attention to his duties did not altogether accord with their aristocratic feelings; and when they saw him dipping his hands into a tar-bucket, and assisting the men in working amongst the rigging, they looked upon it as degrading to an officer: but his amiable disposition soon conquered. In the difficulties of this crisis, he was much supported by a kindred spirit which he found in a midshipman named Thomas Troubridge, afterwards associated with him in several of his most brilliant adventures, and who, like himself, had been connected with the merchant service. Two such natures could not be near each other without forming a strong friendship: that of Nelson and Troubridge was to last for life. They were fortunate in having for the master of their vessel a gentleman named Surridge, who, sympathising in their extreme desire to advance in professional skill, took them under his especial care and tuition, and afforded them admirable nautical instruction, particularly after reaching the East Indies, when with his pupils he engaged himself in making accurate surveys in the Bay of Bengal.

At first the climate agreed with Nelson's health; he grew stout in person and florid in complexion; but his anxious zeal and untiring application preyed upon a constitution still weak. He was attacked

by fever, which reduced him to a skeleton, and for some time he lost the entire use of his limbs. The commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Hughes, would willingly have retained him upon the station ; but regard for his existence pleaded for his being sent home, though apprehensions were entertained that he could never reach England. His friend Troubridge, who attended to his wants, and nursed him with the utmost care, was greatly distressed at his situation. His disease baffled the power of medicine, and he appeared to be sinking fast, when he was put on board the *Dolphin* of 20 guns, commanded by Captain James Pigot—his old commander, Captain Farmer, giving him strong testimonials as to conduct and character. The parting between Nelson and Troubridge was very affecting—the former expecting soon to be in eternity, the latter left to toil in the duties of the naval service.

For a long time during the passage to England, Nelson's life hung tremblingly in the balance ; and had he been in less humane hands, his hammock would have been his shroud, and his grave the ocean ; but from Captain Pigot he received the most careful attention and kindness ; and to this worthy officer, under the blessing of Providence, may be attributed the rescuing of the future hero from death. On his arrival at home, about the middle of September 1776, his health was found to be improved, but he was still weak and emaciated, and labouring under that heavy depression of spirit which may truly be called sickness of heart. He had left his mess-mates happy in pursuing the line of active duty, and full of exulting hopes ; whilst he, enervated and almost helpless, had a dark cloud hanging over him, presaging a career that seemed dreary and unprofitable. Some years afterwards, when speaking upon this subject, he said : ' I felt impressed with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties that opposed my progress, and the little interest I possessed to advance me in the service. There appeared to be no means by which I could attain the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled in my breast, and presented my sovereign and my country as my patrons, and I exclaimed : Well, then, I will yet live to be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will fearlessly meet and brave every danger.'

This was a spirit of mingled enthusiasm and natural piety, which at all future periods animated Nelson, and supported him under every trial. Previous to his return from India, Captain Suckling had been made comptroller of the navy, an office that conferred considerable influence. When the *Dolphin* was paid off on the 24th September, Nelson was sent on board the *Worcester* of 64 guns, commanded by Captain Mark Robinson, whose name has been recorded amongst the bravest in England's naval history. He served a short time as master's mate ; but whilst lying at Spithead under



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sailing orders to convoy a fleet of transports and merchantmen to Gibraltar, one of the lieutenants committed suicide during a fit of insanity, and Nelson, at the request of his captain, was appointed acting-lieutenant in his stead by the port-admiral at Portsmouth, Sir James Douglas. He had not then entered upon his nineteenth year, nor had he passed his examination; but so excellent were his recommendations, that the utmost confidence was reposed in him; and his captain was often heard to say, that 'in the night-watches he felt equally as easy when Nelson had charge of the deck as when the oldest officer in the ship was there.' His grateful esteem was continued to Captain Robinson throughout his life.

### RISES IN THE SERVICE DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

The *Worcester* was employed with convoys till April 1777, on the 10th of which month Nelson passed his examination most triumphantly. On the following day he received his commission as second-lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, a frigate of 32 guns, under Captain William Locker, in which he sailed for Jamaica. At this time Britain was engaged in the disastrous war with her colonies. The *Lowestoffe*, in one of her cruises after French and American privateers, captured an American letter of marque. It was blowing a strong gale at the time, and a heavy sea running, but it was deemed necessary to board; and the boat being hoisted out, the first-lieutenant was ordered away for the purpose. Whether he disliked the job or not, he was rather long below in seeking for his side-arms. Captain Locker, during the interval, came on deck, and seeing that the boat was likely to be swamped alongside, exclaimed: 'What! have I no officer in the ship to board the prize?' The master immediately volunteered; but Nelson, whom a sense of delicacy to the first-lieutenant had kept from offering himself, instantly ran to the gangway, and stopping the master, said: 'Avast there; it is my turn now; and if I come back, it will be yours.' He jumped into the boat, and succeeded in getting upon the American's deck. He found her completely water-logged, from the heavy press of canvas she had been carrying, so that the boat was washed in board and out again with the sea.

Similar acts endeared him to Captain Locker; and the death of his uncle about this time rendered his commander's friendship the more valuable. Earnestly desirous of active employment, he obtained the command of a small schooner, tender to the frigate, and in her he cruised amongst the islands, and gained a correct knowledge of West India pilotage, particularly of the keys to the northward of Hispaniola—a cluster of small rocks and islands, which render the navigation extremely difficult. By Captain Locker's warm eulogiums and recommendations, Sir Peter Parker removed him into the *Bristol*, his flag-ship; but this change was only for a short time;

for, on the 8th of December 1778, Nelson, then about twenty years and two months old, was appointed commander of the *Badger* sloop, Collingwood taking his place as first-lieutenant of the *Bristol*. He was ordered to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers, which service he effectually performed, gaining so much grateful respect from the settlers, that they unanimously voted him their thanks. On his return to Montego Bay, Jamaica, the *Glasgow* frigate came in, and, in about two hours after her arrival, was discovered to be in flames, from the igniting of a cask of rum. Nelson repaired on board without a moment's delay, and, by his presence of mind and promptitude, was mainly instrumental in preventing the loss of life which otherwise must certainly have ensued. He continued in the *Badger* till the 11th June 1779, when (though not twenty-one) he was posted into the *Hinchinbrooke*, of 28 guns, a captured French merchantman that had been bought into the service, and Collingwood again succeeded him in the *Badger*.

Nelson was next concerned in a naval expedition against the Spanish territories in Honduras ; but this proved a disastrous affair. The troops, under the charge of a major in the army, were disembarked on this low part of the South American continent, March 24, 1780. When too late, it was found that no one knew the country, and the difficulties which presented themselves were of so formidable a character that most hearts failed. Nelson, who had charge of the nautical part of the enterprise, was not the man to be appalled by such difficulties. He mustered a party of seamen, and, with his own boats and the canoes of the Indians, ascended the river San Juan, then unusually low. Every day the hazards and labour increased under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and both banks of the river being covered with lofty trees, the circulation of air was utterly impeded, and at night the unwholesome and heavy dews saturated the clothes of the people. Sickness broke out ; but still they persevered till the 9th of April, when a battery upon the island of St Bartolomeo opened its fire upon them, and Nelson, accompanied by Captain Despard of the army, leaped upon the muddy beach at the head of a few seamen, stormed the fortification, and took it. Two days afterwards they appeared before the fortress of St Juan. Nelson advised that it should be carried at once by assault, and volunteered, as he called it, 'to head the boarders ;' but the military chief deemed it necessary to carry on a protracted siege, with all its details and formalities, and thus much time was thrown away. The fatigue and unhealthy climate rapidly thinned the ranks ; the rains set in, and disease to an alarming extent prevailed when the garrison surrendered on the 24th. Had Nelson's counsel been followed, the greater portion of these disasters might have been spared. They found the castle and town destitute of everything that was required by the sick, and devoid of all comfort and

maintenance for those who still remained on duty. At last the interment of the dead became impracticable to the living, and the putrid bodies were launched into the stream, or left for the birds to prey upon. In these circumstances, the conquest was abandoned, and out of 1800 men, not more than 380 returned; whilst, of the whole crew of the *Hinchinbrooke*, consisting of 200 men, only 10 were saved. The transports' people all died; and several of the vessels being destitute of hands, were left to sink at their anchors.

It may easily be supposed what were the feelings of Nelson under the pressure of such calamities. He had been injured by drinking from a brook into which boughs of the manchineel-tree had been thrown; and though his undaunted spirit remained unsubdued, yet sickness almost conquered his frame, and he never ceased to feel the consequences through the remainder of his life.

During the siege, Captain Glover died at Jamaica, and Nelson was appointed to his vacant command in the *Jason*, of 44 guns, Collingwood being at the same time made post on board the *Hinchinbrooke*. Nelson joined his new command; but though the admiral had him nursed at his own residence, and the best medical aid was afforded, yet his constitution was so severely affected, that it was deemed necessary that he should return to England. Accordingly he sailed in the *Lion*, 64, commanded by the Honourable William Cornwallis; and to the indefatigable care of this gallant but rough seaman, Nelson believed himself to be indebted for the prolongation of his life.

On his arrival in England, the emaciated and helpless young captain was conveyed on shore, and carried to Bath, where the effects of the change, and the waters, produced a satisfactory result; and at the end of three months he found himself so far recovered, that to remain any longer idle was distressing to him. He hastened to the metropolis, applied for employment, and in August 1781, he was appointed to the command of the *Albemarle*, 28, and was kept, during the ensuing winter, on that coldest and most unpleasant of stations—the North Sea.

The war at this time carried on against France and the United States rendered it necessary that British merchant ships, in their voyages across the Atlantic, should be protected by vessels of war. In April 1782, Nelson went with the *Albemarle* as part of a convoy to Newfoundland and Quebec, and afterwards cruised in Boston Bay. While here, he captured a fishing-schooner, and although the master of this small craft pled hard for liberty, the whole of his property being embarked in his vessel, and having a wife and family at home, Nelson was inexorable, and, retaining his vessel, kept him as pilot. The taking of helpless fishing-vessels during war has been generally condemned as an act of tyranny, and is so rarely practised, that the capture on the present occasion is only excusable in Nelson from the emergency in which he was placed. The result, at any

rate, proved that he acted from no bad feeling. Four French sail-of-the-line, and a large frigate, came out from Boston to capture the *Albemarle*, and as their sailing was superior, there was every prospect of her being taken; but Nelson, guided by the master of the captured schooner, boldly ran amongst the many shoals of St George's Bank, where his larger pursuers did not deem it advisable to follow him. The frigate continued the chase; but seeing that Nelson had thrown his main-topsail to the mast to wait for him, he discontinued his pursuit, and joined the squadron. For this service the fishing-schooner was restored to its owner, with a certificate from Nelson to secure its master from being molested by any other vessel. The grateful man afterwards came at night, at the hazard of his life, to the ship with a present of sheep, poultry, and vegetables, which proved a seasonable supply, as the scurvy was very bad amongst the seamen. The certificate then given is still preserved in Boston.

In October 1782, the *Albemarle* was ordered to take a convoy from Quebec to New York, where Nelson found Lord Hood, and accompanied him to the West Indies. Here he was introduced to Prince William Henry (afterwards king of England), who was a midshipman in the flag-ship, the *Barfleur*, 98. Their first interview was rather remarkable. As a matter of course, his Royal Highness had heard much of Nelson, and picturing his appearance and stature in accordance with the fame he had acquired, he expected to see something noble-looking and gigantic. His surprise was great when he found him 'the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full gold-laced uniform coat, an old-fashioned white waistcoat, slashed in front, and the flaps hanging down over his thighs, white knee-breeches, buckles in his shoes, and his hair, lank and unpowdered, tied behind in a stiff Hessian tail of considerable length.' His Royal Highness could not conceive who he was, or what he wanted; but Lord Hood soon solved the mystery by an introduction, and telling the prince that 'if he wished for any information upon naval tactics, he knew of no officer of the fleet more capable of affording it.' From this period the prince became the firm friend of Nelson, and declared that 'his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that evidenced how much his whole soul was engaged in them.'

From his earliest years Nelson possessed a happy power of making friends, and the still happier power of securing their friendship when once it was gained. His character was firm, but mild and conciliating; and though the ebullitions of temper, arising from the irritation caused by bodily infirmities, would at times manifest themselves, yet these instances were rare; and no one could be more ready to offer an apology, or make an atonement, when he conceived that his words or actions had been harsh or unjust. The seamen loved him with



a fervour peculiar to their character; for though he was strict in discipline, he was ever ready to give encouragement, and never flinched from his own duty, however severe. He led them in their enterprises, bore more than a due proportion of their hardships, and in difficult circumstances indulged in no better fare than themselves. To the officers under him he was considerate and kind; and when a youngster who had never before washed his hands in salt water joined him, he invariably made it a rule to encourage him in every possible way, probably remembering what he had himself suffered when he first stepped on board a ship of war. We shall give an instance of his readiness to render justice to every one. It appears that Lord Hood placed great reliance on his judgment and skill. His lordship, apprehensive that the French would endeavour to escape through some of the intricate passages of the Bahamas, said to Nelson: 'I suppose, sir, from the length of time you were cruising among the Bahama Keys, you must have a good knowledge of the pilotage?' Nelson replied: 'It is true, my lord, I have made myself well acquainted with the different channels, but in that respect my *second-lieutenant* is by far my superior.'

Intelligence was received that the French had got into Puerto Cabello, on the coast of Venezuela, and Nelson took his station between that port and La Guayra, where he cruised under French colours. It happened that one of the royal launches belonging to the Spaniards, deceived by the appearance of the *Albemarle*, came within hail of her, and the officers were invited in the French language to 'come on board.' They did so without hesitation, and freely gave information respecting the numbers and force of the enemy. The officers and crew of the launch, supposing that the frigate was recently from France, were anxious to obtain intelligence of what was passing in that country, and their surprise may be conjectured when they found themselves prisoners. Nelson, however, treated them with the utmost urbanity; the men were supplied with food by the brave tars, and the officers (amongst whom was a prince of the German Empire, and brother to the heir of the Electorate of Bavaria, with several Frenchmen of distinction, who, in the pursuit of science, were collecting specimens in the various departments of natural history) were regaled at Nelson's own table with the best his ship afforded. Nevertheless they were not much at ease when they looked upon themselves as captives, and their scientific pursuits arrested. For a short interval Nelson enjoyed their embarrassment and chagrin; but he was too noble-minded to triumph over distress when it was in his power to relieve it; and therefore, with all the generosity characteristic of his nature, he told them 'they were perfectly free, and might depart with their boat and all in it as soon as they wished;' and it may be truly believed that no one was better pleased with this act than Nelson himself.

In the beginning of 1783, war between England and France and

Spain ceased, and the unhappy and ill-conceived contest with the American colonists was likewise terminated. Nelson returned home, and his ship was paid off at Portsmouth (July 31). He had, before this time, formed an attachment to a young lady, daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and he was desirous of marrying; but his narrow circumstances forbade their union, and he was even induced to reside for some time in France, that he might economise his half-pay. Returning early in the ensuing year, he obtained an appointment to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, ready to sail for the Leeward Islands with the lady of the commander-in-chief, Sir Richard Hughes, and her family. Being on the peace establishment, the frigate's complement of officers was considerably increased. There were not fewer than thirty young gentlemen as volunteers of the first class, and midshipmen; and Nelson generously took upon himself the task of superintending their nautical education, and never missed a day visiting the school-room, and personally aiding the youngsters in their studies. Nor did his benevolence stop here; for, being an excellent practical seaman himself, he lost no opportunity of imparting the best instruction to 'his boys.' If he saw any of the lads manifest symptoms of fear on first going aloft, he would ascend the rigging himself, to shew how easily it might be accomplished; and by these means he created a stimulus that never failed to produce the best effects.

In the course of his service at this period, Nelson shewed that he was not only a bold and able seaman, but a man of a sagacious and determined mind. Previous to the American colonies declaring their independence of England, they enjoyed, almost exclusively, the trade with the West India Islands; and, taking advantage of their vessels still retaining British registers, they continued to carry on their traffic as subjects of Great Britain, to the injury of the loyalists who had settled in Nova Scotia. The Navigation Act of England expressly prohibited all foreigners from carrying on trade with the West Indies, and Nelson, considering the Americans as foreigners since their separation from the mother-country, resolved to carry out the provisions of the act to its fullest extent. He gave the Americans warning of his intention, and sent many away, that it might not be charged upon him that he had taken undue advantage of them. He apprised the admiral, Sir Richard Hughes, of his design, who at first gave it his sanction, but subsequently withdrew it, and sent Nelson a written order not to proceed. Major-general Sir Thomas Shirley, governor of the Leeward Islands, also opposed the captain of the *Boreas*, and at an interview between the two officers, Sir Thomas angrily exclaimed that 'old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen.' To which Nelson replied: 'Sir, the prime-minister of England is not older than I am, and I think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as Mr Pitt is of governing the state.'

The alternative with him was, that he must either disobey the order of the admiral, or render acts of parliament a nullity ; and therefore, relying on his integrity, he wrote to the admiral, declining obedience to his instruction. Sir Richard was extremely angry, and would have superseded Nelson ; but the flag-captain dissuaded him from it, and told him that the whole squadron considered the order illegal. The admiral afterwards became convinced of his error, and thanked Nelson for having shewn it to him.

Nelson prepared to act with promptitude, in which he was joined by his old friend Collingwood, who commanded the *Mediator* frigate, and his brother, who commanded the *Rattler* sloop. At Nevis, four Americans were seized, both hulls and cargoes, and condemned in the Admiralty Court. The owners instituted suits against Nelson, and laid their damages at £40,000. Frequent attempts were made to arrest him ; but through the address of his first-lieutenant, Mr Wallis, he escaped the process. One day an officer, remarking upon the harassment and restraint under which he laboured, happened to use the word 'pity.' Nelson sharply answered : 'Pity, did you say? I shall live, sir, to be envied, and to that point I shall always direct my course.' Representations being made to the king, orders were sent out that he should be defended at the expense of the crown, and at his suggestions the Registry Act was framed.

This approbation of his sovereign and the government could not but be welcome to him ; but when the thanks of the treasury were transmitted to Sir Richard Hughes for that which Nelson had performed in defiance of the admiral, he felt both offended and indignant ; under a conviction, however, that he had fulfilled his duty, he took no further notice of the affair.

While on the West India station, Nelson married (March 11, 1787) Mrs Nisbet, widow of a physician in Nevis, and niece of Mr Herbert, the president of that island. Mr Herbert, it appears, had been offended with his daughter, and expressed a determination to bequeath all his property to his niece : but Nelson's noble mind scorned to profit by such a resolve : he unceasingly pleaded for the daughter, and at length succeeded in accomplishing a reconciliation between Mr Herbert and his child.

Nelson's unaccommodating integrity brought him at this time into discredit with certain Admiralty functionaries. Becoming aware, and obtaining proofs of vast frauds being practised on government in the West Indies, he transmitted the information to the proper quarter, and for his pains was ordered to return with his vessel to England. This was a gross and most undeserved indignity ; for no officer had conducted himself with more ability. On his return he was attacked by fever and sore throat, but he never quitted his ship ; and when orders arrived for her to be paid off, he solemnly declared his intention to resign his commission, and for this purpose he immediately waited upon the first lord of the Admiralty. Lord Howe

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conversed with him for some time, and having become fully satisfied of his rigid integrity and honour, his lordship presented him to the king, who received him graciously. Pleased with his reception, he not only remained in the service, but, by dint of exertion, brought the speculators to justice, and caused an immense saving to government.

Having no command, he took his wife and son-in-law to visit his father at Burnham-Thorpe, where he occupied himself in field-sports and agriculture, Mrs Nelson generally accompanying him. But he was not suffered to remain in perfect quiet. The Americans renewed their vexatious actions, laying the damages at £20,000; and he would have quitted England for France, had he not received the assurances of the administration that all necessary protection and support would be afforded to him.

## CAREER DURING THE FRENCH WAR.

We have now to follow Nelson into the heat of the great war in which he obtained such high distinction. Hitherto, his adventurous character had enjoyed but limited scope; now, it was to be afforded a wide field for exertion. The French having declared war against Great Britain, February 1, 1793, a contest began, which soon brought Spain and Holland into union with France, and caused the English, with some wretched allies, to maintain one of the most tremendous struggles known in history. In anticipation of this event, the British navy was strengthened, and Nelson, among other adventurers, applied for an appointment. After repeated applications, he was successful, and procured the command of the *Agamemnon*, 64 guns, with an entirely new company of men; these in a short time he had the address to train up to an equality with any seamen in the service.

The *Agamemnon* left England in the squadron of Admiral Hotham, to join Lord Hood in the Mediterranean. The object of this expedition was to aid the French royalists who stood out against the Revolution; and by that unfortunate party Toulon was surrendered to the English and Spanish fleets, in trust for the nominal sovereign of France, Louis XVII.

Previous to Lord Hood entering the port, the *Agamemnon* was sent with dispatches for Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples; and Nelson, having executed his commission, was ordered to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis. Whilst running along the coast of Sardinia, he discovered five vessels supposed to be enemies, and immediately gave chase. They proved to be three 44-gun frigates, a corvette of 24 guns, and a brig of 12—making a total force of 168 guns and about 1400 men; whilst the *Agamemnon* carried 70 guns, and could muster only 345 men at quarters. Notwithstanding this



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immense disparity, Nelson engaged one of the frigates (the *Melpomene*), and would certainly have captured her, but for the others coming up to her relief. She was so mauled, that the French made no pursuit of the *Agamemnon*, but remained by their consort to render her assistance. Nelson would have been mad to have awaited the conjoined attack of a squadron so vastly superior in strength; he therefore pursued his course to Tunis, and shortly afterwards was sent with a small squadron to act with the troops under General Paoli in Corsica, against the domination of France. Whilst cruising with his squadron off St Fiorenzo, he landed with 120 men, and destroyed a storehouse filled with flour for the French garrison, which stood near their only mill. This mill he burned, and after throwing the flour into the sea, re-embarked without the loss of a single man, though 1000 soldiers had been sent against him. His constant activity afloat intercepted all supplies to the enemy; and day and night he was engaged in cutting out vessels from the bays and ports upon the coast, or assaulting the French forts and outposts.

These actions not only afforded sharp practice for his crew, but they tended also greatly to alarm and annoy the enemy. Troops were landed under General Dundas, and on the evacuation of Toulon, Lord Hood also repaired to the spot. The French quitted St Fiorenzo, and retreated across the neck of land at the northern extremity of the island to the strong fortress of Bastia, which the British proposed to assault; but General Dundas considered it impracticable. This did not exactly suit the temperament of Nelson, who declared that 'with 500 men, he would have stormed the town, under a full conviction that he should have carried it.' Lord Hood determined upon laying siege to the place; but neither Dundas nor General D'Aubant, who succeeded to the command of the army, would render any aid, and the siege was commenced, in defiance of the generals, with 1183 soldiers, artillerymen, and marines, and 250 sailors—there being then five good regiments idle at St Fiorenzo.

Nelson was now greatly exhilarated; he served on shore with the rank of brigadier, and not only personally superintended the erecting of batteries and getting guns up the mountains, but also frequently lent a hand to the more laborious part. The siege was carried on with vigour by this handful of men. On the 19th May the enemy offered to capitulate. The five idle regiments marched over from St Fiorenzo; and the next morning those who had not been allowed by their commander-in-chief to share in the peril and the toil, entered Bastia to reap the reward; but not till 4000 soldiers, who defended the place, had laid down their arms to about 1200 soldiers, marines, and seamen. The commanders of the idle troops received applause; Nelson, on whom the weight of service principally devolved, was not even mentioned, except by his admiral, Lord Hood, who spoke of him in the highest terms.

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Calvi still held out; and after a short cruise, in which a French fleet, coming out to relieve the island, was forced to retire under the security of their batteries on shore, the siege of Calvi was begun, Sir Charles Stuart having command of the land forces, and Nelson working with might and main at the advanced batteries. In a letter to Lord Hood he remarks: 'We will fag ourselves to death before any blame shall lie at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten that twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, mounted, and all but three fought by seamen, except one artilleryman to point the guns.' At this time Nelson suffered severely from the diseases incidental to the climate, as well as from his arduous exertions and anxiety of mind; added to these, a shot striking the battery near him, forced a small piece of stone into his right eye, and deprived him of the sight of it for ever. His head also was much cut; but he only lay aside for one day; and then, though suffering much from pain, returned with renewed alacrity to his duty. The utmost notice he took of this misfortune was in a letter to his relation, William Suckling, Esq., in which he says: 'You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down, but the surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light from dark, but no object. It confined me one day, when, thank God, I was able to attend to my duty.'

On the 10th August 1794, Calvi surrendered. It would most probably have done so earlier had Nelson's counsel been acted upon; but there appears to have been some jealousy between the chiefs of the army and navy; and this is more evident from General Stuart making scarcely any mention of Captain Nelson in his dispatches, notwithstanding that it was well known the gallant seaman had rendered the most important services, and was mainly instrumental to the success that was achieved. Lord Hood's account did very little more than refer to Nelson's exertions; and neither the general nor the admiral said one word about the loss of Nelson's sight. His journal, however, in which he had noted down every day's occurrence during the siege, was forwarded to the Admiralty.

The taking of Calvi put the English in possession of Corsica, and here Nelson found his antagonist, the *Melpomene*, which he states to be 'the most beautiful frigate I ever saw.' In speaking of the weather, he remarks: 'The climate here from July to October is most unfavourable for military operations. It is now what we call the dog-days; here it is termed the Leon Sun: no person can endure it: we have upwards of 1000 sick out of 2000, and the others not better than so many phantoms. We have lost many men from the season, very few from the enemy. I am here the reed amongst the oaks; and the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have

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not strength for them to fasten. I bow before the storm, whilst the sturdy oak is laid low.'

It may naturally be conjectured that, to a sanguine mind like Nelson's, the marked neglect he experienced from his superiors would have repressed his ardour; but, greatly to his credit, it only served to incite him to stronger efforts, as if he were to force himself by his deeds alone to that pinnacle of fame which he subsequently attained. In a letter to his sister, complaining of the treatment he had received, he adds: 'But never mind, I will some day have a gazette of my own.' This he well fulfilled; and it must be added to his praise, that when he had his own gazettes, the merits of *his* inferior officers were never forgotten.

After the fall of Calvi, Nelson proceeded to Genoa in the *Agamemnon*, which ship he would not quit, though several seventy-fours had been offered to him, preferring to remain with his brave Norfolkmen, who had so faithfully served with him. At Genoa the doge behaved to him with great courtesy. Lord Hood was ordered home, and Vice-admiral Hotham succeeding to the chief command in the Mediterranean, Nelson was especially appointed to watch the French fleet in Toulon, which, by the junction of ships from Gourjeau Bay, consisted of sixteen sail-of-the-line, ten frigates and corvettes, whose intentions, it was supposed, were the retaking of Corsica, now formally annexed to the crown of Great Britain. There were likewise seven sail-of-the-line on the stocks, and the *neutral* state of Genoa was liberally supplying the French with materials. Admiral Hotham, whilst at Leghorn, received intelligence that the Toulon fleet had put to sea, and with his whole force he immediately went in search of it. He had fourteen sail-of-the-line, and a Neapolitan 74; but the English ships were scarcely more than half-manned—only 7650 men amongst the whole. The enemy, besides the superiority in vessels, had not fewer than 16,900 men.

The two fleets met. That of France had been sent out purposely to fight the English; but when in sight of the British flag they had no desire to engage; for, after manœuvring a whole day, they took to flight, and Admiral Hotham went in chase, during which the *Ca-Ira*, 84, lost her fore and main topmasts, and the *Inconstant* frigate being the nearest, fired at her, but was obliged to sheer off. A French frigate took the 84 in tow, whilst the *Sans Culottes*, 120, and the *Jean Barras*, kept pretty close on her weather-bow. Nelson's eagerness to get into the fight induced him to carry sail till he had distanced every ship in his own fleet by several miles. Still he pressed on, purposing to reserve his fire till he was nearly touching the Frenchman's stern; but finding that her stern-chase guns were admirably pointed, so that almost every shot struck the *Agamemnon*, he yawed about from starboard to port, and from port to starboard, delivering his broadsides with great precision, rending the canvas of the enemy into ribbons, and carrying away her mizzen-topmast,

and cross jack-yard. This manœuvre he practised two hours and a half, till the other line-of-battle ships came to the support of the *Ca-Ira*. The admiral made the signal for the van ships to join him, with which Nelson complied. Notwithstanding this sharp encounter, the *Agamemnon* had only six men hurt—the *Ca-Ira* lost 110 men.

At daylight the following morning, the body of the French fleet was seen about five miles distant, the *Ca-Ira*, and the *Censeur*, 74, that had her in tow, being about a mile and a half astern of the rest. Signal was made by the English admiral to cut these ships off, and again the crew of the *Agamemnon* not only engaged their colossal opponent of the day previous, but also the *Censeur*, both of which subsequently struck.

On securing the two prizes, Nelson hastened to Admiral Hotham, and proposed that, while two of the English seventy-fours which had been most crippled, and four frigates, should be left in charge of the captured ships, the rest of the fleet should follow up the advantage gained: but the admiral expressed himself contented; adding: 'We have done very well.' In a letter commenting on this affair, Nelson says: 'Now, had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to have escaped when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me; I got him to write to the admiral; but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet. Sure I am, had I commanded on the 14th, that either the whole of the French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a dreadful scrape.' Certain it is that, with the spirit manifested by the seamen, much more ought to have been done. It is true that the Admiralty, with a petty parsimony, had very injuriously neglected the naval force in the Mediterranean: these ships were in bad condition, and the depôts were nearly empty of stores, nor was there a single lower mast to be obtained at Gibraltar.

About this time Admiral Man arrived with a squadron of five sail-of-the-line; but even with this reinforcement the English were much inferior to the French in numbers, so that the arrival of a Neapolitan 74 to strengthen them was hailed with joy. Nelson complained very much of this recklessness in the administration; they, however, made him a colonel of marines, a mark of distinction that pleased him. He was now sent, with a squadron of eight frigates under his command, to co-operate with the Austrian general, De Vins. He left the English fleet at St Fiorenzo, but fell in with the French fleet off Cape del Melé, who chased his squadron back to St Fiorenzo; and Admiral Hotham got underway as soon as possible to drive them off. Only a partial action ensued, in which *L'Alcide*, a French 74, struck, but afterwards



caught fire and was destroyed. The *Agamemnon* was again sharply engaged; but Admiral Hotham called her off, and the French fleet got into Frejus Bay. Nelson pursued his course with his squadron; and through his advice to the British envoy, Mr Drake, put a stop to the traffic of neutrals with the French. He also projected a series of conquests over the armies of Bonaparte; but the Austrian general manifested much backwardness, and Admiral Hotham acted upon a cautious system detrimental to the public service. The neutral port of Genoa was filled with small French privateers and rowboats, that went out in the evening and picked up any English merchant vessel that was unfortunate enough to fall in their way. At length an Austrian commissary, with £10,000 in money, travelling on neutral ground between Genoa and Vado, was robbed of the whole amount at Voltri by the boat's crew of a French frigate then lying at Genoa; and on the following day men were publicly entered in the streets of that city for the French service; consequently all neutral disguise was at an end. Nelson, who had long suspected the faith of the Austrians, became satisfied of the treachery that was practising, but possessed a force totally inadequate to prevent the consequences that were likely to ensue. Sir Hyde Parker, who had for the time succeeded Admiral Hotham in the command, reduced his strength still more by withdrawing every ship except a frigate and a brig; yet even with these he still persevered unflinchingly, till the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian army; General De Vins, under pretence of illness, having resigned his command in the middle of the battle. Never was victory more complete on the part of the French; never was cowardice more powerfully manifested than by the Austrians.

This defeat of our allies placed the Genoese coast, from Savona to Voltri, in the hands of the French; and Nelson, finding he could no longer be of material service, went to Leghorn to refit. On being hauled into dock, the *Agamemnon*, though strapp'd with hawsers round the hull, could barely be held together, and her masts, yards, sails, and rigging were miserably cut and rent. She was, after much labour, patched up and repaired, and sailed for St Fiorenzo Bay, where, to his great gratification, Nelson found Sir John Jervis, who had assumed the entire command of the Mediterranean fleet. The manner in which the admiral received Captain Nelson was highly flattering and grateful to the latter, who, at Sir John's request, resumed his station in the Gulf of Genoa, to act against Bonaparte, who was then at the head of the army in Italy. Here he acted with great promptitude and vigilance, till orders arrived from the British government to evacuate Corsica; and Nelson was employed in bringing away the troops and stores. Having performed this rather degrading task, he was ordered to hoist a broad pennant, with the rank of commodore, on board the *Minerva* frigate, and proceed to Porto Ferrago, with the *Blanche*

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frigate under his command. On the passage they fell in with two Spanish frigates, one of which the *Minerva* captured, after a smart action. She had scarcely taken possession of her prize, when another Spanish frigate came up, and a second engagement ensued. This new opponent, however, after an hour's fighting, hauled off; and a Spanish squadron, of two ships-of-the-line and two frigates, heaving in sight, Nelson was compelled to abandon his prize and retire. All credit for these gallant actions Nelson attributed to his captain, George Cockburn, and the excellent crew he commanded.

### BATTLE OFF CAPE ST VINCENT.

Having fulfilled his orders at Porto Ferrago, he went in search of the admiral; but in the mouth of the straits he was, on the 11th February 1797, chased by two Spanish ships-of-the-line, and soon afterwards came in sight of the whole Spanish fleet. On the 13th he was enabled to communicate this to Sir John Jervis, whom he found off Cape St Vincent. He was then ordered to shift his broad pennant to the *Captain*, 74, Captain R. W. Miller. On the morning of the 14th, day broke with light winds and foggy weather, and the Spanish fleet was discovered through the haze much scattered, while the British ships preserved close order of battle; and by carrying a press of sail, passed through the Spanish fleet, so as to cut off nine ships from the main body. The Spanish admiral, who was to windward, attempted to join his ships to leeward, which Nelson, who was in the rear, perceiving, he had no sooner passed the rear of the windward ships of the enemy than, notwithstanding the signal from Sir John Jervis to tack in succession, he ordered the *Captain* to be wore round, and stood towards the Spaniards, thus frustrating their union. The sixth ship from the Spanish rear was the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 136 guns upon four decks, carrying the flag of the Spanish admiral. Without a moment's hesitation, Nelson, in his little 74, not only engaged this truly formidable opponent, but had also to contend against her seconds, ahead and astern, each of three decks.

Nelson's manœuvre, and the purport of it, was quickly revealed to the British fleet, and the most enthusiastic admiration, mingled with anxiety, pervaded every breast as they saw three or four other large Spanish ships gathering round him. His old messmate, Troubridge, in the *Culloden* 74, hastened to his support, and was followed by the *Blenheim*, 90, Captain Frederick, who took off the heat of the fire from the *Captain*. The brave Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, soon afterwards joined in the fight, and one or two of the Spaniards hauled down their colours. Rear-admiral Parker, with the *Prince George*, *Orion*, *Irresistible*, and *Diadem*, were on the advance; and the Spanish admiral, instead of joining his ships to leeward, made signal for his fleet to haul their wind on the larboard tack, and make sail.

Nelson, after quitting the *Santissima Trinidad*, engaged the *San*

*Josef*, a three-decker, carrying a rear-admiral's flag, and the *San Nicholas*, 80, till these latter two ships got foul of each other, when the commodore ordered the boarders to be called, and the helm of the *Captain* being clapped a-starboard, her sprit-sail yard hooked in the main-rigging of the *San Nicholas*, and that desperate rush of seamen, which must be witnessed to be properly understood, ensued. Lieutenant Berry boarded by the mizzen-rigging of the enemy, the commodore entered by the quarter-gallery window; but the affray did not last long; the Spanish brigadier fell whilst retreating to his quarter-deck; and the *San Nicholas* was soon in full possession of her conquerors.

The stern windows of the *San Josef* were directly over the weather-beam of the *San Nicholas*, and from these and the poop the Spaniards kept up a galling fire of musketry upon the British in the prize; but Nelson was equal to this emergency, and calling for more men from the *Captain*, he shouted: 'Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!' and, taking the lead, boarded the three-decker: a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said 'they surrendered.' Nelson ascended to the quarter-deck, where he received the sword of the Spanish captain, who stated that the admiral was 'below dying of his wounds.' The officers in succession tendered the commodore their swords, which he passed to a Norfolk-man, one of his old Agamemnons, who tucked them under his left arm with the same composure as if collecting sticks for a fagot. To estimate properly the nature of the victory which Nelson had achieved, it may be mentioned that, while the Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line and nine frigates—the whole carrying 2282 guns—the British fleet amounted to fifteen sail-of-the-line, four frigates, and three smaller vessels, carrying an aggregate of 1232 guns.

As soon as the battle was over, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis took the commodore in his arms on the quarter-deck, and declared that 'he could not sufficiently thank him.' Yet in his public dispatches the admiral made no particular mention of Nelson, or his gallant achievement by which the conquest was gained. The commander-in-chief, who did scarcely anything, was created Earl St Vincent, with a pension of £3000 a year; and the intrepid and heroic Nelson (whose rank as rear-admiral was on its way to him at the time of the action) received the Order of the Bath. The real facts, however, could not be long concealed from the nation; the public press teemed with the gallant exploit; applause and congratulations poured in from all quarters; and though Sir John Jervis got the earldom, it was Nelson who received all the honour.

Soon afterwards, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag (blue at the mizzen) in the *Theseus*, 74, having Captain Miller under him. This ship had been prominent in the mutiny in England; but the rear-admiral had not long been on board before a paper was picked up on the quarter-deck with these words: 'Success attend Admiral Nelson!

God bless Captain Miller ! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them ; and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as the *Captain's*.

At the blockade of Cadiz, Sir Horatio had the command of the in-shore squadron ; and in a boat action at night his barge got alongside of a large Spanish launch of twenty-six men. Nelson had only his ten bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and John Sykes, his coxswain. The contest was desperate—hand to hand with cutlasses. Sykes twice saved the admiral's life by receiving the blows—once upon his own head—that were intended for his chief. Eighteen of the enemy were killed, and all the rest wounded, including the commandant ; the launch was captured.

About a fortnight after this encounter the rear-admiral led an expedition against the island of Teneriffe ; but it utterly failed ; though even in this instance the character of Englishmen was respected by the Spaniards. Nelson was stepping out of his boat at the landing, when a shot struck his right elbow and shattered it. He had drawn his sword which was given him by his uncle Captain Suckling ; the blow forced him to drop it ; but catching it with his left hand, remarked that 'he had promised never to part with it while he lived.' His son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, got him into the boat, and, whilst rowing off to the *Theseus* under the enemy's guns, the *Fox* cutter was sunk by a shot, and 97 men perished in her. Nelson ordered his boat to the assistance of those who were swimming ; and, notwithstanding the great anguish he was suffering, personally assisted in rescuing many from death : 83 were saved. On getting on board his own ship, his arm was amputated, and his mind appears to have taken a rather gloomy view of his future prospects. He returned to England, where distinguished honours awaited him. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol were presented to him, and he was awarded a pension of £1000 a year. The requisite memorial of his services stated that he had been four times engaged with fleets, and no less than one hundred and twenty times in action ; had assisted at the capture of seven sail-of-the-line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels. On his appearance at court, after being invested with the Order of the Bath, the king received him most graciously, and consoled with him on the loss he had sustained, which he feared might deprive the country of his future services. Nelson replied : 'I can never think *that* a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned ; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country.'

When the rear-admiral's arm was amputated, a nerve had been taken up with, or instead of, an artery, and the constant irritation and anguish this caused almost wore out his already shattered frame ; the ligature at last came away, and he was freed from pain. On the



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occasion of his recovery, with that pious feeling which has been already remarked as a feature of his character, he transmitted a note of thanks to the minister of St George's, Hanover Square: 'An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him.'

### BATTLE OF THE NILE.

At the close of 1797, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, 74, and on the 29th April 1798 he joined Earl St Vincent off Cadiz. The next day he was detached from the commander-in-chief with two seventy-fours, two frigates, and a sloop of war, and was shortly afterwards joined by Troubridge in the *Culloden*, with ten more sail-of-the-line, the whole intended to watch the proceedings of an expedition then fitting out at Toulon, and supposed to be destined for Malta and Egypt. The first news Nelson received of this armament was, that it had taken Malta, and he prepared to attack the fleet at anchor; but further intelligence told him that it had already sailed; and still conjecturing they were gone to Egypt, thither did Nelson follow. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th of June; but the French were not there, and he returned to Sicily without obtaining any information of them. Through the secret agency of Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples, he obtained requisite supplies, and again renewed his search, endeavouring to gain intelligence wherever he could; till at last he resolved once more to visit Alexandria, where, on the forenoon of the 1st August 1798, he saw the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay, and made immediate dispositions for the attack. The English had thirteen ships-of-the-line, all seventy-fours, and one 50, carrying in the whole 1012 guns and 8068 men. The French had the same number of line-of-battle ships, of which there was one of 120 guns and three of 80: there were, besides, four frigates. The number of their men was 11,230, and the number of guns 1196. Nelson's plan was to double upon the French, and anchor his ships, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of each ship of the enemy's as far as his force would extend. A heavy cannonade commenced as the British advanced; but not a shot was returned, as the crews were aloft furling sails. At length, when anchored mostly by the stern, the English opened a destructive fire. The *Vanguard* had six colours flying in different parts of the rigging; and the whole of the ships being judiciously placed, the battle raged with the utmost fury. Unfortunately the *Culloden* took the ground; and though she served as a beacon to warn others of the danger, yet she could not join the fight. It was quite dark before the whole of the fleet had anchored.

It was about the middle of the action, and after several French

ships had struck, that Nelson was severely cut on the head by either a heavy splinter or langrage; the skin of his forehead was stript away, and hung down over his face. He was carried below to the cockpit, and, from the great effusion of blood, it was feared the wound was mortal. The surgeon hurrying to examine him, he exclaimed: 'No, I will take my turn with my brave fellows;' and believing himself to be dying, he signed a post-captain's commission for Thomas Hardy, who commanded the *Mutine* brig. When the surgeon had examined the wound, and pronounced it to be a severe flesh wound that was not mortal, the utmost joy prevailed; and as soon as it was dressed, he sat down and began the official letter which appeared in the *Gazette*. The largest of the French ships, *L'Orient*, carrying the flag of Admiral Brueys, took fire, and the flames, amidst the darkness of night, rendered the colours of both fleets distinguishable. Nelson, with his head bandaged, and almost deprived of sight, found his way to the quarter-deck of the *Vanguard*, and despatched boats to rescue all they could from the burning pile; but about ten o'clock she blew up with an explosion that shook every ship, and from the awe which the spectacle occasioned, reduced every vessel on both sides to silence for several minutes. The cannonading was partially continued till three in the morning, when it ceased, leaving the English in possession of nine French ships-of-the-line. Two were burnt; and two, with a couple of frigates, effected their escape. Of the other two frigates, one was sunk; the second, after hauling down her colours, was set fire to by her captain, and destroyed. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was 895; that of the French, 5225; the rest, including the wounded, were sent on shore.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson ordered on board every ship a thanksgiving for the victory which had blessed his Majesty's arms; and the solemn stillness that prevailed throughout the fleet during the performance of this ceremony made a deep impression upon both friends and foes. Nelson had been well aware that the object of the French army was to attack our possessions in the East Indies; and now that this was frustrated, he despatched an officer to Bombay, who conveyed information to the governor of the total destruction of the fleet, and thus was prevented an enormous outlay for defensive operations, which had been already begun.

The victory of the Nile was received by the nation with delight, for it was felt to have at once frustrated the designs of Bonaparte, and vastly elevated the reputation of the British navy. So highly were Nelson's achievements on this occasion esteemed, that he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of £2000 a year was granted for his own life and two successors. The parliament of Ireland also granted him a pension of £1000 per annum; the East India Company presented him with

£10,000 ; and various other gifts were bestowed from different bodies in England : whilst from Turkey, Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, &c. rich presents were forwarded.

It is delightful, amidst all Nelson's successes in the cruel business of war, to find symptoms of his generous nature continually breaking out. When the government was distributing its honours, he was particularly anxious that his old friend Troubridge and his first-lieutenant should not be overlooked. But the *Culloden* having been stranded in the commencement of the action, it seemed quite impossible to official judgment that her officers should be in any way distinguished. Nelson pleaded earnestly against this decision. 'It was Troubridge,' he said, 'who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse ; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action ; it was Troubridge who saved the *Culloden*, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it.' It is distressing to add that these disinterested solicitations did not prevail with respect to Troubridge ; Nelson only obtained permission to promote the lieutenant on the first vacancy.

Seventeen days after the battle, Nelson quitted Aboukir Bay for Naples, where he arrived on the 22d of September, in a state of the greatest weakness, in consequence of a severe illness which had attacked him on the passage. The Neapolitans and their court, apprised of his victory by two vessels which had preceded him, received him with all possible honours. He remained at this city till December, and it was on this occasion that his hitherto respectable character was first tarnished by a disgraceful connection with Lady Hamilton, which proved the bane of his future existence. It is painful to see dishonour thus at length fall, in the midst of great triumphs, upon one who had been entirely amiable and pure while struggling with all kinds of adverse circumstances. The worst, however, was not yet come. We have now to trace the career of Nelson through a more historical dishonour ; partly, however, the result of the other. Naples was at this time overpowered by the French arms, and all that Nelson could do was to carry off the imbecile king and his court to Palermo. Aided by the French, a small party of Neapolitans, including many of the nobility, formed a republican government ; but it did not last long. A change in the state of the French armies caused the withdrawal of most of the troops from Naples. The opportunity was taken by the king's friends to restore his sway. The handful of leading patriots could only throw themselves into two forts, and capitulate for their lives and property. At this crisis Nelson entered on the scene with his fleet, and, full of fervour for the interests of the king, and to gratify Lady Hamilton, he interfered to annul the terms of the capitulation. The unfortunate republicans were handed over to the vengeance of the court, which was sanguinary in the extreme. Nelson caused the aged Prince Caraccioli to be tried by his enemies, and immediately

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hanged at the yard-arm of a Neapolitan vessel. His generous nature seems to have been on this occasion completely changed ; and the whole series of transactions must ever remain a remarkable illustration of the power of one degrading error to produce others and worse.

After performing other important services, which the Neapolitan king acknowledged by conferring upon him the title of Duke of Bronté, with a wealthy appanage, Nelson, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, returned to England, travelling through Germany to Hamburg by land. During his journey he received high honours from all authorities ; and on reaching Yarmouth, the rejoicings were extreme. In the metropolis his lordship met with the most enthusiastic reception from the sovereign as well as his subjects ; and the day succeeding his arrival being Lord Mayor's Day, he was invited to the civic feast, where a sword of 200 guineas' value was presented to him. For several months he remained in England ; but though fêted and distinguished, his mind was far from easy ; for, in consequence of his association with Lady Hamilton, he had separated from his wife, and he desired active employment to avert dismal reflection.

## EXPEDITION AGAINST DENMARK.

His wish was quickly gratified ; for, government having been made aware that Napoleon purposed obtaining possession of the fleets of the northern powers, to make up for those captured and destroyed by England, Sir Hyde Parker was sent with an adequate force to Copenhagen to secure the Danish ships, and Nelson was appointed to act under him. With twelve sail-of-the-line he boldly attacked the Danes, whose batteries ashore, as well as afloat, were extremely formidable. Sir Hyde Parker, with the rest of the fleet, lay at a considerable distance ; and Nelson was deprived of the support of two of his own squadron, that grounded on the shoals. Nevertheless his magnanimity did not desert him for one moment. The battle was one of the most determined and desperate that have been fought. About the middle of it, Sir Hyde Parker, who could perceive the hot fire that was kept up upon the British, hoisted the signal to 'discontinue the action.' This was reported to Nelson, who, placing his glass to his blind eye, declared that 'he could not see it,' adding : 'Keep my flag for closer battle flying—nail it to the mast.'

A characteristic instance of Nelson's coolness occurred towards the close of the engagement. Desirous of sparing a further effusion of blood, his lordship wrote a letter to the crown-prince : 'Vice-admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag ; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken,



without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English.' His attendant placed a box of wafers before him, but Nelson put them aside, and ordered a candle to be brought, by which means he sealed the letter with wax, observing, that 'this was no time to appear hurried and informal.' A flag of truce conveyed the communication ashore; it led to the suspension of hostilities; and Nelson extricated his own shattered fleet from imminent peril, and brought out the prizes they had captured. The English sustained a loss in killed and wounded of 953; the Danes, including prisoners, of 6000.

In order to arrange preliminaries of peace, Nelson landed, and walking almost alone amidst the enemy he had been contending against, was received with silent respect. He afterwards partook of a repast prepared by the crown-prince. The prizes—six ships-of-the-line and eight praams, were safely brought out; but only one of the former was sent home, Sir Hyde Parker ordering the rest to be burned where they lay, so that their fine brass guns, which sank with the hulls, were afterwards recovered by the Danes. This proceeding was in opposition to the wishes of Nelson, who looked upon it as robbing the officers and seamen of their prize-money. His lordship was also extremely discontented at the dilatoriness of the commander-in-chief, for he apprehended the junction of the Russian and Swedish fleets to act against the English; and though he never doubted the achieving a victory over them, yet his mind was anxious to prevent the slaughter that must ensue. Sir Hyde sailed with the ships fit for service, leaving Nelson to follow with the rest; but the latter, on hearing that the English and Swedish fleets were near to each other, quitted his ship (the *St George*) in an open boat, and rowed nearly thirty miles, till he got on board the *Elephant* about midnight—the wind cold and piercing—and in the hurry of departure his greatcoat had been left behind. The next day they saw the Swedish fleet, which took shelter in Carlsrona.

On the 5th May 1801, Sir Hyde Parker was recalled: Nelson received the appointment of commander-in-chief, and his title as viscount. Prompt measures immediately followed; by his active exertions, aided by the death of the Emperor Paul, the northern confederacy was broken up; and though Denmark prepared to resent the conduct of the English, and the crown-prince was still under the dictation of Napoleon, yet they were powerless to act.

Sir Charles Maurice Pole succeeded Nelson in the command; for the latter had earnestly entreated to be recalled, as his health was rapidly declining in that inclement climate; but he would not weaken the fleet by returning home in any of the large ships, contenting himself with a brig; and on his landing at Yarmouth, the first place he visited was the hospital, to see the brave wounded who had fought with him at Copenhagen.

## LIFE OF NELSON.

A few weeks afterwards, on the apprehensions of invasion, he was appointed to command from Orfordness to Beachy Head. He attacked the French flotilla at Boulogne; but the peace of Amiens put a stop to further hostilities, and Nelson retired to an estate he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey. Here he was not allowed to remain long; for war being renewed, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. The French put to sea from Toulon; his lordship went in pursuit during a succession of severe gales, which compelled the enemy to return to port. In March 1805 they again sailed, and having formed a junction off Cadiz with the Spaniards (against whom war had also been declared), this formidable fleet quitted the Mediterranean, designing to attack the British possessions in the West Indies. The combined fleet consisted of twenty sail-of-the-line, seven 44-gun frigates, one of 26 guns, three corvettes, and a brig. Nelson, when he at length was apprised of their course, unhesitatingly pursued with ten sail-of-the-line and three frigates. He followed them closely, sometimes deceived by false intelligence, and at others making himself assured of falling in with them; but it soon appeared that even the inferior force of Nelson was sufficient to deter the French admiral, for suddenly his course was altered, and he conducted his fleet back to Europe. Again Nelson pursued, and on the 19th June anchored at Gibraltar. The next day, he remarks in his diary: 'I went on shore for the first time since June 16, 1803, and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years wanting ten days;' in fact, from May 1803 to August 1805, he quitted his ship but three times, each time upon the king's service, and his absence never exceeded an hour.

At Gibraltar he obtained no news of the French. Once more he went in search of them, and after traversing the Bay of Biscay and other seas, on the 15th August he received orders to proceed with the *Victory* and *Superb* to Portsmouth. On his arrival at that place, he learned that the French fleet, consisting of twenty sail-of-the-line, three 50-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs, had been attacked by Sir Robert Calder with fifteen sail-of-the-line, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger, on the 22d July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre, and two sail of the French line captured. The fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the French bore away for Vigo, where, having refitted, they proceeded to Ferrol, and taking another squadron from thence, succeeded in getting into Cadiz. For not doing more, Sir Robert Calder was tried by court-martial, and adjudged to be severely reprimanded.

## LAST GREAT VICTORY AND DEATH.

Nelson again offered his services, and they were willingly accepted: he hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and on the 29th September, his birthday, took his station off Cadiz, where a rigorous blockade was

instituted to force the enemy to sea. From this period till the 19th October, Nelson daily took an opportunity of imparting to his captains the mode of attack he purposed to adopt, not merely for subduing, but annihilating the enemy; adding: 'If his signals could not be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.'

On the 19th, Villeneuve quitted Cadiz, and on the 21st, after some skilful manœuvring, he formed the combined fleet into a crescent, verging to leeward, every opening in his order of battle being filled up by a ship under the lee of the French. The number of the enemy was fifteen Spanish and eighteen French, making thirty-three ships-of-the-line. The English, with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, bore down in two divisions, the van led by Nelson, the rear by Lord Collingwood, who, on account of the van steering more to the northward, was the first in action. Whilst running down, Nelson made his last celebrated telegraphic signal:

'England expects every man will do his duty,'

which was received throughout the fleet with a burst of acclamation, harmonising with the spirit which it breathed. 'Now,' said Nelson, 'I can do no more; we must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'

It appears that this hero of a hundred fights was on the present occasion assured of victory, but at the same time under a presentiment that he himself should not survive. Fully believing that his last hour was at hand, he had gone into his cabin and written a prayer, as also a paper bequeathing to the care of his country the infamous woman who had been the only disgrace of his life. One of his captains found him calm, but exhibiting none of the exhilaration with which he had entered upon the battles of Aboukir and Copenhagen. It being known that there were select musketeers throughout the French ships, many of them Tyrolese, he was entreated to lay aside the frock-coat bearing his various decorations, as these might cause him to be singled out by some experienced marksman; but with a sort of infatuation, he refused, saying: 'In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them.' With difficulty he was induced to consent that two other vessels should be allowed to go into action before his own; but he nevertheless pressed on, and thus rendered the concession practically unavailing, as the two vessels were thereby prevented from passing his own. The *Victory*, while approaching the *Santissima Trinidad*—Nelson's old adversary at Cape St Vincent—was severely raked by the numerous guns of that vessel; fifty men were killed; and Nelson's secretary, Mr Scott, fell by his side. He was soon in the heat of battle, with the *Santissima Trinidad* and *Bucentaur* close on one side, and the *Redoubtable* equally close on the other, so that he had

occasion to fire from both sides. After the action had continued for about an hour, supposing the *Redoubtable* had surrendered—for she was silenced, and bore no flag—he gave orders, with his usual humanity, to cease firing upon her. This order had been repeated more earnestly than before, when from that very vessel he received his death-wound. It was at about a quarter past one that a musket-ball from the rigging of the *Redoubtable* struck him on the left shoulder, carrying part of the lace of his epaulette into his body. He fell upon his face amidst the blood of his slain secretary. As a sergeant of marines and two seamen raised him up, he said to his captain: ‘They have done for me at last, Hardy.’

‘I hope not,’ replied Captain Hardy.

‘Yes,’ he rejoined, ‘my backbone is shot through.’

Yet he preserved so much presence of mind, that, while they were conveying him down, he gave an order about the tiller-ropes, which he observed to have been injured. He was laid on a mattress in the midshipmen’s berth. Mr (afterwards Sir William) Beatty, the surgeon, attended him, and ascertained by the symptoms that the wound was mortal, the ball having lodged in the spine; but the fact of his danger was concealed from the crew. Nelson knew that his end was approaching, and entreated his surgeon to leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. Whilst lying in great agony, he heard the cheers of his people as each of the enemy struck, and a gleam of joy each time illumined his countenance. He issued his orders clearly and distinctly, and conversed affectionately with those around him, frequently thanking God most fervently that he had done his duty. When Hardy came down, he eagerly asked how the day was going. ‘Very well,’ said the captain; ‘ten of the enemy have struck.’ Returning rather less than an hour after, he took the hand of the dying admiral, and congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. He expressed gratification on learning that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy’s vessels had surrendered, but remarked ‘I bargained for twenty.’ He recommended Hardy immediately to anchor—an order which, had it been followed, might have made the victory over the enemy more complete. After having spoken some words to his chaplain, he breathed this sentence—and it was his last—‘I thank God I have done my duty.’ He expired at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after receiving the fatal wound.

Ultimately, the vessels taken reached the number required by Nelson; but, from the neglect of his order to anchor, a gale which came on dispersed and sunk several of them. Still, the battle of Trafalgar was a death-blow to the maritime power of France and Spain, and proved of incalculable service to England, counterpoising as it did the great land successes of Napoleon, by which it appeared as if our country must have otherwise been reduced in a few years to French domination. The victory was gained at great expense;



since, besides the irreparable loss of Nelson, there fell 23 officers, 15 petty officers, and 409 seamen and marines; while 52 officers, 57 petty officers, and 1177 seamen and marines were wounded. The losses on the part of the enemy are scarcely calculable, but must have been several thousands, on account of the severe gales that followed the battle.

All that a grateful nation could bestow upon a dead hero was manifested towards the devoted Nelson. His remains were landed at Greenwich, and lay in gorgeous state three days. A public funeral, attended by most of the male members of the royal family, took place in St Paul's Cathedral. His brother was created Earl Nelson, with a grant of £6000 a year: £10,000 was voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. Statues and monuments have been erected to his memory; but perhaps none is more characteristic of quiet after the storms of life than the tomb raised over his body in the crypt of St Paul's. It is a sarcophagus of black marble, which was originally prepared by order of Cardinal Wolsey for his own remains. On the pedestal are the words, HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON. His old friend Collingwood lies under an altar-tomb on one side of Nelson's; and on the other is the body of the Earl of Northesk, another distinguished naval commander.

The character of Nelson has been seen displayed in his actions. He was ardent and fearless in the line of his duty to an extraordinary extent. No labour or sacrifice seemed to him too great which promised to make him better as a sailor and an officer; no danger appalled him where he saw a reasonable chance of succeeding in an enterprise. There was in him a singular union of sagacity with these ardent qualities; and while unwilling to be too ready to admit difficulties, yet it was observed that he generally kept a steady eye at the same time to the means by which any of his objects were to be realised. The originality and genius of the man are fully shewn in the number of remarkable expressions which he is remembered as using on particular occasions—his last signal being the chief. When we consider, in addition to these high qualities, his generous and magnanimous nature—his constant readiness to acknowledge merit in others—his invariable humanity—we must admit that few characters have exceeded that of Nelson in all desirable gifts. It clearly appears that these qualities, without any extrinsic aid whatever, bore our hero onward from the humblest rank in the service that a gentleman ever accepts, to the supreme command; and his life thus becomes a valuable illustration of a truth which cannot be too deeply impressed, that *good character and conduct form the true talisman of success.*



## THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

A STORY.\*

### I.

OSWALD RETURNS FROM THE WARS TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE—THE MILLER TELLS HIS STORY.

**O**NE fine summer afternoon, a good many years ago, the outdoor loiterers of Goldenthal, who were listlessly spending their time beneath the shade of the bushy lime-trees which overhung the village street, had their attention drawn to a stranger who was making his way towards them. Tall, well made, and dressed in a gray coat, with a knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, he was evidently no ordinary wanderer. He looked so formidable, with a large scar on his brow, and a black moustache under his nose, that the children shrunk aside from him as he passed up the village. The shout which some of them raised brought several old women to the doors, and

\* This simple story is a translation from *Das Goldmacher-Dorf* of Heinrich Zschelle, a late popular writer in Germany, whose pen was devoted to the improvement of the humbler classes of society. To bring it within the compass of a sheet, the story is slightly abridged; and to adapt it to the apprehension, as well as to excite the sympathies of English readers, some of the descriptions and sentiments have been necessarily altered or modified. In other respects, the child-like simplicity of the original remains.—Ed.

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these soon recognised the stranger. 'Here is Oswald again,' they exclaimed, 'who went for a soldier years ago.'

A crowd was soon collected round the wayfarer, who was kindly greeted by all his old friends and acquaintances, every one inquiring if he had come back to reside amongst them. To these inquiries Oswald announced that, tired of the life of a soldier, he had given up the military profession, and intended to remain for the rest of his days in the village of Goldenthal. Pleased with the intelligence, and desirous of gathering an account of our hero's life, a number of persons asked him to retire to a tavern with them for a little friendly chat; but this invitation he respectfully declined, and asked them by whom his father's house was now inhabited. The miller, who had taken care of the house and land left by Oswald's father to his son, now came forward and said that a few days only would be required to make the house ready for its new inmate, and, in the meantime, he should have pleasure in entertaining Oswald at the mill. This kind invitation was accepted; and, after spending a few days with the sensible and hospitable miller, the retired soldier took possession of his own house.

For some time, Oswald was so busily engaged in making a number of repairs and improvements on his premises, that he had no time to bestow on intercourse with his neighbours, whose amusements were anything but agreeable to him. In consequence of this neglect, the villagers began to cherish bad suspicions against the new settler, and to make remarks on his conduct. They said they could not understand the man—his foreign travel had made him churlish and unsocial—constantly toiling or reading, he did not seem to have a moment to spare for an occasional sip at the wine-flask—a strange thing, indeed, for an old soldier not to take a glass.

Possessing naturally much good sense, which had been greatly improved by experience in the bustling life which he had led, and also some choice reading, Oswald possessed opinions on various subjects considerably different from those of his old village companions, whose proceedings were not at all to his mind. A yearning for the scenes of his infancy had brought him back to Goldenthal, which he loved with all its shortcomings and errors. It grieved him, on looking through the village, and learning something of its history, to discover that it had been for some years declining in its prosperity, and was now in an exceedingly bad condition. Formerly, it could boast of not a few respectable men in good circumstances, persons who could creditably take a lead in affairs; with a considerable number who, though not rich, were yet industrious, and removed above poverty. And what a difference now! Except the miller, the tavern-keepers, and two or three farmers, the people were generally worse than poor, for they were in debt. There was likewise a deterioration of manners, and things upon the whole looked desolate. Many of the houses were greatly in want of repair; rubbish lay in

## THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

masses in different quarters ; the gutters were far from cleanly, and sent up a pestiferous odour ; while the insides of the houses were correspondingly mean and untidy. The clothes of the people, also, did not seem what they used to be ; their universal shabbiness shewing a want of self-respect. To complete the picture, men might be seen at all hours listlessly dozing away existence with pipes in their mouths, instead of working at some useful occupation. All too truly told a tale of sloth and impoverishment. Oswald took the liberty of hinting at these symptoms of general decline ; but he was only abused for his pains. It is a thankless task to remind people of their duties.

Distressed with all he had seen, Oswald betook himself one day to the house of the miller, who could sympathise with him in his feelings. 'Pray, tell me, my friend,' said he, 'what has been the cause of this strange social degeneracy? When I departed from Goldenthal, it was a brisk little prosperous place ; now it is all going to ruin. Surely it has not been scourged to a greater extent by war than its neighbours?'

'You are right,' replied the miller ; 'our village has not suffered by war more than other villages which are flourishing. The causes of our decay are more continually at work, and I shall try to give you an insight into them. There has been gradually creeping over us a disposition to take things easily. Two or three men, who are our parish-officers, are tavern-keepers, and they manage public business for their own benefit. The village common, which used to be of some consequence, is thus badly managed ; in fact, the funds are abused, and no little is spent in feasting and carousing. Still, you would say, it must after all be people's own blame if they get poor ; the mere robbery of some public revenues cannot do it. That is true. But, with a bad example before them, the bulk of the villagers become careless, imitate bad habits, and, in short, spend a large share of their earnings in the taverns, and at cards and billiards. It is a curious thing, I tell you, that few men are able to keep the small properties left them by their fathers and grandfathers. They first get them burdened with debt, and then they are compelled to sell them. It all comes from following low habits.'

'When you have known all this,' said Oswald, 'why did you not expose it, so as to open the eyes of the people?'

'Because I had no hope of a good result,' said the miller ; 'for, while all allow that we are in a deplorable case, and all will agree in general complaints and reproaches, none will thank you for attempting to discover the true causes of our decline, since every one fears lest he should have to bear some portion of the blame.'

'What ! is there neither conscience nor religion left in the place?' exclaimed Oswald. 'What does the parson say to all this?'

'Oh, he preaches on his customary round of topics, but never enters particularly into the real circumstances of the people, nor



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makes any close and practical application of his doctrine to them. He is an old man, rather reserved and haughty in his manners. He seems to preach from habit, as the people go to church from habit, and come back no better. And the young are following the example of their elders.'

'Is your schoolmaster, then, good for nothing?' Oswald asked.

'Since your father died,' said the miller, 'our school has never prospered. The boys and girls learn, by compulsion, to read, write, and reckon a little, and perhaps to repeat a prayer besides; but then, what is this against all that they learn from their parents at home—deceit and lying, swearing, quarrelling, begging and stealing, idleness and intemperance, envy and slander.'

Oswald heard with pain all that the miller had to tell of the parish, then shook his head with a dejected air, and went away to meditate on the melancholy account.

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## II.

### OSWALD BOLDLY ATTEMPTS THE REFORMATION OF GOLDENTHAL, AND ENCOUNTERS PERSECUTION.

On the next Sunday, after service, the people, as is customary in Germany, were assembled under the large lime-trees on the green. A weighty matter had drawn them together; for not only had they to consider how they should raise the taxes about to be levied, but also how they should make up old deficiencies of payment. The head men of Goldenthal formed the inner circle, and around them stood the women and children to hear the result of the consultation.

Oswald, who had been waiting for an opportunity of addressing his fellow-villagers on the state of affairs, thought he might do so now with advantage, and joined the assembly. When the overseers and others had done speaking, he mounted a stone, and after craving leave to be heard, which was not refused, he spoke as follows:

'Dear fellow-villagers—I went away a boy to the field of battle, and have returned to you a man. Scarcely can I recognise my native village: my heart is pained by the alterations I find among you. Once our village deserved indeed the name of Goldenthal. You know that most of the people were once in good circumstances; few were poor, and none were beggars: we could lend money then to our neighbours, and had none of the anxieties and vexations of debtors: our land was well cultivated; our cottages were neat and clean, inside and outside. A Goldenthaler in those good days was a gentleman, and could have borrowed a hundred guilders on the bare credit of his word. That was the golden age of Goldenthal!'

## THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

Here all the assembly nodded assent, and some exclaimed : 'Oswald is right for once !'

Oswald went on : 'Tis not so now ! The place should be no longer called the Golden Valley, but rather the valley of dirt and thorns and thistles. The blessing of Heaven seems to have forsaken our fields ; some have too much land, others have too little ; the greater number of you do not improve what you have ; you stupefy your senses with incessant smoking, or, what is worse, drinking ; most of you are in debts and difficulties ; and, being idle, you occupy yourselves in speaking evil of your neighbours. Our village has lost its good character, and is now known as one of the most intemperate and badly behaved places in the whole country ; and when people wish to call any one a good-for-nothing wretch, they say he is a Goldenthaler !'

At these plain words there was a muttering of displeasure among the hearers, and every brow looked threateningly on Oswald. Elizabeth, the miller's daughter, who stood listening on the bench before the house, trembled for the perilous situation of the too faithful expositor. But he went on : 'Men of Goldenthal ! if there is still a drop of honourable blood in your veins, join your hands and say : "The village shall be mended !" Whence comes your ruin ? From your taverns. There your land melts away in liquor, and your cattle are lost in gambling.—I ask your parish-officers where is the public money, or where is your strict account of what you have done with it ? Why is it that you had rather eat at the public cost than drain the parish land, or mend your neck-breaking roads ?'

Here two or three of the official men called out : 'Hold your tongue, you vagabond ! If you thus go on speaking evil of the constituted authorities, we will send you to the lock-up, with bread and water for eight-and-forty hours !'

Oswald, however, went on : 'You can put me into your prison, no doubt ; but I can also bring you before your superiors. And when I tell them a little of your management, you will perhaps be less comfortable than I could be with bread and water.—But I turn to you all, my fellow-villagers ; shew me if I have spoken falsely, or slandered any person. Ask your consciences whether you have done well or ill—whether you have enriched or impoverished yourselves—whether you are notable for honesty and piety, or for indolence, fraud, and selfishness. Or, if your consciences have lost their tongues, look round you and behold your tumbling houses and sheds, your barren fields and gardens, your empty purses and chests, your ragged coats and tattered shirts, your destitute-looking children—these are my witnesses against you !'

The preacher would have said more, but he was hurled from the stone by the angry crowd. Some would have proceeded to violence ; but Oswald thrust himself through the throng, and, having armed

himself with a weighty cudgel, threatened severe punishment to the first who should dare to lay hands upon him. Loud outcries of vengeance pursued him homeward, and stones were hurled, one of which inflicted a wound upon his brow. But he reached his house without further injury, and there washed away the blood from his face, bound up the wound, and was soon composed and quiet. Elizabeth, pale and alarmed, came to inquire of his wound; but he assured her it was trifling, and bade her dismiss her fear.

So ended Oswald's first attempt at reformation; but he was not to be defeated. From the day on which he delivered his address, he continued to be the object of many petty persecutions. One night the boys threw stones at his windows; another night they barked six young fruit-trees in his garden. When he complained to the parish-officers of these offences, they only told him he had brought ill-will upon himself, and that he deserved worse than he got.

Not daunted with want of success in his exhortation, and possessing the ardour of a man convinced of the truthfulness of his cause, he now determined on trying to rouse the clergyman to adopt his views. Perhaps, thought he, he requires only a little coaxing; he has probably been disheartened without a proper reason. Oswald accordingly waited on the pastor, and as tenderly as possible laid before him the condition of the parish, waxing bolder, however, as he proceeded.

Having stated what he considered his case, the old man replied: 'You are quite in a mistake coming to me. I have nothing to do with the concerns you mention, nor can I mix myself up in your business. All the unhappiness of this village is owing to the sinfulness of the people. They disregard the word of God. They defraud me of my dues in every possible way. The long-suffering of Heaven cannot endure this much longer; and there must surely come a heavy judgment upon them.'

'But, reverend sir,' said Oswald, 'you can do something towards the reformation of these people. Their lives are vicious, because their minds are dark and ignorant. If you would encourage a better regulation of the school, the young might grow up well informed and with good habits, and we should doubtless reap good fruit from such a labour.'

The clergyman answered: 'That is the schoolmaster's business, not mine; I have no time for it. I have enough to do to study my sermons.'

Oswald still urged his petition: 'Reverend sir, I am sorry to have to remind you, that as a good shepherd, you are bound to care for every one of your flock. If you did but visit their abodes, and see how they have habituated themselves to vice, indolence, and misery; if you could see the neglected children who are growing up in the midst of so many bad examples; if you could'—

Here the old clergyman, who had been listening impatiently to the

## THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

harangue of his visitor, interrupted him by exclaiming: 'This is intolerable. You, an unlettered man, come here to lecture me on my duties! Pray, what do you take me for? Do you think I am a police-officer, to be poking about everywhere? The flock should themselves attend to their temporal concerns. I am a spiritual pastor, and know my place. Get along with you; and let me hear no more of such impertinence!'

Oswald left the parsonage disappointed. Pretty nearly at his wits' end, he bethought him of taking counsel from the magistrates of the next town, who had a kind of supervisional authority over Goldenthal. Having arrayed himself in his best suit, and taken his walking-stick in his hand, he set out for the neighbouring town, where he expected to find good advisers and helpers. On his arrival, he waited on the most respectable public characters to lay the condition of Goldenthal before them. But the first person he applied to was giving a great dinner, and could not attend to the miserable story; another was just going to take a walk, and could not stop; a third was deeply immersed in a game of billiards, which required all his thoughts; a fourth was reckoning up his accounts, and had no time for any other business; a fifth was about to conduct a lady to the dancing-room, and of course could not be interrupted; the sixth, an old gentleman with a white peruke and queue, sitting in an easy-chair, looked patronisingly on Oswald; without desiring him to be seated, he heard the story he had to tell of the misery of Goldenthal, the bad measures of the parish-officers, and the ignorance of the schoolmaster—to all which he shook his head very gravely.

Encouraged by the interest which he appeared to have excited, Oswald next spoke of the indifference of the parson; but here he struck a wrong chord. Looking sternly at his visitor, and his neatly tied queue almost bristling with indignation, the old man called on him to stop his false accusations. 'You ill-mannered rascal,' said he, 'do you imagine I can sit here to listen to your revilements of all authorities, spiritual as well as temporal! I suppose you are one of those discontented, fault-finding wretches who are never at rest, but would turn everything topsy-turvy! Away with you and your catalogue of grievances, or I will send you to the house of correction! Your clergyman, so far from being what you represent him, is one of the best of men, for he is my own cousin!'

After this rebuff, Oswald had not the courage to apply elsewhere on the subject, and he returned sorrowfully to the village.



## THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

### III.

#### A NEW SCHOOLMASTER—OSWALD'S MODE OF TEACHING—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—THE OCCURRENCE AT THE MILL.

On arriving at Goldenthal, in the afternoon, Oswald told no one of the bad result of his journey, but put on a cheerful face, and spoke in a friendly way to those whom he met, even to his worst enemy, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, who was majestically standing with folded arms at the tavern-door.

'Good-evening, neighbour Brenzel,' said Oswald; 'you have soon done your day's work.'

'I think I deserve my day's wages at all events,' said Brenzel, 'if I stay at home only to drive the beggars from my door.'

Oswald was disgusted as he heard this unfeeling speech from the man, and, without any further conversation, hastened homeward. He was cheered when, approaching the mill, he found Elizabeth, the daughter of Siegfried the miller, sitting in the shadow of the cherry-tree, at the front of the house, and sewing. Though he endeavoured to appear cheerful, she saw that he was sorrowful at heart, and earnestly questioned him of the cause of his grief. 'You have been over to the town,' said she, 'and have seen what you like better than anything at Goldenthal, and now you will not be able to remain with us.'

Then Oswald explained to her the cause of his sorrow. He did not mean to leave Goldenthal; but the deterioration of the place had grieved him deeply, and he could find none disposed to assist him in the work of reformation. As he spoke of the sad habits of the villagers, Elizabeth replied: 'We have just had another instance. Our old schoolmaster, who, you know, was a dissipated character, is drowned. Coming home tipsy from the *Eagle*, he fell into the pond by the roadside, and was found only after life was extinct. Happily, he has left neither wife nor child.'

This news seemed to affect Oswald in no small degree. He became studious after hearing it, and went home full of thought. Elizabeth could not guess what great matter he was considering, but she discovered it the following Sunday. After service, the parishioners were called together to elect a new schoolmaster. Oswald attended the meeting. The miller, at the suggestion of his daughter Elizabeth, stood at the side of Oswald, ready to check him whenever his indignation was in danger of uttering itself too strongly.

The first of the parish authorities, Mr Brenzel, opened the meeting by a speech. As the office of schoolmaster was vacant, and was one of the least important in the parish (for the salary was only forty

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guilders a year\*), he was happy to be able to recommend to the parish a suitable man, willing to fill the place. This was the tailor, Mr Specht, whose trade was very dull, and who was, moreover, related to him, the speaker, on the mother's side.

The host of the *Eagle* came forward to propose, as an amendment, that his poor cousin Schluck, a lame fiddler, should fill the office; for he was willing to do it, considering the poverty of the parish, for a salary of only thirty-five guilders per annum. In weighing the qualifications of the candidates, he hoped it would be remembered that Mr Schluck had a large family. This, with the fact of the saving of five guilders, would doubtless influence the votes of the parishioners.

Specht the tailor, as he saw that many of the voters were very much taken with this tempting offer, came forward to give the fiddler a very bad character, and, further, offered to perform all the duties of the office at a salary of only thirty guilders. At this the fiddler was so enraged, that he called the tailor by many most disgraceful names, and again offered himself at a reduced salary: twenty-five guilders would be enough for him. The tailor, who could not go below this, declared he would call Schluck before the magistrate to answer for the libels he had uttered, and so gave up further competition.

The voters were accordingly prepared to instal the fiddler in the office of schoolmaster, when Oswald stood forward and spoke: 'What! will you give more to your cow-herd, and even to your swine-herd, than to the man to whom you would confide the instruction of your children in piety and useful knowledge? Are you not ashamed of such a sin? I know your parish purse is empty; and the poor 'people, who can hardly gain potatoes and salt, let alone bread, cannot afford to pay for schooling. I will make a third offer: I will be your schoolmaster, and demand no salary. It shall not cost the parish a farthing: only let me have the place.' The Goldenthalers looked at each other in amazement. Some objected to the proposal: they did not know what such a man would teach their children; perhaps the black art! But the majority in the meeting considered chiefly the saving of twenty-five guilders yearly, and cried out that Oswald should by all means be the schoolmaster. Accordingly, he was elected.

Elizabeth heard the result of the meeting, and felt as if she must sink into the earth with shame and confusion. No wonder; for, next to the watchman and the swine-herd, no man in the village held an office so low in estimation as that of the schoolmaster. Even the sensible miller, Siegfried, shook his head, and said: 'Oswald must have lost his senses!' But Oswald had formed his plan, and kept to his determination. He formally passed an examination; and as

\* £3, 6s. 8d. sterling.

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he could write a good hand, and knew something more of accounts than a peasant needed, he was considered eligible, and appointed, by the authorities of the neighbouring town, schoolmaster at Golden-thal. But now he had to convince his friends of the propriety of his plan. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'do not despair of my undertaking, nor count it a folly. You see we can do little for the old people; let us begin with the young ones, and try what we can do with them. A village schoolmaster's is indeed a despised office; but our religion teaches us to remember how low the Saviour stooped to teach mankind. If our rulers and great men had a better understanding, they would be more careful about the appointment of country schoolmasters than of the professors in our colleges. But lowly matters are too much neglected; and the consequence is, the nation seems top-heavy, and even thrones stand upon an insecure foundation.'

Having formed his resolutions, Oswald was not the man to shrink from what he considered his duty. It was no doubt a thankless task he was undertaking; but it is no true benevolence which looks about for thanks. Conscious that he was doing good to the best of his ability, he felt that his reward would consist in seeing his ends accomplished. With no fear of the result, he made preparations for commencing the profession of teacher, and when winter came on, he opened his school. On the first day, he placed himself at the door of the school-house, and received the children with kind attention. Some had muddy shoes, and he bade them clean them before they entered the decent school-room. He shook hands with all who came in cleanly style, but turned away the dirty hands to be washed. Some came with hair uncombed and matted, and were sent home to use comb and brush. But all who came combed and washed, received from their new teacher a kiss on the brow. The boys and girls wondered: some blushed, some laughed, and others cried. They had never known such treatment before. Many parents complained of these over-nice regulations; but Oswald insisted on them, and in the course of a little time found a good result in the decency of his pupils. The reformation he produced in the course of a quarter, by mild and firm management, amazed the parents. Some old women broadly hinted that such wonders could not be done by fair means: there must be some magic at work. Others told a strange story of a rat-catcher somewhere, who enticed many children to follow him, and then vanished with them all down a hole in a mountain. But the most prevalent report was, that Oswald was teaching the children a new religion; and this was so seriously believed, that two official gentlemen from the town were deputed to inspect the school.

The badly disposed villagers were delighted to hear of this commission of inspection, and waited with anxiety to hear that Oswald was to be dismissed. The commission came unexpectedly

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one morning when Oswald was about to open his school ; but the appearance of the gentlemen by no means discomposed him, for he had nothing to conceal. The visitors, after explaining their object, watched the children as they assembled and took their seats in an orderly manner. When all were seated, Oswald, as usual, addressed his pupils.

'Dear children,' said he, 'let us, before all things, bow before God our Father, and offer our thanksgivings and prayers.' As he spoke, the children, in number fifty-five, folded their hands, and fell upon their knees. Oswald then knelt down, and the visitors, a little surprised, followed his example. The teacher then read a prayer, beautiful, and yet so simple, that the child of only six years could understand it ; and one of the visitors, an alderman, was so far moved that tears gathered in his eyes. When the prayer was ended, all the children arose, and, guided by the notes and words on a suspended board, sang in harmony a morning hymn. Then the school divided itself into classes, under the appointed monitors, and the various tasks of the day were studied. One peculiar method of teaching used by Oswald should be mentioned. The last hour in the afternoon he generally occupied by telling the boys and girls an amusing story, in which some useful lesson was contained. The visitors saw enough of his methods during the day to be convinced that Oswald was one of the best and worthiest teachers in the country, and that all that was said against him was a scandal.

The winter passed away. In the summer, the school was closed, for the elder boys and girls could then be of service to their parents in the fields. But Oswald collected the little ones at his house, and gave them a few lessons, or amused them in some light occupations about his premises. It was part of his convictions that instruction in anything without actual training is of little use ; he therefore tried to train his pupils to industrial pursuits, and so lead them to a practical acquaintance with what they read of in books. In this way he taught them gardening and a knowledge of plants, also various other things which would be useful to them through life. A great point with Oswald was to form habits of order and cleanliness in his young scholars, and this not only at school, but when out of doors, enforcing his rules with persuasions suited to young minds. Perhaps, however, all this was held by him of inferior moment to the education of the feelings—a love of the beautiful, the tender, and the poetical—for without these the mind remains hard and intractable, and cannot be led to know the finer religious emotions. How charming was it to see this benevolent man with his band of scholars, happy in each other, neither sourness nor severity in the master, nor fear in the pupils ! It was throughout a labour of love : addressed as their dear master, Oswald was always ready to encourage and explain. No one dreaded to ask him a question : he was their friend not less than their instructor. The



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happiness in these young parties drew the attention of the elder scholars, and they begged Oswald not to forget them. He accordingly arranged that they should at times visit his house, or walk with him in the fields. On these occasions, he opened their understandings to many branches of knowledge—among others, the wonders of creation and providence, and the nature of human society, of which they had formerly known very little. He took care not to be dry or tedious, but mixed up all he said with stories of natural history, of foreign lands and people, of wild animals, mountains, seas, and rivers.

The young men of the village heard reports of these pleasant conversations, and some of the more curious and intelligent among them began to seek Oswald's society. He gathered a class of these young men, and devoted some part of his leisure on Sundays to their instruction, giving them subjects to study during the week, and recommending to them suitable books for reading. But while he had such success among the young people, many of the leading men in the village remained his determined foes. Though they could not understand his measures, they felt that there was something in them which tended to overthrow the existing state of society in Goldenthal; consequently, Oswald found little society in the village, except at the mill, where he was always welcomed by Elizabeth and her parents.

One evening, when Oswald, as was customary, went to the house of the miller, he was received in a style so altered as to surprise him. His old friend looked studious and reserved, his wife seemed in ill humour, and Elizabeth had a sorrowful and anxious face. After a while, her parents left the room, and Oswald asked Elizabeth the reason for this cold reception. Her answer was for some moments delayed by sobs and tears; at last she told him that, a year ago, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, and the richest man in the parish, had asked for her as the wife of his eldest son, a dissipated young man. She had claimed of her parents a year for consideration; but now the time had expired, and her father, who wished to see her settled in life, was somewhat displeased at her unwillingness. This she told with tears, and Oswald understood more than she said. He assured her tenderly that long ago he had chosen her as his own bride, and she received his confession with great delight. He then went to her parents, and while Elizabeth was praying for a favourable result of the interview, he gave such an explanation of his condition and prospects, that, after a short time, the miller came into the room where Elizabeth was sitting, and, joining the hands of his daughter and Oswald, pronounced a blessing upon the betrothal. To Elizabeth it seemed like a dream—too happy to be true.

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### IV.

OSWALD IS STILL UNPOPULAR, BUT ELIZABETH IS WELL SPOKEN OF—THE HOST OF THE LION FALLS AND BREAKS HIS NOSE.

On the following Sunday, when Oswald and Elizabeth were named from the pulpit as betrothed, the Goldenthalers stared, and there was no little whispering among the women. But the host of the *Lion* immediately went out of the church as angry as the wild beast upon his sign, declaring that he would ruin the perfidious miller and all his family. However, in spite of this threat, Oswald and Elizabeth celebrated their marriage about three weeks afterwards.

Soon after the wedding, Oswald said to his bride : 'To insure our happiness, let us make a threefold vow : first, that there shall be no secrets between us ; secondly, that none, not even our parents, shall be allowed to interfere between us in any of our affairs ; and thirdly, that we will never speak unkindly towards each other, no, not even in jest.' To these propositions Elizabeth gladly assented.

It is customary in Germany to utter the voice of congratulation in song. Conformably with this ancient usage, Oswald's pupils resolved on serenading their beloved master. Oswald and his wife, therefore, on the morning after their marriage, were awakened by a harmonious hymn of congratulation, and wishes of long life and happiness, in which many voices joined. On looking out to return thanks for this kindness, Oswald was delighted to see so many of his scholars composing the choir. He observed, too, several persons standing and pointing to his cottage ; for the children had secretly covered the walls with garlands in the evening, and even the least of them had brought wild-flowers from the fields and hedges to add to the display of affection. At school, all the children appeared with nosegays and wreaths of flowers, as if it was a great festival-day.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, Oswald was still unpopular in the village. The oldest and most experienced people found reasons for grave suspicions, not only in his wonderful success as a teacher, but also in his sudden marriage with the miller's daughter. Such wonders, they were sure, could not be done by fair means : there was something supernatural in it. The old miller heard all this idle chatter, and only laughed at it ; but his wife, though a pious and sensible woman, had her share of pride, and could not bear that it should be said she had given her daughter to a poor vagabond schoolmaster. Out of patience with the inquisitive gossip of the hostess of the *Eagle*, she one evening could not refrain from boasting. 'Hold your tongue,' said she ; 'you know nothing about it. Oswald, I tell you, could buy up both your husband and the host of the *Lion*. I have seen proof of what I say ; and, if I might speak, I could tell

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you such things of him as would make the hair on your head stand on end.'

No sooner had the miller's wife made this idle boast, than she repented of it, and extorted from the hostess of the *Eagle* a promise that it should be kept as a strict secret. So the hostess kept it, and mentioned it to nobody, excepting her sister and her husband, and these also promised secrecy. They only added a little to the story, so that it was soon reported that heaps of gold and silver had been seen in Oswald's cottage; that he could buy all Goldenthal if he chose; and that such things were done in his house as, if they could be known, would make the hair bristle up upon the head like porcupines' quills. As the story went round the village, it increased like a snowball: it was declared that a second Dr Faustus had settled in Goldenthal; that Oswald had sold himself to Satan for thirty years; that he could make gold as fast as he liked; that he had bewitched Elizabeth, and compelled her to marry him; that he could call up spirits; discover treasures in the earth; and finally, could, if he liked, ride through the air on a broomstick!

This stupid tale had one advantage for Oswald, as it protected him from all other insulting treatment. The respect which they would not pay simply to the man of superior wisdom and virtue, they were now compelled to pay to the reputed necromancer. Many of the ignorant Goldenthalers secretly crossed themselves when they happened to meet the schoolmaster.

Elizabeth enjoyed a better reputation. The young people did not cross themselves when they met her, but enjoyed a friendly glance from her face, and secretly blessed her. She became the true friend and adviser of all the young maidens in Goldenthal. On one occasion, two young damsels about to be married came to ask of her the important secret of preserving their beauty, and retaining the affections of their husbands. Elizabeth assured them that no magic was required to do it. Said she: 'If wives frequently lose their attraction, and consequently the love of their husbands, it is often their own fault. Before they were married, they were cleanly and neat, with burnished brows, and hair as smooth and glossy as in a painting; now see them strolling about in the morning, with stockings hanging loose, shoes down in the heels, and papers in their uncombed locks, as if they thought slovenliness a proof of a good housewife. Be sure that when the wife goes about in this slothful tawdry way, there is little hope of happiness in the house.'

'But all of us cannot get new clothes so well as you can,' said one of the maidens.

'I use perhaps less than some of you,' replied Elizabeth, 'because I am careful and punctual in mending, whenever a garment requires it.'

Then one of the young women blushed as she confessed she had never learned to sew, but would be glad if any one would teach her.

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'I will do so gladly,' said Elizabeth: 'come both of you to me at the time I shall appoint.'

When Oswald heard of this plan, he was delighted with the benevolence of his wife, and proposed that she should make this a beginning of a school for sewing. 'The waste of materials, and the misery of families for want of good domestic knowledge in the wives of the poor, cannot be properly counted. It is a shame to our country that we have not in every village a sensible woman and good housewife appointed to teach poor young women good, wholesome, and cheap cookery, as well as plain sewing. It would prevent an enormous waste of money, and make many marriages happy.'

Elizabeth took the hint; and when her two pupils had invited, by their example, a class of young women to meet at the schoolmaster's house, the lessons were not confined to sewing and knitting, but the kitchen was turned into a school, and the clever young wife explained the modes of preparing plain and inexpensive dishes for the family table. Even the aspect of her neat and orderly house, filled with decent and well-cleaned furniture and utensils of every sort, had a good effect upon the minds of these young disciples in domestic economy. All these labours gave Oswald and Elizabeth plenty to do, but still they wished to do something more. Already the children had been trained to industrial occupations, and now all were taught to plait straw for hats and bonnets, and besides, the girls were taught to do various kinds of knitting. The long winter evenings, which had formerly been spent in idleness or foolish sports, were now devoted to these useful occupations. No sight was more pleasing than to see happy parties of young straw-plaiters in the kitchens of the village cottagers, all laughing or chatting while their fingers were busy, or listening attentively to one who read to them by the light of a burning fagot.

By such services, Oswald and Elizabeth won the affections of the young villagers. Still, Oswald could not banish the absurd reports about himself. Mr Brenzel particularly, the host of the *Lion*, knew that the easiest way to ruin a man is to get up reports that he is not orthodox in his creed, and accordingly watched for an opportunity of doing Oswald a serious injury. At last this determined foe and spy supposed he had found out something worthy of a legal scrutiny. Said he: 'I have got enough to twist the schoolmaster's neck about. I will compel his own mother-in-law to appear against him. As a parish-officer, I am bound to report what I have heard.'

Accordingly, one Sunday he arrayed himself in his best clothes, adjusted a three-cornered hat majestically on his head, took his Spanish cane tipped with silver, and set out with vast strides to walk to the town. Not a word did he say to anybody of his business, for he feared that, if Oswald caught a whisper of it, some serious accident would befall him before he could give information of the



Goldenthal wizard. As he went along he talked to himself, muttering over the speech he had prepared to recite to the magistrate, and as the tone of the address rose, he quickened his pace, and beat the air with his hands. In his zeal and hurry, he got his walking-stick between his legs, and fell over it so heavily, that he arose with a nose swollen and discoloured like a large plum. 'Oswald, surely enough, did that !' he exclaimed, as he recovered his breath.

As he was wiping his face, a gentleman on horseback galloped up to him, and asked : 'Have you a gentleman named Oswald in your village, and where shall I find him ?'

'Yes : what do you want with him ?' replied the host of the *Lion*.

'The prince wishes to see him,' said the horseman, and rode away towards Goldenthal.

The host of the *Lion* gaped wide with amazement. 'Wha—what !' he gasped ; 'the prince visit Oswald !' Just then a carriage rolled by, drawn by six horses. Brenzel now caught a glimpse of a young man in it, dressed in a blue surtout, and with a silver star on his breast.

'O dear, dear !' exclaimed Brenzel. 'The prince means to go to the *Lion* ; I am not at home ; and now he will put up at the *Eagle* !' So saying, he hurried homeward, running until he lost his breath, and getting the fine cane once more between his legs, so that he came down again with violence upon his already battered nose. Rising up, he hastened on, notwithstanding the pain, and found his part of the village quite deserted—no prince at the *Lion*—no prince at the *Eagle* ; but his kitchen-maid came breathless to tell him : 'All the people are down at the schoolmaster's waiting to see the prince.' And there, sure enough, he found a crowd in front of Oswald's house. Presently, the door was opened, the prince appeared, walking between Oswald and Elizabeth, then kindly shook hands with them, stepped into his carriage, and was soon whirled away, leaving the spectators more than ever convinced that Oswald was a magician.

'Even great princes come to him for money,' said one of the sages of Goldenthal when the adventure was talked over. 'If I had his deep knowledge, do you think I would live here and keep school as he does ? No ; I would ride about like the prince, and have my kitchen full of good living, and my cellar full of wine. If I sold myself to Satan, it would be for something worth while.'

Poverty, like riches, corrupts the heart ; and there were some poor wretches in Goldenthal who, while they talked of Oswald's supposed arrangement with Satan, secretly wished that they could make as good a bargain.

## V.

## THE GOLDMAKERS' CONFEDERACY.

The inhabitants of Goldenthal, as may be already judged, were ill instructed, and full of the prejudices belonging to a rude and primitive state of things. Never accustomed to observe the operation of natural causes, they readily traced all that was remarkable to something beyond nature—to magic, or the practice of unholy arts. That their neighbour Oswald, a discharged soldier, with means not above the common, should live in comfort, want for no money, and be visited by princes, was to their minds supernatural. The report spread by his mother-in-law added strength to this wild notion; and now it was a confirmed belief among many that he could derive his wealth only by an intercourse with evil spirits; perhaps, as has been already hinted, he had, like Dr Faustus, sold himself body and soul to the great enemy of mankind.

Worked on by necessity, a number of the poorest men in Goldenthal, unknown to each other, began to cultivate Oswald's friendship. Seizing on favourable opportunities, they, one after the other, visited him privately, and hinted that they required his advice respecting their circumstances. They had evidently a mighty secret, which they longed to utter. At last one ventured to speak out, and said: 'Oswald, you can make gold; teach me to do it. I am so poor, that I care for nothing, not even to see Beelzebub in proper person. I am, in short, ready to strike any bargain to get out of my poverty.' Oswald was amazed at the folly and impiety of this confession. But for some time he hardly knew what to say to men so ignorant and vicious.

Having at length, after some time for deliberation, formed a scheme by which he might take advantage of the men's willingness to work out any plan he might suggest, he told them all individually that he was prepared to teach them the art of goldmaking, and that for this purpose they must come to his house on a certain evening, a short time before midnight. All, as a matter of course, gladly promised to attend.

Accordingly, on the appointed night, the would-be goldmakers arrived at Oswald's house, each supposing himself a solitary visitor, and all were conducted into one room in entire darkness. Every one shuddered as he felt others near him, and all stood together in the darkness in breathless terror until the church clock struck twelve. Then suddenly the door was opened, and Oswald walked in arrayed in full military costume, with a feather in his cap, a sword at his side, and bearing two candles in his hands. He found thirty-two visitors present, all looking ashamed of their mutual recognition, and

terrified at the appearance of one whom they believed to be closely allied with evil demons. But Oswald looked on them with a very serious face, and began to speak: 'Look at me, unhappy men, and see who I am. I follow no black art. I am a worshipper of God. In God's way only is prosperity to be found. But you have been far out of that way. You have been drunken lazy wretches, cruel to your wives and children, and now you are in debt and misery. Will you let me help you? If you would be as rich as I am, do as I do!' So saying, he poured upon the table a heap of gold from a bag. The men all stared with dazzled eyes; their hearts beat and fluttered fearfully. Oswald continued: 'You have come to learn how to make gold. I will teach you. But you must serve an apprenticeship of seven years and seven weeks. He who observes my lessons for that time, shall at the end have more gold to spare than you see now upon this table. But, I tell you, my rules will be hard to obey, unless you turn your hearts and become new men.'

All the listeners, in anxious silence, stared on Oswald's face, as if he were their judge just about to pronounce their doom.

'Now, hear my rules for goldmaking,' said he, 'to be kept for the space of seven years and seven weeks. If any of you will not observe these rules, let him depart.' Not one moved from his place; so Oswald delivered the following rules for goldmaking:

'1. You shall avoid all taverns, and regularly attend the church.

'2. You shall play no games with cards, dice, &c., nor gamble in any way.

'3. You shall use no oaths, nor lying and slanderous words.

'4. Every day you shall have prayers in your families, and labour industriously.

'5. You shall consume neither wine nor brandy, and be strictly temperate in everything, not even smoking tobacco.

'6. You shall suffer no weeds to stand in your gardens, nor rubbish to lie in your houses.

'7. You shall keep your own persons and those of your children clean and decent.

'By this last sign I shall know if you are faithful.—Now, if you will promise to observe these rules for the time mentioned, step forward and join hands with me.'

One after another came forward and reached his arm over the pile of gold on the table, and clasped Oswald's hand, and said: 'I will!' At length all the men present made the promise.

'Now,' said Oswald, 'go to your homes, and remember that you have entered into a confederacy for well-doing. We are all, henceforth, to be as one man in the cause. Each is to support the other. If any is weak, we will help him. Farewell.'\*

\* This conference and its objects remind us of an anecdote in Scottish social history. When James I. visited Scotland in 1617, he found his old friend Thomas, first Earl of  
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In silence the men departed and sought their respective homes. None of them but was surprised at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, and individually, they might have rejected the plan pointed out for their acceptance; they were, however, pledged to each other, and shame, if nothing else, would keep them from breaking their promise. It is at least certain that one and all acted on Oswald's midnight injunction. Next morning, considerably advised by Oswald, they set about divers little reforms in and about their dwellings, also in their outward appearance.

'What is the matter? Is the prince coming again?' exclaimed the lame old village watchman as he went his round the next morning, and saw several men dressed more decently than was usual. Besides, there were other wonders in Goldenthal—washing, sweeping, and rubbing of windows, doorways, tables, and benches!

And this marvel did not suddenly die away; but from week to week new causes of wonder arose for all the Goldenthalers who were not in the secret of the Goldmakers' confederacy. The taverns

Haddington, who at the time filled the office of President of the Court of Session, exceedingly rich, and that there was a general belief of his having discovered the Philosopher's Stone—the art of goldmaking. James, who was in the habit of nicknaming all his courtiers, had given the earl the familiar title of Tam o' the Cowgate, from his residing in a street of that name. Highly taken with the idea that Tam had possessed himself of the enviable talisman of the Philosopher's Stone, he was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation, has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the king and the rest of the company present to come to his house in the Cowgate next day, when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his house thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's king and courtiers, all of whom the President feasted to their heart's content. After dinner, the king reminded him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute.' He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary:

'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'

The guests, who expected to find the earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be mere words; but the king, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune, adding, that these admirable apothegms should henceforth be proverbial, under the appellation of '*Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone*.' The king appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland, for, long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then engrafted upon Presbytery had passed away and been forgotten, Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive.



## THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

began to look deserted; the court for ninepins on Sunday echoed neither to rolling balls, curses, nor laughter; cards and dice lay almost undisturbed. Those who had been the most frequent visitors at the taverns, now employed their evenings with their wives and children, or in looking over their fields. The host of the *Eagle*, when he saw his benches almost empty on Sunday, nearly shed tears of vexation as he exclaimed: 'Have all the people lost their senses? There must be some amendment of this—such a sad state of things must not be tolerated!' Brenzel, too, joined loudly in the complaint. Said he: 'This is an infamous conspiracy against me!' The reformation in his parish attracted the attention even of the old parson, and he dated it all from the delivery of one of his longest sermons. Enraged that the clergyman should acknowledge the change of manners as an improvement, the two publicans almost entirely left their places in the church.

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### VI.

#### ACCOUNTS ARE EXAMINED—THE SAVINGS-BOX—THE SOUP-KITCHEN—TAVERNS SHUT UP.

As the year passed on, several members of the goldmakers' party came to the schoolmaster, complaining that, though they had attended to all his rules of economy, they were encumbered with old debts, and threatened with expulsion from their houses. Oswald looked carefully into all their accounts. The disorderly and melancholy state in which he found them gave him great trouble; but he toiled through them. He then helped the poor people to reckon up their earnings, their expenditure, and the sums they could contrive to lay by for the payment of their old debts. Some families he helped by finding employment for the young people in the town.

Having, in the course of his reading, learned the nature of savings-banks, Oswald thought there was a good opportunity of establishing one in the village. He therefore collected a number of persons, among the rest the members of the confederacy, and explained to them how one of these banks might be set up. All agreed that it might answer, if Oswald would undertake its management. This he very willingly consented to do. The savings-bank was begun, and the money which was collected was lent at interest to those who needed it, and who could be trusted.

The getting of interest was a new thing to so many of the villagers, that they became zealous in saving, and were even so economical as to be disposed to rob themselves and their children of necessary

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food. This suggested to Oswald a new means of economy. He persuaded his mother-in-law, with the help of others, to prepare soup for the poor families, for which they paid a very low price, and so gained food at a great saving of time and expense in fuel and cookery. Soon this plan was found to be so beneficial, and became so popular, that the host of the *Eagle* opened a rival soup-kitchen. This, however, did not succeed well, nor did it deserve to do, for the publican thought only of his own interest. With all their poverty, the Goldenthalers had been famous for their propensity to litigation, and just now the host of the *Eagle* tavern was engaged in a lawsuit about an old oak tree which, he thought, belonged to his land. It had already cost him a thousand guilders; and now he was led on and on until he was compelled to sell his house and fields to pay his lawyers and other creditors. This, however, brought good to Goldenthal, for the *Eagle* was now shut up, and the *Lion* left alone.

The number of well-doers was now so greatly increased, that Oswald was not exposed to the same ungracious persecutions he once was. Still, there was an old set, confirmed in bad habits and prejudices, who shook their heads at the signs of the times, and said: 'Tis plain the village is going to ruin. There is only one public-house supported. Alas! we once had three!' Oswald reproved their mistake, and told them that the *Lion* and the *Eagle* were ravenous wild beasts that had fed on the substance of the community too long. When Brenzel heard that the schoolmaster had called the *Lion* a wild beast, he was ready to burst with anger, and threatened an action for damages; but Oswald kept out of the claws of the *Lion*.

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## VII.

### A THUNDER-STORM—THE NEW CLERGYMAN.

About this time there was a terrible storm one night. All the sky seemed as if in flames. The thunder rolled, houses shook, and windows clattered. A terrible flash of lightning burst upon the parsonage, and blazed around the building; but happily no part caught fire. Yet so severe was the shock of alarm to the poor old clergyman, that he was very ill, and in the course of a few days he died. The ignorant Goldenthalers laid the blame upon the government, for forbidding the ringing of the church-bells in thunderstorms. 'We might have rung the thunder away,' said some of the old ones. Oswald shewed them the error of their notion, and taught them the cause of thunder, and the use of the lightning-conductor. He fitted one to his own house, and the miller followed his example.

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This, again, displeased some, who said it was an impious folly, and asked : 'Cannot the Almighty send his lightning wherever he pleases?' Oswald took pains to correct this mistake, and shewed them the right way of trusting in Providence, and still making use of all proper means of averting danger. His doctrine was new and strange ; but it happily made some converts.

To supply the place of the deceased parson, a young preacher, named Roderick, was appointed to Goldenthal. 'What can such a boy as that do for us?' said some of the old people, when they saw the new parson, who was about twenty-seven years of age ; and when they had heard him, they added : 'Ah, we see our new parson is one of the new-fangled preachers. We can understand every word that he says. What is the good of that? He is not learned enough : he should go more deeply into things. Our worthy old parson was a different man : he could preach for an hour and a half far beyond our understandings. It was quite delightful to hear him !'

Fortunately, there were some in Goldenthal who could better estimate the new parson, and they found him a pious, worthy, and learned man, though young. He was sociable, and yet serious ; humble in deportment, and yet commanding respect ; full of patience ; and when he spoke reproof, it was still the voice of love. Soon after his arrival in Goldenthal, he visited every family in his parish. His manifest kindness infused confidence into the minds of his people ; he heard their complaints, overruled their dissensions, attended to all their wants, and visited most frequently the poorest and the lowest of his flock. On Sunday, in the pulpit, he spoke so that every hearer believed the discourse to be addressed especially to himself.

Great was the delight of this good young clergyman on his first visit to Oswald's school. The cleanliness, quietness, and good order of the children pleasingly surprised him. As Oswald knelt down to offer his prayer of thanksgiving and adoration, the visitor knelt beside him, and tears fell from his eyes as Oswald prayed for the children. When this devotional exercise was over, he addressed to Oswald the warmest expression of thanks for the attention he had paid to the young. 'Excellent man !' said he, 'you have here sown good seed for eternity : may I be able to follow your example ! If ever I am discouraged in my duties, I shall come here and be a scholar myself.'

And now, when the children found that the new parson so highly esteemed their teacher, their love and admiration of Oswald rose higher than before, and the consequence was, the school prospered more rapidly than ever. Roderick was a healer of the bodies as well as the souls of his people. He turned them from the error of their fantastic ways of dealing with some diseases by spells, charms, &c. ; and as he had studied medicine so as to know the remedies for many common complaints, he wrought so many good cures,

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that the poor people had great confidence in him. Thus he followed his Master—'healing the sick, and preaching the kingdom of heaven.' He was also skilful in many other useful things, for he had considered in his youth that no knowledge of the affairs of life ought to be neglected by the country parson. Among other things, he was skilled in the management of bees, and had brought some very choice hives to Goldenthal; and the result of his endeavours to introduce the care of bees among the people was, that, in the course of a few years, Goldenthal was famous in all the neighbouring towns for its rich and luscious honey.

He knew how to divide his attention well between the souls and bodies of his people; and as he attended to their comfort in their houses, he laboured to refine and elevate their minds by the services at church. He determined to reform their practice of singing in church, which had been coarse, violent, and noisy. Every one had been accustomed to bawl with all his might, as if he would crack the windows or raise the roof; and the old people were so attached to this custom, that they thought the praise of God could be sung in no other way. Oswald had made a reformation among the young, and had taught them to sing with him at school harmoniously, in four parts. Some of the old people admired this style of singing in the school, but still they thought nothing but the old style of bawling would do for the church. But the young parson determined to quell the storm of discord which offended his ears, and therefore he proposed that service should be opened by the children singing alone. This was done; but by degrees some of the adults were tempted to join softly in the tune, which was just as Oswald and Roderick desired; and, in course of time, such a right feeling for true, harmonious, and devotional singing was spread among the people, that the whole congregation united their voices so softly and well, that the harmony from the choir of children was heard distinct from the general sound, and with a solemn and devotional effect.

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## VIII.

### THE GOLDENTHALERS WIN GOOD FAME—A NEW OVERSEER— DEBTS TO BE PAID.

We pass over a space of time during which Roderick and Oswald were labouring to confirm and extend the good work of reformation which they had begun. And what was the result? Good credit was restored to Goldenthal, and a favourable report of the village was spread throughout the neighbouring country. The hemp, flax, grain, vegetables, and fruit brought to market from Goldenthal were



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all so good as to raise surprise; the butter was exquisite and abundant; in short, the village rose so rapidly in public estimation, that the surrounding townspeople jokingly styled it the GOLD-MAKERS' VILLAGE.

Some might suppose that Oswald, who was the spring of every good movement among the people, had burdened himself and his good wife with too many offices; but he knew better how to arrange his affairs. He had found out among his pupils, and trained for the service, a youth able to take the greater part of the labour of the school. This young man's name was John Heiter, and, as a teacher, he soon became almost as much beloved by the pupils as Oswald.

The confederacy of the thirty-two stood firm to their principles, and made converts by their examples; but still there were several idle and miserable men in Goldenthal, who arrayed themselves against every improvement; and at the head of these poor creatures stood the host of the *Lion*, the misguided Brenzel. Great was the wrath and vexation of this stubborn man when Oswald and an honest industrious man named Ulrich Stark were elected to fill two vacancies in the board of guardians for the village. But he disguised his anger as well as he could, and paid a visit to Oswald, congratulating him upon his election.

But now, at the first meeting of the guardians, when Oswald and Ulrich Stark proceeded to business, they first demanded a rigid examination of the account-books. Here all was in the greatest disorder. The parish still owed about seven thousand guilders, and of this half was owing to the host of the *Lion*, who received five per cent. interest on the capital he had lent, while he paid only four per cent. for sums he had borrowed from the same funds, which was clearly unjust. Great expenses had been caused by all kinds of trifling visits and little affairs of business, which honourable men would have done gratuitously. In short, the whole of the accounts bore strong testimony against the selfishness and fraud of the late managers of the parish property, and none was so seriously criminated as the host of the *Lion*. Oswald made out such a dark account against this man, that the haughty and despotic Brenzel had to humble himself and supplicate for mercy. But Oswald determined, in justice to the poor, the widows, and the orphans, to refer the whole business to the proper legal authorities, by whom the accounts of Goldenthal parish were scrutinised; and the consequence was, that a warrant was issued against the host of the *Lion*, his goods were seized, and he was condemned to imprisonment.

Oswald was now almost master of the parish; but his position was not an easy one. He had many hard journeys to perform, and much opposition and misrepresentation to endure, before he could avert the dangers which had threatened the ill-regulated place. His first task was to diminish the burden of the debt still lying upon the people—above six thousand guilders. For this purpose he commenced a

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valuation of all the land in Goldenthal, that it might be known what were the real circumstances of every parishioner, and what the amount of taxes he ought to pay. He next determined that a better use should be made of the land which was common parish property, and thus he explained his plan to his fellow-parishioners: 'You know that this common land is of little service to the poor at present. It is trodden down by the cattle belonging to those who are comparatively rich. This is not fair. Every man in the parish has a right to a share of it; but now those who do not keep any cattle derive no benefit from it. Let us have it portioned out, and fairly cultivated.' This proposition was met by murmurs and objections from those interested in unfair usages; but the majority were with Oswald, and the motion was carried. The rich farmers appealed to government against Oswald's innovation, but the only answer they received was: 'The common belongs to the parishioners, and not to the cows of Goldenthal; and every peasant may claim his portion, and make use of it as he pleases. You are not so careful to preserve the ancient rights of your parish, as to defend your own selfish practices.'

The following spring found a great improvement in the waste land of Goldenthal. Gardens were now blooming where lately the cattle had grazed upon scanty herbage. Hops, beans, hemp, flax, cabbages, potatoes, clover, and corn were flourishing on the newly broken ground. Even the farmers who had opposed Oswald's plan confessed that its result was indeed cheering, for the poor people were becoming more industrious, and paying their old debts. Next, Oswald turned his attention to the forest-land belonging to the parish, and called a meeting of the Goldenthalers to consider another new project. He explained to them that he had observed a sad waste of wood in the village. 'Other parishes,' said he, 'consume less of this valuable article for household purposes, because they have public ovens, where one fire does the work of a hundred. Why cannot we follow their example? To burn wood as we do, is to burn gold.' Another of the parish-officers observed, that in some villages there were also public washing-houses, which he would recommend to the people of Goldenthal for their convenience and economy. These propositions were approved of by the meeting; and next, Oswald led them to consider for what profitable use they might employ the spare wood, so as to make it help towards the payment of their debts. After some opposition, a good plan was agreed upon; and the profits realised in one year by the erection of public ovens and washing-houses, as well as the economy of fuel, surprised all those who had never before turned their attention to such speculations.

And now, as the parish debt was melting away, and many of the Goldenthalers who had once been clothed in rags shewed themselves in decent apparel at the market, the townspeople imagined that not

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a single beggar was to be found in Goldenthal. But this was too good yet to be true. Some of the old race remained, and refused to be improved. There were still too many who preferred begging to any honourable labour; and even able-bodied men and women were to be found who would not only live by begging themselves, but would marry and bring up children in beggary. Such disorders grieved the heart of the worthy young parson, and he had many consultations with Oswald regarding the best mode of remedy. 'Unless we remove this great evil,' said he, 'our prosperity will have a worm at its root, and soon decay.'

The 'Spital, as the poor-house was called, was a miserable place, where the poor had been huddled together like cattle in a fold, without any discrimination of age, sex, character, or state of health, and there kept without any proper supervision, and supplied with no useful employment. Roderick had often visited the place, and was resolved that such a nursery of idleness and vice should no longer defile and disgrace his parish. A list was prepared of all the people unable to support themselves. The 'Spital was reformed, and changed into quite another house. A large kitchen was made, where the cooking for all the inmates might be done; separate rooms were established for the men and women respectively, and two chambers set apart for the sick; a separate sleeping-cell, too, was provided for every healthy person. Into the newly arranged house all persons who had no houses were conducted, as well as the children of such families as had no decent accommodation at home. Children were left with their parents in all cases where this could be done without peril to the health of both their bodies and their minds.

Suitable persons were appointed to visit all the families receiving from the parish relief in their own houses, and regular reports were given by these visitors to Roderick and Oswald. All the paupers who could labour were compelled to do so in support of the funds of the 'Spital; and if any one refused to do his duty, he was condemned to imprisonment, and supplied only with bread and water. This regulation soon exposed the distinction between the worthless and those who were willing to become useful members of society. The land attached to the 'Spital was laid out in gardens, and soon shewed signs of good cultivation. Every pauper was obliged to contribute a certain amount of the produce of his allotment to the common fund, but with permission to raise more for his own purposes. Abundant work was found for all who were strong, in mending the roads, draining the boggy parts of the forest, felling trees, planting, clearing the water-courses, and other ways. There was indoor work too for rainy weather and for the women: they were required to keep all the furniture in the 'Spital in good order, and to keep themselves employed with spinning, knitting, and sewing. By such measures, enforced by a constant, kind, and watchful supervision, the 'Spital was transformed into a comfortable abode, and a nursery

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of industrious habits. And all this was soon done without any expense to the parish. The inmates of the house were soon able to prepare and cook their own food, repair their clothes, and to manufacture goods which found a sale. Their minds also improved as their physical condition was elevated by decency, industry, and orderly habits. Roderick conducted divine worship in the 'Spital on several evenings in the week; and the inmates were taught not only to respect themselves, and do justice to their neighbours, but also to be humble and devout before their Maker and Saviour.

It should be observed, that every inmate was at liberty to leave the house whenever he thought proper, provided that he could shew that he had a fair prospect of otherwise honourably supporting himself and those belonging to him. Thus many who had been burdens to themselves and to the parish, by kind and prudent means well carried out, were restored to the happy condition of being willing and able to support themselves, and contribute to the welfare of society at Goldenthal.

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## IX.

### SOMETHING NEW AGAIN.

'What can Oswald be scheming now?' said some of the people when the reformer began to devote his evenings to the measurement of their farms. He was walking about with the schoolmaster, John Heiter, stretching the chain, or looking over the tops of the stakes he had fixed in the ground. 'What can all this mean?' asked the people.

In the course of some months, Oswald had prepared a complete map of all the land in the parish, with every stile, house, and path. This was suspended in the parish vestry, and many went to wonder at it every day, until Oswald assembled the principal land-proprietors to hear an explanation of his design.

'Here,' said he, 'is a plan of all your lands, which our schoolmaster, assisted by some of the boys, has made out for us. I will now explain my purpose. When I surveyed the fields which you have cultivated with hard labour, I could not but observe that some of them yield less than they ought to do with good management; and, in many instances, a great part of the labour and expense of cultivation might be spared. I propose to render your plans more economical, by saving, in the first place, *time*. As you have bought your several parcels of land at various times, I find that they lie widely scattered, so that a man has to cross the parish sometimes



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to go from one of his fields to another. Here is a great waste of time. One of you has a small piece of land on the hill-side, then another patch behind the wood, another near the high-road, and still another patch on the other side of our rivulet. Thus a great part of the day is spent in walking to and fro; and this loss of time by every man employed on the land, and also by your cattle drawing manure, &c., must, when summed up, appear a very serious matter at the end of the year. Now, if all these scattered pieces of land could be gathered into one compact allotment, would not there be a great saving of time, labour, and expense?’

All assented; but some suggested that it was not easy to carry land about. Oswald went on to explain his plan.

‘My plan has its difficulties,’ said he; ‘but only be fair and obliging to each other, and as you can see now how much land belongs to each of you, I would suggest that you may, with mutual advantage, make exchanges of land, so as to have all your farms more compact. The advantage will surely be great. Throw aside selfishness; do the thing that is just; take time for consideration, and I believe you will carry the plan into effect for the good of the parish.’

Some shook their heads, and said it was impossible; yet they began to study it at their homes. It became the most popular entertainment during the winter to discuss the proposed measure; and in the spring several good arrangements were made. Then, when some of the small farmers found the profit of having their lands together, others became anxious to share in the improvement: the map was studied every evening, and the divisions of land were soon more conveniently disposed for cultivation. Perseverance in good plans carried on improvement in Goldenthal, until it indeed deserved its name. It was a golden valley. The village lay in the midst of fruitful gardens, orchards, meadows, and golden corn-fields. The foot-paths over the fields were kept smooth and clear from weeds, and the roads throughout the parish were ornamented with fruit-trees. The village looked like a flourishing little town. Every house had shining windows, a polished door, a roof of tiles, a little flower-garden, and a hive of bees. The people were well clothed, and their cheerful faces told that they lived happily together. Many had brown, sunburnt faces; but strength and health were smiling from their eyes. The young men of the neighbouring villages looked wistfully at the maidens of Goldenthal, and even the sons of respectable farmers thought they did well to obtain the hand of one of these maidens, who supplied the want of money with genuine household virtues.

After service on Sunday, Goldenthal presented a scene of true rural happiness: parties of friends and relatives assembled in the houses, or sat in the gardens enjoying fruit, honey, milk, and other pastoral luxuries. The village became a favourite place of resort

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for the respectable people of the town; and even in winter, skating-parties would meet at Goldenthal. Under the guidance of Heiter, the schoolmaster, the young choir had attained such proficiency as to be able to sing choral pieces, such as could seldom be heard even in the neighbouring towns. Thus the young people, supplied with innocent and intellectual amusements, and shut out from many temptations, were able to spend their evenings in summer and in winter without feeling anything of that dulness and want of occupation by which many are led into intemperance and other vices.

As may be supposed, there were some who were disposed to mar the good results of Oswald's labours. A number of the village peasants, as they became more wealthy, were tempted to vanity; some of their daughters dressed too gaily; while some of the men indulged in the wine-flask or at the billiard-table. But this conduct aroused the fears of all the well-disposed inhabitants, and, taught by experience, they foresaw in such vanities and indulgences the first tendency to go backward. When fully aware of the evil, there were grave deliberations on the subject; and a species of union was formed of persons who agreed to abide by certain regulations as to dress and manners. This movement had the desired effect; the force of public opinion suppressing the tendencies to vice and disorder. Every year the regulations were read aloud in the church to the congregation, and such additions were made from time to time as seemed necessary. After the reading, the question was put to all, old and young, men, women, and children, in the assembly: 'Will you stand by this code of laws, which is the foundation of all our prosperity, happiness, and honour?' And all the people answered with one accord, with a loud voice, that they would. Thus the integrity of the parish was preserved.

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## X.

### THE BAPTISM OF OSWALD'S CHILD.

And now Oswald was truly happy, for his Elizabeth presented to him a fine healthy son. He went to carry the news to his friend the new host at the *Lion*, who was one of the faithful members of the confederacy. 'Friend,' said Oswald, 'I think I have never yet asked you to bestow a favour upon me: now I must do it. My wife has just given me a son and heir. I cannot leave her, and go to the town; but I require, for a certain purpose, the loan of five hundred guilders—only for eight days.'

'Of course I will lend them,' said the host of the *Lion*; 'but I have not all that in gold.'

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'Let it be gold if you can,' said Oswald; 'see what you can do, and bring it to my house to-morrow evening exactly at eight o'clock. But say nothing of it to anybody.'

In the same way Oswald called upon every one of the two-and-thirty men who had made the promise to keep the seven rules: to each of them he addressed the same petition, and appointed the same time and place for receiving the money. All these friends met at Oswald's house at the hour of dusk, and were conducted into a chamber almost dark. Oswald went out to fetch candles, and in a few minutes returned, arrayed in a military costume, with star, sword, and feather, just as he had appeared to them in the same room seven years before. 'Have you brought the money, my friends?' said he. 'Please to lay it upon the table.' One after another stepped forward, and laid his heap of money upon it.

Then Oswald spoke: 'Remember, my friends, that now your time of probation has expired: the seven years and seven weeks are gone; and now you have placed more gold upon this table than lay upon it on the night of our engagement. My promise is fulfilled: I have taught you the art of goldmaking. And now abide faithful to God and your own vows; so shall your welfare increase from day to day. Bring up your children by the same rules, and your welfare will descend to them.' Many expressions of hearty gratitude broke forth as Oswald ceased speaking. He now returned the money to those who were so willing to lend, assuring them that he did not need it.

'Then what can we do for you to express our thankfulness?' said several at once. 'Only tell us, and we are ready to go through fire to serve you, for without you we should have been ruined.'

Then Oswald answered: 'I thank you for your sincere friendship, but I have no need of assistance of any kind. Thanks to a worthy man, my good father, who gave me a fair education. When a soldier, I found all that I had learned useful, and my knowledge of land-measurement, next to my good conduct, procured for me promotion to the rank of captain of horse. In a skirmish, when the prince was surrounded by foes, I dashed in with my squadron and rescued him. I received for that service this wound on my brow, and the star on my breast, with a good pension for life. The prince has never forgotten me, but, as you have seen, has condescended to visit me here in Goldenthal. When I returned to my native village, and found it in such miserable circumstances, I thought it prudent to disguise my real condition. I soon lost all desire of living in Goldenthal, and should have gone away had I not seen Elizabeth, my dear wife: she kept me in the place. Then I resolved to do my utmost towards improving the place where I chose to dwell. To carry out my plan, I hid my wealth and rank from all except my wife and her parents. And now,' he added, 'let this discovery of my station in the world make no difference in your intercourse with

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me : you are my brethren, and the title I shall be proudest of will be to be called your *friend* !'

'Then,' said the chief speaker of the company, 'if we can express our thanks in no other way, we and our families will attend your child's baptism, and make the day a festival in all our houses !'

Sunday came, and all the young people in Goldenthal arose early, for on that day Oswald's child was to be baptised. In the morning, Oswald went to the bedside and kissed the young mother and her infant. 'See, Elizabeth,' said he, 'my heart is almost breaking with joy and sorrow mingled. My boy makes my heart glad, and the aspect of our village this morning moves me to tears. See ! who dare deny the capability of goodness and gratitude in the souls of men ? During the night, they have decked our house with garlands and wreaths, as they did at our bridal ; and not only so, but all the cottages in the village are decorated with green boughs and wreaths of bright flowers, as if our festival was to be a festival in every family. And all the way from our house to the church, they have planted stakes on each side of the road, and hung long strings of flowers between them, while the road is strewn with green leaves and many-coloured flowers.'

The young mother blushed with pleasure, and her eyes were moistened as she heard what Oswald told. 'I have heard noises of going to and fro in the night,' said she, 'and knew not what to make of them.' She could not stay in bed, but must go to the window to see the decorations of the cottages. And then she wept silently, for nothing is more touching to a tender soul than to witness the sympathy of many united by one good feeling ; it is an anticipation of the joy that will be felt in heaven. Elizabeth returned to her infant son, and her parents arrived to prepare for the baptismal ceremony. The miller's good wife could not express her joy at the gay appearance of the village. 'Never,' said she—'never was there such a baptism in Goldenthal before—no, not even at the birth of a prince have we had such a festival !' As she was speaking, a procession of boys and girls came on towards Oswald's house : all were clothed in their best Sunday garments, and every one carried some little present for the cradle of the infant. They came in two at a time, and, kneeling down, kissed the hand of the young mother, calling her 'Mother Elizabeth ;' then kissed the hand of Oswald, and called him 'Father Oswald !'

Then all the church bells began to ring joyously. The child was dressed, and carried to the church. The grandfather and the grandmother followed, and behind them walked the father, deeply moved in his soul. The whole congregation, old and young, stood before the church in a wide half-circle waiting for Oswald ; and as he came, all said, as with one soft and friendly voice, 'Good-morning, Father Oswald : ' then all followed him into the church. After the baptism, the preacher, Roderick, delivered a sermon on



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the duty of the people to be grateful for good guardians. He seemed to be inspired more than usual with his theme. Word after word went to the hearts of the people. When he came to the closing prayer, and with tremulous voice prayed for the good guardians of Goldenthal—when, with tears no longer to be suppressed, he lisped out the name of Oswald, there was sobbing and weeping in the congregation: every one thought of all that Oswald had done for the parish; and at the conclusion of the service, the hymn ‘for the life of the public guardians’ arose to Heaven from an assembly of warm and thankful hearts.

Oswald walked to his house with his head bowed down, and yet happy at heart. When he saw his wife, he could hardly speak for emotion. The parson, the miller and his wife, and Oswald’s fellow-guardians, sat down to the christening dinner; then it was told that a festive dinner was prepared in every cottage, as if a child in every family had been baptised. Oswald shook his head, and said: ‘I am not worthy of all this kindness.’ But the general joy cheered his soul. In the evening, he visited many of the cottages to express his thanks for their display of affection; and until late in the twilight, youths and maidens were dancing on the green, and songs were resounding from the houses, the shade of the lime-trees, and the gardens all around. That day has been long talked of at Goldenthal; and since that time, Oswald has always kept the title of Father, and Elizabeth has been called Mother by all the young people of the village. Surely all good sown in this life shall be rewarded at last with a rich harvest, for God, the loving and merciful, the rewarder of the good, lives and rules over us all.





The NANA SAHIB, from an original Drawing.

## STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

**O**N the 24th of February 1857, there commenced in British India the most formidable mutiny or rebellion that had ever broken out in that vast country: a mutiny which placed the people and the government alike in great peril, taxed the utmost powers of the state to quell it, and called forth brilliant examples of heroic suffering and

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daring valour. It had more the form of a mutiny of the native soldiery than a general rebellion of the people, although the latter element was in some districts not wanting. How it happened that there was a vast native army in the service and the pay of the British, and commanded by British officers, cannot be understood until we know something of that strange historical phenomenon—the rise of British India, the formation of a British empire in that rich and important region of the East.

### INDIA: THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

Properly, *India* and *Hindustan* are the same in meaning, signifying ‘the land of the Hindus;’ but English writers mostly confine the name of Hindustan to the northern part only of India. The southern part is a large peninsula; the northern is a broad belt of country, extending up to the gigantic range of the Himalaya Mountains, and watered by the Indus, the Ganges, and other important rivers. The extreme length from north to south is about 1900 miles, the extreme breadth from east to west about 1600; presenting an area a hundred and fifty times as large as Great Britain. The peninsular portion of India has 4000 miles of sea-coast—a fact to which much of the commercial prosperity of the country has been due. The flat regions bordering on the Indus and the Ganges—especially the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, Oude, Rohilcund, the Doab, and the Punjab—are for the most part very fertile and densely peopled; while Sind, or Sindh, partakes rather of the nature of a sandy desert. Central India, comprising Malwah and Rajahstan, is an elevated plateau or table-land, much less thickly inhabited. Southern India, or the Deccan, is the peninsular portion; containing a large extent of elevated land in the centre, strips of lowland near the sea-coasts, and mountain-ranges (called the Eastern and Western Ghauts) between the highlands and the lowlands.

The natives spread over this wide region are of many nations and tribes, known by a great number of designations; but they are broadly distinguished (mainly by their religion) into Hindus and Mohammedans. It is supposed that many scattered tribes in various parts of India, less civilised than the Hindus, preceded them in the occupation of the country, and that the Hindus came as conquerors; although it is not now known at what period the irruption or invasion took place. In times comparatively modern the Mohammedans of Turkestan penetrated into India, and became the dominant race in many provinces. The vast population of nearly 200,000,000 souls is thus made up of many races, nationalities, and tribes, differing considerably in natural character and acquired influence. The ethnology of India is a difficult problem, which has as yet been only imperfectly studied.

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### PROGRESS OF BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

It was among so remarkable and numerous a people that the British gradually obtained sway. Never was there a better illustration of the saying concerning the 'thin end of the wedge;' every blow given during two centuries has driven the wedge further in. It was in the year 1600 that Queen Elizabeth gave a charter to a company of merchants, conceding certain privileges and monopolies in connection with trade to India—or the East Indies. The Company were at first traders, and traders only; but when, just about two centuries ago, Charles II., by a new charter, gave them the privilege of 'making war and peace with the native princes,' he established a foundation for the influence which afterwards became so vast and irresistible. The representatives of the Company were seldom without excuses for 'making war' or 'making peace;' and the directors at home, so long as the trade returned good dividends, did not always examine very closely the treatment which native princes received, or the means by which the servants of the Company acquired enormous fortunes. So long as the Company sent out bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollens, hardware, &c., to India, and brought home from thence silk, calicoes (originally an article of Indian manufacture), diamonds, tea, porcelain, pepper, saltpetre, opium, indigo, and drugs of various kinds, they were legitimate traders; but they gradually mixed themselves up with the quarrels of the native princes, and usually contrived to gain something out of each quarrel. In this way the Company's servants acquired power in Northern India, with Calcutta as their starting-point; while Madras and Bombay became two other nuclei of acquisition and conquest. Further power arose out of the war with France about the middle of the last century; for the political aid of the British crown was given to the Company, in reference to certain possessions which the French had in India. From that time there was never wanting great military conquerors in the service of the East India Company, albeit the latter were properly only a trading body of British merchants. Lord Clive, by splendid victories over the French in the Madras presidency, and over the native princes in Bengal, gained large dominions for the Company between 1751 and 1757: and before he finally left India, he virtually established what might be called the British empire in the East.

The history of the hundred years preceding the mutiny was crowded with incidents, all tending in one direction—the increase of British power in India, both for the crown and for the Company. Hyder Ali was brought more or less under subjection in Mysore, the Nizam in the Deccan, the Mahrattas in Central India; and Tippoo Saib was supplanted at Seringapatam by a Hindu prince under British protection. And so the eighteenth century wore away. A



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governor-general for all the British possessions in India was first appointed in 1773; and during the subsequent period of nearly a century, this post has been occupied by a succession of eminent men. Great, indeed, were the battles, great the acquisitions of territory—in some instances, great the sacrifice of English blood—during those eventful years. The successful war against the Ghoorkas; the defeat and subjection of the Pindarries; the Burmese War; the extraordinary campaign against the Thugs, or fanatic murderers of India; the deplorable Afghan War, with its tragic termination at the Khyber Pass; the second or retributive war against the Afghans; the conquest of Sind; the terrible Sikh War, with its battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon; the second Sikh War, ending with the decisive victory of Gujerat; the second Burmese War; the annexation or absorption of the great kingdoms of Punjab, Pegu, Nagpoor, and Oude—all tended to make the first half of the present century a very warlike one.\*

### BRITISH AND NATIVE ARMIES IN INDIA.

It becomes necessary to know what portion of the vast region was in British hands at the time of the mutiny in 1857. We should find, in tracing it out on a map, that this portion extended from the Himalaya on the north to Ceylon on the south, from the Brahmaputra and the Ganges on the east to the mouths of the Indus on the west; but that it was dotted here and there, in various parts, with independent or semi-independent states. British India, though under one governor-general and one commander-in-chief, was divided into five governments, as follow: 1. Presidency of Bengal, with 41,000,000 inhabitants; 2. Presidency of Madras, 22,000,000; 3. Presidency of Bombay, 12,000,000; 4. North-west Provinces, 34,000,000; 5. Territories under the immediate administration of the governor-general in council, 23,000,000. There were thus no less than 132,000,000 natives of India subject either to the Queen of England or to the East India Company—it was not very easy to say which. The separate kingdoms, states, or provinces, which by their annexation made up this large total, were very numerous. Taking them in the order of acquisition, they comprised at least sixty different states, acquired in exactly one hundred years. It will not be necessary to give all the names here; those most familiar to English readers were Bengal, Bahar, Benares, Bombay, Malabar, Tanjore, portions of the Deccan and Mysore, the Carnatic, Delhi, Gujerat, Khandeish, Poonah, portions of the Mahratta country, Assam, Aracan, Patna, Sind, Pegu, Punjab, Nagpoor, Oude, Satara, and Berar. British India altogether, containing the

\* The story of the 'British Conquest of India' will be told at greater length in a subsequent Number; in the meantime, the above sketch may serve as an opening to the tragic episode of 1857-8.

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132,000,000 inhabitants, covered 840,000 square miles of area; the independent and protected states, with an area of 630,000 square miles, added another 48,000,000 to the population. It is only by a little stretch of magniloquence that the Queen of England, as 'Empress of India,' is said to have 200,000,000 souls under her dominion in that land.

These wide-spreading territories were, at the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, defended by 280,000 soldiers in the pay of the East India Company; besides 40,000 men whom the protected states were bound by treaty to furnish as contingents. Most of the troops were natives, commanded by British officers; some were Europeans, raised by recruiting in England as direct soldiers of the Company; and some were regular regiments of the Queen's army, *lent* by the home government, and *paid for* by the Company. The English soldiers were called 'Queen's troops' and 'Europeans,' according as they belonged to the royal or to the Company's armies; the native soldiers were called 'Regulars' and 'Irregulars,' according to the mode of their organisation. The most perilous element in this great military force, so far as the mutiny was concerned, was also the largest; it was the native regular infantry, comprising 155 complete regiments. The native cavalry was strong in Mohammedans; but an overwhelming preponderance of the native foot-soldiers were Hindus; and this was the worst of the two religions, so far as concerned the causes of the outbreak. A Bengal native infantry regiment, in some instances, contained no less than 400 *Brahmins*, or Hindus of the religious caste, and 200 *Rajpoots*, or Hindus of the military caste—the remaining four or five hundred being lower-caste Hindus and Mohammedans. Every caste among the Hindus has its own peculiar rules and customs, more rigidly enforced perhaps than class distinctions in any other part of the world. A Hindu *cannot* rise out of his caste, however wealthy he may become; and he cannot depart from the usages of his caste, without being regarded as a heretic, pariah, or outcast. It is extremely difficult for Europeans to become acquainted with the inner life, thoughts, feelings, hopes, fears, plans of the Hindus; and the embarrassment of the government in troubled times is much increased by this difficulty.

## BREAKING OUT OF THE MUTINY.

Such was the country, such the people, such the army, suddenly set in commotion in the early weeks of 1857. Many of the natives appear to have quietly conspired to make that year memorable, as the centenary of 1757; they hoped to put an end in the one year to the British rule which Clive had virtually established in the other. It is now known that the Mohammedans were the leaders in this particular movement, with the hope of re-establishing a great

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Moslem empire ; that the Hindus had special motives of their own, connected chiefly with the subjects of religion and caste ; that a written paper was circulating from hand to hand, containing some sort of prediction concerning 1857, as a year in which British supremacy in India was to come to an end ; that *chupatties* (small cakes of unleavened maize-flour) were sent from village to village during the second half of 1856, supposed to have been used as some kind of war-signal or conspiracy-symbol ; that a lotus-flower was very often brought to a military cantonment, given to the chief native officer of a regiment, passed from hand to hand throughout the regiment, and then carried or conveyed by the last man to the next regiment or cantonment—probably to effect the same work among the native soldiery as the *chupatties* wrought among the villagers ; that the Hindu soldiers were irritated and alarmed whenever their cartridges were supposed to be greased with the fat of the bullock or cow, lest their mouths should be defiled in biting off the ends, and they should lose caste ; that the native soldiers of the Bengal army were more discontented than those of the Madras and Bombay armies, because the chance of promotion from the ranks was smaller ; and that the Earl of Dalhousie's annexation of Oude in 1856 had left a deep wound in the minds of many of the Mohammedan inhabitants of that kingdom. All these facts are now known, with more or less distinctness ; and all are believed to have contributed to the sudden and formidable outbreak in 1857 ; but the authorities were deplorably ignorant at the time of the danger ; they either did not observe the symptoms, or disregarded them as of no importance.

Quite early in the year, a rumour spread that a mutinous seizure of arms at Calcutta was intended ; then a seditious proclamation was found on a Mohammedan fanatic priest in Oude ; then an attempt was made on the fidelity of the guard at the Calcutta Mint ; then some of the non-commissioned officers of a native corps at Soorie, in a strange way declined to avail themselves of an annual holiday or furlough at the usual period ; and then, about the end of January, insubordination was shewn at the station of Dum-dum (a few miles north of Calcutta), arising out of the cartridges used for the recently introduced Enfield rifle—the Mohammedans fearing that the lubricating grease contained the much-abhorred swine's fat, the Hindus that it contained the scrupulously avoided cow's fat (the swine being too vile for the one, the cow too sacred for the other, to touch with their lips). But the first actual outbreak was at Berhampore. Some of the native troops came to the cantonment, and appear to have excited the men by accounts of disturbances at Dum-dum and Barrackpore ; insomuch that the 19th Native Infantry rose in insurrection. The movement was soon checked, and the 19th soon afterwards disbanded in disgrace ; but it was a grave event, which rendered many of the old officers of the Company very anxious ; and it was followed by another at Barrackpore on

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the 29th of March, which necessitated the disbanding of the 34th Native Infantry.

But much more alarming things were at hand. During March and April, the military authorities at Umballa were rendered uneasy by a mutinous tendency on the part of the native troops stationed there ; and as Umballa is more than a thousand miles from Calcutta, with the great cities and provinces of Delhi, Meerut, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, and Patna lying between them, it shewed how wide was the area over which the spirit of insubordination spread.

### REVOLT AT MEERUT, AND LOSS OF DELHI.

On Sunday the 10th of May, the *real* mutiny began at Meerut. A large cantonment at that place, not many miles from the famous city of Delhi, contained several regiments, European and native. The native troops, after many days of great excitement, rose suddenly in arms, wounded or drove away their officers, broke open the jail, liberated 1200 malefactors, and established a temporary reign of terror. English ladies and children, families of the military and civil officers, were going to evening church when the tumult began ; but a sad evening was in store for them. Colonel Finnis, of the 11th Native Infantry, fell riddled with bullets ; bungalows (officers' residences) and government offices were burned to the ground ; ladies were murdered, and even mutilated ; and little children were ruthlessly massacred. Where, it may be asked, were the British troops all this time ? It appears that at the military stations in India, the natives and the Europeans are encamped apart, with a bazaar or trading town for the accommodation of the former, and officers' bungalows in various places ; the whole covering a great area. The 60th Rifles and the 6th Carabiniers, as well as a troop of horse-artillery, were there ; but so far distant were they from the native troops, and so utterly unprepared for such a scene on a quiet Sunday evening, that they could not come to the rescue in time. The native regiments (11th and 20th Infantry, and 3d Cavalry), after this brief season of fire and slaughter, marched off to Delhi ; the natives at the two places had evidently some pre-arranged plot. The English troops tried to check them, but without avail.

Delhi, a great and splendid city with seven gates, and a wide frontage to the river Jumna, contained not a single British regiment at that time ; there were three native regiments, besides artillery ; all the Europeans in the place were a mere handful. These three regiments were joined, in the early morning of the 11th of May, by the three from Meerut. There was an old, debauched, decrepit monarch there, the Mogul king of Delhi, a powerless pensioner of the British ; but it very soon appeared that he and all his family were among the conspirators. The mutineers entered triumphantly



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and welcomely, and the gates were closed behind them, to cut off any of the British who might be in pursuit. Not one single European was in a position to give a connected account of that terrible day at Delhi. The sepoy (native infantry) at the station assumed a seeming faithfulness until those from Meerut had entered; then they threw off the mask; and the families of the English officers and civilians were hunted about like wild beasts. Some took refuge in the Flagstaff Tower, a building a mile and a half out of the city; some fled into the open plain, to wander they knew not whither; some sought refuge in the jungle, only to be dragged forth and cruelly murdered; some were burned in their own bungalows. The narratives of suffering, collected afterwards one by one, were far more terrible than those at Meerut. The scene closed by the whole city of Delhi being in the hands of mutineers, with a grandson of the old monarch set up as a sort of temporary king or chief. How many months elapsed before the British regained possession of the place, will be seen in due course.

## RAPID SPREAD OF THE MUTINY.

Some slight idea of the difficulties and perils in which the English were placed over the whole face of Northern India, may be gained by considering their position in ordinary times. The civil servants of the Company, called commissioners, judges, magistrates, collectors, &c., mostly had their families residing with them; and if the city or town were also a military station, there were also the families of the English officers (or some of them) who commanded the native troops. British troops were comparatively few. At the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, almost half the Queen's troops in India were either near Pegu in the east, or in the Punjab and the Indus provinces on the west; while the twelve hundred miles of distance between Calcutta and the Sutlej were almost denuded of them. Hence, when the sepoy broke out in insurrection, the position of the handful of English became very precarious, for they were literally tens among thousands. With a map of India open before him, the reader will see over how vast an area the hostilities spread. In the first half of the month of May, three regiments mutinied at Meerut, three at Delhi, and one at Lucknow. In the second half of the same month, one at Murdan, one at Allyghur, one at Hattrass, two at Nuseerabad, four at Lucknow, and one at Shahjehanpore. The first half of June witnessed the mutinying of one regiment at Azimghur, four at Seetapoor, one at Mooradabad, two at Neemuch, three at Benares, two at Jhansi, four at Cawnpore, one at Bhagput, one at Allahabad, one at Hansi, one at Bhurtpore, three at Jullundoor, two at Fyzabad, one at Sultanpore, one at Pershadepore, two at Nowgong, one at Rohtuk, two at Ferozpore, and one at Gwalior. This was a terrible fortnight; more than thirty native regiments

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suddenly turned their arms against their former masters. In the second half of June, there was only one mutiny at Futteghur and one at Mozuffernugger. The months of July, August, and September witnessed the revolt of about twenty more regiments. The materials for mutiny were now pretty well exhausted; seeing that most of the Bengal native regiments (in which the disaffected spirit chiefly manifested itself) were by this time either disarmed or in mutiny. Almost every one of these several acts of mutiny was attended with misery and danger to English civilians, ladies, and children; and the tales of suffering committed to paper were often of the most touching and harrowing kind. Military officers there were in abundance; for every mutiny of a native regiment deprived of immediate duties, even if not of life itself, the British officers who had commanded it. Many were the instances in which these officers themselves formed voluntary corps, to aid the heroic endeavours which were made—now in this region, now in that—to stay the progress of revolt, and to reconquer the positions which the mutineers had gained.

### THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF ARRAH.

As the stirring events at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, presently to be described, extended over several months, and require to be narrated in some consecutive order, we will here treat of one isolated and brief episode, soon begun and soon ended. There were few deeds in the whole history of the mutiny more gallant than the defence of Arrah by Mr Wake. A miserable affair at Dinapoor—in which (for a rarity) an Indian officer was found to be too old and feeble, too gentle and irresolute, for the duties intrusted to him—gave occasion for this heroism.

Dinapoor was a great military station, in the rich province of Bahar, lying between Bengal and Oude, and about ten miles distant from the great commercial city of Patna. General Lloyd, commandant at Dinapoor, unfortunately credited his sepoy regiments with fidelity long after most other officials had learned the stern truth. There were, in July, three of those regiments in the wide cantonment outside Dinapoor—the 7th, 8th, and 40th Bengal Infantry. Portions of H.M. 10th and 37th Foot were in the British lines; and General Lloyd was strongly urged to employ them to disarm the sepoys, as soon as the terrible news from Meerut, Delhi, and other stations arrived. But he was old, infirm, kind, and indulgent—totally unfitted for the exigency. On the 25th of July, the whole of the sepoys marched off, taking arms and ammunition with them. The 400 British troops could and would have prevented this departure of 3000 native sepoys, or would at anyrate have disarmed them; but the bewildered and paralysed commander issued no orders until too late; and the mutineers got clear off. They went to Arrah, a town

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24 miles distant. The chief magistrate, the representative of British power at Arrah, was Mr Wake, a man of great energy and determination. He had for weeks kept the government acquainted with the fact that the district of Shahabad (of which Arrah was a sort of capital) was in a very turbulent state ; but his appeals for military aid were unsuccessful. At length the 26th of July came, and with it the mutineers from Dinapoor.

Now took place the heroic and memorable *defence of Arrah*. Mr Wake hastily selected a detached two-storied house belonging to a civilian named Boyle, fortified it with stones and timber, supplied it with provisions, and caused all the Europeans in the place (after the women and children had been sent away to a safe refuge) to enter it. There were thirteen of them, together with one Mohammedan servant of the Company, and fifty Sikh police, who remained 'true to their salt.' The house was about fifty feet square, and Mr Wake resolved to defend it to the last. The Dinapoor mutineers, marching into Arrah on the morning of the 27th, liberated all the prisoners in the jail, sacked the treasury, and laid siege to Boyle's house, bringing not only musketry but cannon to bear upon it. The siege was an extraordinary one ; 64 men defended the house for seven days against an army of 3000 troops—not undisciplined rabble, but men who had been drilled to active service by British officers. As fast as the enemy increased their attack, so did the little band strengthen the defence ; new batteries were opposed by new barricades ; and mines were frustrated by countermines. The Sikhs behaved nobly, never flinching an inch. One night, when provisions were running low, they sallied out, captured four sheep, and brought them safe within the house ; they also dug a well beneath the very floor of the house, and obtained thereby a welcome supply of water. Whether it was possible for any of the defenders to obtain an hour's sleep during the seven days, may almost be doubted ; for they had to be on the alert night and day. Poor General Lloyd, hoping to repair the disaster at Dinapoor, sent a few British troops after the mutineers to Arrah ; but these, by gross mismanagement, met with a mortifying defeat in the very suburbs of that place, on the night of the 29th—290 men being killed or wounded out of 400. Mr Wake and his companions heard the firing consequent on this encounter, but could neither receive nor render assistance. The siege continued. How much longer the defenders would have been able to hold out cannot be known ; but aid came to them on the 2d of August. Major Vincent Eyre, *en route* to Allahabad with some artillery, hearing of the events at Arrah, resolved to turn aside from his road, and attempt a rescue. He had only 170 men and 3 guns ; but, by a series of brilliant manœuvres, he thoroughly defeated 2500 mutineers outside Arrah, entered the town, and joined Mr Wake's little band. Extraordinary to relate, none of the defenders were killed, and only one wounded. Mr Wake afterwards spoke with

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contempt of the besiegers, shewing that if they had not been cowards he must have yielded.

### NANA SAHIB, AND THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

We shall next trace the circumstances which led to the slaughter of British soldiers and civilians, delicate women, and little children, by the miscreant Nana Sahib.

Cawnpore is a large town on the river Ganges, about 120 miles above Allahabad, 650 by land from Calcutta, and 250 from Delhi. A very large military cantonment lay outside the city; the native troops were numerous, the stores and treasure valuable, and the position important, as commanding the highway of the Ganges. Sir Hugh Wheeler, in command at that station, was very uneasy at the prospect around him during the month of May; he had few English among his troops, and little hope that reinforcements could reach him from other quarters. As June advanced, and telegraph wires were cut by the rebels, no authentic news could come to or from Cawnpore; dark rumours and scraps of messages, reaching other parts of India from time to time, told of something terrible going on; but it was not till many weeks later that the awful truth came to light, and the authorities at Calcutta knew of the tragedy at Cawnpore. Although having very few English soldiers, Wheeler had many English civilians, political and civil officers, merchants, missionaries, &c. to think for. The native troops stationed there were the 1st, 53d, and 56th Bengal Infantry, and the 2d Bengal Cavalry: if these should prove unfaithful, he had very few English soldiers to come to his aid. He caused a square plot of ground (afterwards well known as the *Intrenchment*) to be laid out on the grand military parade, apart alike from the town and the cantonment; it was about 600 feet square, bounded by a trench and an earthen parapet, and containing two barrack-hospitals, a few other buildings, and a well. Into this enclosure he caused to be conveyed, by degrees, a large amount of treasure, commissariat and pay-office records, and enough grain, rice, salt, sugar, tea, coffee, rum, beer, &c. for 30 days' consumption for 1000 persons. This was a matter of precaution, taken about the middle of May; but when Sir Hugh Wheeler found that no help could be obtained from other quarters, and that the mutinous spirit increased among the natives, he caused the civilians and their families to sleep within the Intrenchment at night, together with the wives and children of the few score military officers; but the officers themselves continued near their troops, in the cantonment. A miserable time it was within the Intrenchment, nearly every one sleeping under canvas, and not knowing what the morrow would bring forth: they little suspected the real horrors that were in store. There was near Cawnpore one Nana Sahib, a Mahratta prince or chieftain, who, justly or unjustly, conceived that the East



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India Company had wronged him in regard to his inheritance of title and possessions. Resolved on revenge, he took the lead of the mutineers ; and his leadership was all the more terrible because he simulated friendship ; even Sir Hugh Wheeler trusted him. A very fiend he proved to be, when the opportunity came for shewing himself in his true colours. On the 5th of June, the open mutiny began in earnest : bungalows were burned ; some of the native troops marched off to join insurgents in other quarters ; elephants and stores were seized ; and Wheeler directed all whom he could trust to come into the Intrenchment. Nana Sahib openly took command of the insurgents ; he brought reinforcements with him, and commenced a veritable siege of the Intrenchment. A large store of ammunition lay in boats on a short canal leading to the Ganges ; and these boats were unfortunately seized by Nana Sahib instead of by Wheeler. To make matters worse, he imitated the tactics of the mutineers at Meerut, by setting free several hundred ruffians from the jail : these men joined the mutineers, and helped to wreak vengeance on the unfortunate Europeans. The number of persons within the Intrenchment was upwards of 900, more than one-third of them English women and children ; the English soldiers were somewhat over 200. There they remained day after day, week after week, withstanding a siege from the mutinied regiments, and from additional forces brought up by the treacherous Nana. What they suffered, especially the ladies and children, can with difficulty be realised. The earthen rampart was so low, that the besieged required to be constantly on the alert to keep out the besiegers ; and as the defenders were so weak, they were harassed with daily and nightly duties. A few of Her Majesty's 32d and 84th Foot, and a few artillerymen—this was all. The firing began on the 6th of June ; from that day, no succour of any kind could enter the Intrenchment ; and in what plight the remnant of the sufferers left the place on the 27th, we shall soon have to tell. During these eventful three weeks, the defenders stood to their guns till ready to drop. There was scarcely any shelter within the Intrenchment for the non-combatants ; the rebels brought down more and more guns to bear on the devoted place ; it became a matter of life and death to go and draw water from the one well within the enclosure ; the oxen were driven away or slaughtered, because there was no water for them, and then the meat-rations fell off ; the hundred or so of native servants ran away, leaving the English to shift for themselves ; hogs-heads of rum and beer were burst in by the enemy's cannon-balls : and then thirst and scarcity followed in the train of fatigue, sickness, and wounds. Many poor women and children died in the first week, through sickness, fright, and numberless privations ; and the dead bodies were thrown into a deserted well, for there was no possibility of decent interment. On one particular day, red-hot shot from the enemy's guns set fire to the thatch of one of the two barrack-hospitals ;

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forty poor creatures—sick, wounded, women, and children—were burned to death ; and nearly all the medicines and surgical instruments were destroyed. Those who were too young or too weak to fight, lived more like nomad tribes than Christian people ; for the remaining barrack was too completely riddled with shot to shelter them safely ; and hence women and children were to be seen crouching behind any barrier that offered, or even in holes in the ground.

These three weeks were a terrible time ; but the real tragedy was still to come. On the 24th of June, Nana Sahib sent a messenger to say that all the English might retire to Allahabad, in boats down the Ganges, if they would give up the Intrenchment, treasure, guns, and ammunition. Sir Hugh Wheeler, hopeless and worn down, agreed to the proposal. On the 27th, the forlorn band, the remnant of the 900, quitted the place. They started to embark in about twenty boats ; but then Nana Sahib's villainous plan shewed itself. Guns were brought down to the river-banks ; rebel soldiers rushed into the water with swords, and killed most of the men of the hapless party. The women and children, denied the mercy of a speedy death, were conveyed on shore, and shut up in a building at Cawnpore called the Subadar Kothee, at Nana Sahib's headquarters. How many women and children went into this place, and what they suffered during the next eighteen days, no credible witness has ever told ; they appear, however, to have exceeded 200 in number. After suffering cruel privations and shameful indignities, they were put to death on or about the 15th of July. Nana Sahib wished to prosecute ambitious projects of his own in other quarters ; and he determined to get rid of the encumbrance of women and children. It was a butchery of the most savage and barbarous kind. Not only were tender women and children killed, but many of them were cut up piecemeal ; and the room in which they were confined—the slaughter-house, indeed—was strewed with women's and children's garments, clotted tresses of women's hair on the walls and floor, and pools of blood. The mangled and mutilated bodies and limbs were thrown indiscriminately into a well near at hand.

## NEILL'S ADVANCE FROM CALCUTTA.

Seldom has a government been placed in such complicated difficulties as those which beset the India authorities in May and June. General Anson, commander-in-chief of all the forces in India, being struck down by cholera, General Reed took his place, until the arrival of Sir Patrick Grant from Madras ; and the latter officer held it only until the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) from England. These fluctuations in headship greatly marred the progress of affairs ; unity of purpose was wanting. Viscount Canning, at Calcutta, had no troops to send to the

imperilled districts ; and more than 1200 miles of distance separated him from Sir John Lawrence, who had to hold and protect the whole of the north-west of India by his own skill and energy. The governor-general had much to bear, from the vituperation of the Calcutta press and the adverse criticisms of English orators and writers ; his best defence was pronounced when all was ended—that he had done well. It happened that, about that time, a little war with Persia had just been concluded, and that trusty troops were about to return from the Persian Gulf to India. It happened, too, that an expedition was just then being sent out from England to China, comprising military as well as naval forces. Viscount Canning, by a prompt use of such telegraphic means as were within his power, succeeded in obtaining the aid of a few choice British troops from both those sources. But an immense time would necessarily elapse before those troops could reach the focus of action. Under the old order of things in India, many weeks were required for a military force to reach Cawnpore or Lucknow from Calcutta, and a still longer time to reach Delhi ; and although railways were constructed and opened by the year 1857, they did not render much assistance in the early months of the mutiny. Fortunate was it that the native soldiers in the Madras and Bombay armies were but little affected by the insurrectionary spirit of the Bengal sepoys and the Oude troopers ; they came to the aid of the British regiments in Hindustan, though many a scorching week's march had to be accomplished.

The names of two gallant men are specially associated with the prompt and daring advance of small bands of soldiery through hundreds of miles of territory imperilled by the mutineers. One was General Neill ; the other, still more renowned, General Havelock.

Neill was, in actual army rank, only a lieutenant-colonel in the month of June. He brought a few companies of Europeans from Madras, and advanced rapidly with them to Benares, which city he saved from imminent peril on the 4th of that month. Indeed, a plot had been formed by treacherous sepoys in the barracks, under the mask of fidelity to the last moment, to massacre all the Europeans in the city on that very night, and to repeat once more the drama of Meerut and Delhi. Neill had only a tiny force of 240 men and three guns with him ; but he discomfited the rebels, and saved Benares. The rebels, however, maddened by failure, wreaked their vengeance on other parts of the city, in which the civilians and their families were in terrible danger throughout the month of June. Several of the imperilled persons took refuge in outhouses and stables, on roofs, or behind parapets, or in boats moored in the middle of the Ganges ; ladies, children, and ayahs were guarded by a band of civilians ever on the alert, leaving the military free to operate in other quarters. No sooner were the events at Benares known at Allahabad—a very important place at the confluence of

the Ganges and the Jumna, commanding the traffic on both rivers—than a native regiment, the 6th Bengal Infantry, suddenly mutinied on the 6th of June. The officers were astonished and dismayed, for the sepoy had vowed to be true to their salt, and had even volunteered to march against the rebels at Delhi. The scene was hideous. The sepoy, joined by jail-birds and ruffians of every stamp, commenced a work of death and devastation. Europeans were shot wherever they could be seen; the few English women who had not been so fortunate as to seek refuge in the fort, were grossly outraged before being put to death; the treasury was plundered; the houses of Europeans were pillaged. Tales were afterwards told of so appalling a character, that we can only hope that terror had exaggerated actual facts—of a whole family being roasted alive; of poor creatures being killed by the slow process of cutting off ears, nose, fingers, feet, &c. in succession; of men and women being chopped to pieces; of little children being tossed on bayonets before their mothers' eyes.

No sooner did Neill hear of these terrible events, than he prepared to come to the rescue at once—however small might be the number of faithful troops at his disposal. He was a man of indomitable energy and courage, just fitted for the emergency. He started on the 9th, with only 44 men, and marched the distance of 75 miles from Benares by the 11th. On the way, he found the country infested with bands of plunderers, the villages deserted, and none of the authorities remaining. He succeeded in entering the fort at Allahabad (situated a considerable distance from the main streets of the town). Neill now assumed command of the few faithful troops already in the fort, the handful which he brought with him, and another small detachment which followed him from Benares. By incessant activity, he kept in awe the thousands of insurgents and marauders who infested Allahabad on every side. His severity was terrible, and called forth much animadversion afterwards in England; but the astounding duplicity of the sepoy had rendered it necessary to make use of terror as one means of coercing them; kindness having utterly failed.

#### HAVELOCK AND NEILL AT CAWNPORE.

And now we come to the achievements of Havelock—the hero of the Indian mutiny wars, in the estimation of many English readers. There is some little danger of injustice here; for, though he gained marvellous victories with very small means, he was not embarrassed by those distressing difficulties which arose (in the case of Sir Hugh Wheeler and other responsible officers) from the presence of hundreds of helpless women and children. He was a noble character in all respects, and could well afford to share the credit for heroism which belonged to so many remarkable men during that eventful period.



Havelock, engaged in nearly every Indian war between 1823 and 1846, had been employed in 1856 in the brief expedition against Persia; and he was one of the officers of that expedition who responded to the urgent demand of the governor-general for military reinforcements. Steaming from the Persian Gulf to Bombay, thence to Ceylon, and thence to Calcutta, Havelock was at once placed in command of such a force as could be hastily got together, for the relief of Cawnpore, and then for service elsewhere. It was literally by fragments of companies, 20 or 50 men at a time, that troops were sent from Calcutta on to Benares, Allahabad, &c.; for it would have been worse than useless to send any but men of tried fidelity; and of these there were, alas! few besides Europeans in any part of Bengal.

Havelock reached Allahabad on the 1st of July, his progress so far having been facilitated by the gallant Neill; and then commenced the arrangements for an advance on Cawnpore. Or rather, those arrangements had already been commenced by Neill, who, on this very 1st of July, had pushed on a few troops to aid the beleaguered Sir Hugh Wheeler. What Sir Hugh's actual condition was at this time, his brother-officers little knew: the terrible truth had still to reach them. Neill sent on 800 men towards Cawnpore; but, in accordance with military ideas of seniority, he was superseded by Havelock as chief of the expedition: Neill himself remaining in command at Allahabad. Rumours of a direful kind came in from Cawnpore, and Havelock resolved to push on as rapidly as possible. Two of the many Indian nationalities, Sikhs and Ghoorkas, he and his brother-officers felt that they could trust; and the spirit of the man is shewn in a brief and pithy telegram transmitted to Calcutta: '1000 Europeans, 1000 Sikhs, and 1000 Ghoorkas, with 8 or 10 guns, will thrash everything.' In reality he had less than 2000 men in all in his little army, presenting an extraordinary mixture of Queen's troops, Company's Europeans, Sikhs, irregular cavalry, and volunteer cavalry from Allahabad—no Ghoorkas at present. His advance from Allahabad to Cawnpore, 250 miles (never far removed from the Ganges), was literally a fight the whole of the way. The rebels infested the country in enormous numbers, and tried their utmost to prevent his advance towards Cawnpore. But nothing could check him and his little band. Whether initiating or bearing an attack, the result was everywhere the same. He 'thrashed' them (to use his own language) at Futtehpore on the 12th, at Aong on the 15th, at Pandoo Nuddee on the same day, at Aherwa on the 16th, and at other places in minor achievements during these memorable days. The battle of Futtehpore was so extraordinary, that Havelock, in thanking his troops on the following day, said that it had 'produced the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier.'

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He attributed this brilliant result to the rapid and accurate fire of the artillery, the power of the Enfield rifle, British pluck, and 'the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause.' Having reason to suspect the fidelity of the few native horse with him (Oude irregulars), he disarmed and dismissed them in good time. On the other hand, there was hardly any limit to his trust of those whom he *knew* might be trusted. Here was an instance: 'The opportunity had arrived, for which I have long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet, well intrenched. I directed this regiment to advance; and never have I witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, the village was taken, and the guns captured?' On another occasion, the general's son, Lieutenant Havelock, headed a few men of the 64th Foot to capture one of the enemy's guns; he literally walked his horse directly up towards the gun, in spite of repeated firing, and succeeded in the capture—an achievement which won for him the Victoria Cross. What the officers as well as the rank and file had to bear, in those days of long marches, constant fighting, and fierce sun's heat, is well shewn in the case of one young officer, a stripling volunteer horseman of eighteen. He was on picket all night, with no refreshment save biscuit and water; he marched with his corps 16 miles during the next forenoon; stood sentry for an hour with the enemy hovering around him; fought during the whole afternoon; lay down supperless to rest at nightfall, holding his horse's bridle the while; mounted night-guard from 9 till 11 o'clock; and then had his midnight sleep broken by an alarm from the enemy.

Neill and Havelock had been so much delayed in their march from Calcutta to Cawnpore, that Nana Sahib's fiendish work was achieved before Havelock's column arrived. The hapless women and children, and all that remained of poor Wheeler's band of military and civilians, were put to death by the filthy ruffian just two days before Havelock entered Cawnpore.

In what direction the prowess of the gallant general next shewed itself, will be seen presently.

### LUCKNOW: SIR HENRY LAWRENCE'S DEATH.

The story of Lucknow is by far the most interesting of all which the mutiny presented; for there was six months' perpetual display of heroism, military skill, and untiring patience, although not the tragic horrors of Cawnpore. We shall best understand the events by treating them in four or five brief episodes.

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After a very stormy history, under Mohammedan sovereigns, the kingdom of Oude was annexed to the British dominions in 1856, by the Earl of Dalhousie. The irritating influence of this measure was felt in 1857, when the mutiny broke out. On Sunday the 3d of May (just one week before the outbreak at Meerut), some of the native troops at Lucknow displayed insubordination, which gave great uneasiness to their officers. Sir Henry Lawrence, chief commissioner or viceroy over the whole of Oude, harangued the troops in their own native language, exhorting them to remain true to Queen Victoria; he had temporary success; but every day produced additional symptoms that insurrection was probable. The military cantonment was six miles out of the city; the British troops were only a few hundreds in number, while the native were many thousands. Just outside the city was a building which became very famous—the *Residency*. It was, in fact, a large enclosure, bounded on four sides by walls, and containing the chief commissioner's house and other public buildings. The English women and children, the sick, a large amount of stores, and a few faithful English soldiers, were prudently brought within this enclosure by Sir Henry Lawrence, who watched with uneasiness the growing turbulence of the natives. The month of May ended very gloomily. Of the native troops, many escaped to join malcontents elsewhere; and during the early days of June, it became evident that various towns and stations in Oude—Seetapore, Shahjehanpore, Secrora, Beraytch, Fyzabad, Jounpore—were in the hands of mutineers, who meditated a combined attack on Lucknow, and an expulsion of the British. The telegraphic wires were cut, spies and watchers were placed on the various roads, and Lawrence had the utmost difficulty in sending messages to, or receiving them from, the authorities at Calcutta. The whole month of June passed in this way, until the 30th, when a powerful force of rebels approached from Fyzabad. Lawrence went out to encounter them, but his native troops deserted him almost to a man, and he was obliged to flee back into Lucknow, with such of his officers as escaped death. On the 1st of July, he abandoned all the outposts blew up a vast magazine, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, and shut himself up with his companions in the *Residency*, there to make a stout resistance until haply aid might come. But Sir Henry Lawrence did not live to welcome this aid. On the very next day, July 2, he was killed by a shot from the enemy; and many months elapsed before the authorities at Calcutta knew how the little band in the *Residency* at Lucknow bore up under this and an accumulation of other calamities.

### LUCKNOW: DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY BY INGLIS.

The defence of the *Residency*, after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, was a notable exemplification of undaunted courage, heroic patience,

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and fertility of resources in time of extreme peril. It was on the 2d of July that the gallant man fell; it was not till the 25th of September that another gallant man came to the rescue; and what the British in the Residency bore up against, during these eighty-five days, can with difficulty be realised. Sir John Inglis succeeded to the command after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, and his difficulties were great. 'He occupied one corner of a great city,' it has been said, 'every other part of which was swarming with deadly enemies. No companion could leave him, without danger of instant death at the hands of the rebel sepoys and the Lucknow rabble; no friends could succour him, seeing that anything less than a considerable military force would have been cut off ere it reached the gates of the Residency; no food or drink, no medicines or comforts, no clothing, no ammunition, in addition to that which was actually within the place at the beginning of July, could be brought in.' The Residency was not one single structure; it was a walled enclosure, with the British commissioner's residence as the principal building. Within this enclosure all were cooped up—officers, soldiers, judges, magistrates, collectors, chaplains, merchants, clerks, ladies, and children; together with a few faithful natives. The total number appears to have been about 1200. It was hardly possible to say who were fighting-men, for almost every man had to fight in turn. All the buildings were fortified as well as circumstances permitted, and arrangements made for hospitals, dispensaries, barracks, magazines, store-rooms, &c. The rebels kept up a siege, a continuous pouring in of shell and shot, bullet and ball, for the whole of the eighty-five days; and for not one single hour could the garrison (whether military or civilian) relax their watchfulness. The sufferings were very great, and of a multifarious kind. Mines, dug from the street outside, exploded within the Residency; ladies were struck by cannon-balls while sitting quietly at their work; bullocks' fodder was fired by the enemy's shot, and endangered the powder-magazines; balls entered the mess-room where the officers took their hurried meals, and on one occasion cut off both the legs of an officer; bombarding was kept up more fiercely by night than even by day, to prevent the beleaguered garrison from obtaining any rest; dead bullocks had to be buried, lest their decaying carcasses should pollute the air; artillery-horses went mad for want of water; hot vapours from stagnant pools produced fever, cholera, dysentery, and diarrhoea; the poor children died rapidly, unable to bear up against the accumulated sufferings; half rations were very early adopted, as a matter of precaution against absolute famine; and what food there was became almost poisoned by flies and mosquitoes. Inglis tried every means of sending messengers to Cawnpore, with entreaties for aid; but very few of them escaped the alertness of the enemy. At the end of July, a rumour spread that aid was coming; but August advanced, no assistance came, and the garrison were in danger of



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sinking into despondency. Out of twenty letters or messages at different times, only one received a direct reply from Cawnpore, and that one told that the time was still far distant when a military force could be sent from that town to Lucknow. The little band became weakened day by day, while the enemy waxed more strongly than ever. No one could pass the open ground without being shot at, by rebel musketeers posted on various buildings outside. One of the civilians, writing afterwards of this extraordinary scene, said: 'At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another, I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the bullet through the temples instead; at another, I moved off from a place where, in less than a twinkling of an eye afterwards, a musket-bullet stuck in the wall; at another, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook.' So wore on the terrible month of August, at the end of which another letter was stealthily brought in from Cawnpore, announcing that three more weeks must elapse before aid could reach Lucknow. Every kind of misery was more intense in September than in the preceding months—death, wounds, disease, hunger, thirst, fatigue. A few poor little creatures—'siege-babies,' as their mothers called them—were born at this terrible time, and began their existence amid the sound of cannon-balls. All the suffering had to be borne, however, for there were at least 5000 rebels investing the place; yet was the cry: 'No surrender.' As for dress, the whole of the inmates of the garrison were a mere bundle of rags; fire, wear, and tear had done their work; shirt, trousers, and slippers were all the costume of many an officer accustomed to military trappings.

At length the reward came. Some wept for joy, some laughed and shouted, some sank on their knees in prayerful thankfulness, when—on the 21st of September—authentic news arrived that succour was really at hand. It came. On the 25th, Inglis shook hands with two trusty generals within the Residency.

### LUCKNOW: ACHIEVEMENTS OF HAVELOCK AND OUTRAM.

General Havelock's advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow, to relieve Inglis and his gallant band, was a work of great difficulty, long delayed for the need of increased reinforcements. He had cut his way triumphantly from Allahabad to Cawnpore; he had now greater numbers and sterner enemies to meet between Cawnpore and Lucknow. Neill hastened up from Allahabad, after Havelock's capture of Cawnpore on July 16; he assumed command there, while Havelock prepared to cross the Ganges, and march towards Lucknow. The prospect was somewhat appalling. Leaving his sick and wounded at Cawnpore, Havelock's little army was actually limited

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to 1500 men, with 10 badly equipped guns. He crossed the broad and turbulent Ganges with his troops on the 25th; on the 27th, he defeated a large force of rebels at Onao; on the same day, he vanquished the enemy again at Busherutgunje; and on the next three days, he was marching and fighting with very little intermission. But now a deep mortification was in store for him. Every fight cost him some men, even if only a few. He calculated that, by the time he reached Lucknow, he would only have 600 fighting-men left, after allowing for killed, wounded, and sick; he would then have two miles of street-fighting, before reaching the Residency; and the result would probably be, that only 200 or 300 troops would succeed in joining Sir John Inglis—certainly too few to relieve and liberate the gallant but weakened band at the Residency.

Havelock retreated to Mungulwar, with little more than 1000 men, there to wait for such reinforcements as good fortune might send him from Cawnpore; and there soon accumulated between him and Lucknow a rebel army of no less than 30,000 men and 50 guns. He fought a second battle of Busherutgunje on the 4th of August, and a third on the 11th—defeating an enormous force of the enemy on each occasion. On the 13th he recrossed the Ganges to Cawnpore, because every battle he fought, and victory he achieved, cut up some or other of his glorious little band. The next five weeks were vexing weeks to him; he knew that the British at Lucknow were suffering much, though he did not know how much; and yet he was too weak to advance to their rescue. He had perforce to wait at Cawnpore until reinforcements reached him. Meanwhile, Nana Sahib was collecting a large number of rebel sepoys at Bithoor, ready for an attack on the British at Cawnpore. Havelock and Neill resolved to anticipate him. Marching out with 1300 men (all that he and Neill could muster), Havelock thoroughly defeated Nana Sahib at Bithoor, and thereby earned a few days' rest for his over-worked troops at Cawnpore. It was a wonderful work which this brave man achieved—gaining 10 battles in 37 days, against enormous odds. By the 21st of August, his position had become extraordinary; he and Neill together had only 700 men fit for the field, so largely had the sick and wounded lessened the number of effectives; while it was known that more than 35,000 rebel troops menaced him on the north, south, and west.

Another name now comes upon the scene. General Sir James Outram, after bringing the brief war with Persia to a conclusion, was appointed to command the whole military district from Dinapore to Cawnpore, all the other officers being placed under him. This gave increased unity of purpose, though it could not possibly give greater heroism or fortitude. Every exertion was made to send up troops, by land and by water, as fast as they could be got together in small bands; these were sent on during the first half of September, on the 15th of which month Havelock and Neill had the pleasure

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of seeing Outram himself enter Cawnpore. Havelock had before superseded Neill in command, and now Outram superseded Havelock ; but all three were chivalrous men, who knew how to interpret the etiquette of their profession. Outram especially behaved nobly at this juncture ; he requested Havelock to retain the command until Lucknow should be relieved—Outram himself, although a superior officer in rank, promising to act as a subordinate. This generosity, and the reinforcements forthcoming, quite reanimated Havelock and his gallant little band. Havelock crossed the Ganges again into Oude on the 19th, at the head of a larger force than he had yet had under him. He beat back the enemy day after day, in their endeavour to frustrate his passage. On the 23d, he reached a large building outside Lucknow, called the Alum Bagh ; and here, as he knew the little band in the Residency would be able to hear his guns, he purposely poured forth a thundering salvo : how this sound cheered the hearts of Inglis and his companions can but faintly be conceived by those who know not the agony of the preceding three months. Exhausted by a deluge of rain, scanty food, and slight covering, Havelock allowed his troops the whole day on the 24th to rest. On the 25th, leaving his baggage and tents under an escort at the Alum Bagh, he marched on towards the Residency—now traversing roads cut by trenches, crossed by palisades, and intersected by houses held by rebel musketeers ; now passing a bridge where a perfect storm of shot from a large body of the enemy met them ; then through a range of streets of flat-roofed and loop-holed houses, each house a fortress. At last they reached the Residency, where they were received with cheers that rent the skies. Havelock's loss was very severe, more than 530 killed, wounded, and missing—shewing how desperate the fighting had been. Outram received a flesh-wound, and—much more lamentable—the gallant Neill was struck dead by a cannon-ball. One noble regiment, the 78th Highlanders, bore the brunt of the fighting ; and of that corps no fewer than ten officers were killed or wounded. Within the Residency, there was almost a frenzy of joy. A story arose that one Jessie Brown, a corporal's wife, cheered the little band at night, in the depth of their despair, by starting up and declaring that she caught the faint sound of the *slogan* or war-cry of the approaching Highlanders, particularly that of the clan Macgregor, 'the grandest of them a'.' No one else could hear it ; but she insisted. And she was right : it *was* the Macgregor, and all went down on their knees in thankfulness.—The story was touching, and has been made the basis of song, drama, and romance ; but it has never been traced to an authentic source, and is not accepted in the best-informed quarters.

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### LUCKNOW: OUTRAM, HAVELOCK, AND INGLIS BESIEGED.

We have now to tell how Havelock, Outram, and Inglis were all alike hemmed in for nearly two months longer—instead of being able to emerge and confront the rebels in other regions.

Havelock gave back the trust which Outram had generously awarded to him; and now Outram became first in command at Lucknow, Havelock second, and Inglis third. By the conquest of several palatial buildings near the Residency, the area in possession of the British was increased threefold; but they soon found that they had very little other hold on the city of Lucknow. They could neither take the ladies and children to safe shelter at Cawnpore or Allahabad, nor maintain their own position without constant watchfulness. Little did Havelock think, when he left his sick, wounded, ammunition, and baggage, under an escort of 300 men, at the Alum Bagh, on the 24th, that he would be cut off from communication with that place by a body of rebels wholly beyond his present power to subdue. In short, the 'relief' of Lucknow was more in name than in substance; if there were a few more hundred men to fight, there were the same extra number to be fed, with very little additional means for doing so. The enlarged area, with its buildings, became a garrison or camp, outside which the rebels had undisputed control. Throughout the month of October, the rebels kept up a night-and-day attack upon the British; while the latter made frequent sallies to capture guns, blow up buildings, and dislodge parties of the enemy. The same thing continued till beyond the middle of November; Havelock, Outram, and Inglis being virtually prisoners in one corner of the great city of Lucknow.

What was doing at the Alum Bagh during these eight weeks, was almost absolutely unknown to the British in the city, so completely did the rebels cut off communication between the two. The Alum Bagh was heroically maintained. Although nothing could be done on the Lucknow side, the road was less guarded on the Cawnpore side; and a few hundred troops, with convoys of provisions, succeeded in reaching the place. The subordinate officers at the Alum Bagh had no more idea of yielding than the three generals at the Residency.

### LUCKNOW: THE RESCUE, BY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Sir Colin Campbell now comes upon the scene. As soon as the news reached London, early in July, that General Anson was dead, Sir Colin was chosen to succeed him as commander-in-chief in India. Distinguished for his services on many a hard-fought field, Campbell's appointment met the approval of the nation; and his Wellington-like promptness and simplicity were looked upon as a



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good augury. On Saturday the 11th, the offer was made to him; on Sunday the 12th, he started for India, taking little with him but the clothes on his back. Taking the quickest route by Marseille and Suez, he steamed to Calcutta at once. During that same month, no fewer than thirty troop-laden ships left England for India, carrying from 130 to 440 soldiers each; but Sir Colin Campbell was wanted at once, to do the best available with the forces then in India. Arriving at Calcutta in September, he found it necessary to remain there several weeks, to make a comprehensive plan for the military operations in India generally; he would gladly have advanced to the relief of Lucknow at once, but he had tens of thousands of mutineers to think about elsewhere. Having sent on all the troops he could muster, and arranged for the destination of those who were to come, he started off on the 28th of October, travelled like a quiet courier, narrowly escaped capture by some rebels on the way, availed himself of the railway so far as finished, and reached Cawnpore, November 3. Here, joining a column under Sir Hope Grant, and other troops from various quarters, he made an advance towards Lucknow. Captain William Peel's Naval Brigade was not the least interesting component element in this force. Lord Elgin (engaged in a sort of war with China) had placed at the disposal of the governor-general the two war-steamers *Shannon* and *Pearl*; from the seamen of these ships a naval brigade was formed of 400 men with ten 68-pounders; and this brigade was placed under the command of Captain Peel, a son of the eminent statesman. Peel and his blue-jackets entered joyfully upon the work; but it was slow work to get such heavy ordnance up the Ganges. When he arrived at Allahabad, he employed himself in facilitating the passage of troops, seamen, and guns up to Cawnpore.

The 12th of November saw Campbell, Grant, and Peel all advancing from Cawnpore towards Lucknow. After all his exertions, the commander had with him less than 4000 men, consisting mostly of British and Punjabees. Sir Colin, knowing how severely Outram and Havelock had suffered when cutting their way through the city of Lucknow to the Residency, resolved to attack the suburbs and outer defences one by one, clearing a path for his troops as he went. This was done, against constant and determined resistance from the enemy. Various palaces and large buildings had to be conquered during this progress, by bombarding and street-fighting alternately, greatly to the delight of Peel's seamen, who felt the excitement quite a relief after a somewhat monotonous time of it in the China seas. The rebels fought so well as to excite the admiration even of those who were attacking them; and the siege proved to be a most determined hand-to-hand contest. Sir Colin had contrived to exchange secret messages with Havelock. Leaving his heavy baggage in a safe position outside the city, Sir Colin was fighting hard in Lucknow itself on the 15th and 16th; and he and Havelock shook hands together

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in the Residency on the 17th—to the indescribable joy of all the British then in Lucknow. The losses were severe: Sir Colin had to mourn over 470 killed and wounded; while the rebel loss is supposed to have exceeded 3000.

Then ensued the exodus from Lucknow—one of the most remarkable events in the whole war. The British were triumphant; but there were no less than 50,000 fighting-men in the rebel ranks in and near the city; Sir Colin would have found it hard to keep the place against them; and if they had succeeded in shutting *him* up in the Residency, his plans for active work elsewhere would have been frustrated. He resolved to withdraw all the British from Lucknow to Cawnpore—troops, seamen, civilians, women, and children—and leave the permanent reconquest of the city for a later period. Many of the officers were disappointed, for they wished for a little jubilation between old and new friends, to be followed by a further ‘thrashing’ of the enemy; but the commander’s plans were to be judged as a comprehensive whole—and so the thing was done. They all had to pass through a city swarming with armed rebels; and wonderful precautions were taken in sending off the sick and wounded on one day, the women and children on another, the Company’s treasure-chests, the property that was worth the trouble of taking. Sir James Outram so planned that each corps and regiment, each detachment and picket, should march out silently from the Residency in the dead of the night, without exciting suspicion among the rebels; and yet that there should be guns and riflemen so posted as to repel the enemy in case of any serious molestation. In so masterly a way was all this managed, that after the whole of the British, of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, had quitted the Residency (on the night of November 22—23), the rebels believed the place to be still occupied, and kept up a musketry-fire against it. The ladies and children had many privations to bear during this hurried departure, but not a life was lost; and the exodus from Lucknow ended as a pre-eminently successful achievement.

## THE PUNJAB PRESERVED BY SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

While these extraordinary events were occurring at Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, the operations of the overtaxed troops further westward were paralysed by the position of the rebels as masters of the great city of Delhi. Nothing effective could be achieved towards the thorough suppression of the mutiny until this stronghold was recaptured. Little was it suspected, on the 11th of May, how long a time would elapse before this recapture could be effected.

At the time when the mutiny began, Sir John Lawrence, the gallant brother of the gallant Sir Henry, was chief in command in

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the Punjab, an important country situated near the extreme north-west of India. The principal inhabitants of that province are Sikhs, a kind of Hindu dissenters, very brave and warlike. They sympathised but little with the Hindus and Mohammedans of Bengal and Oude; and it was mainly owing to their good faith that Sir John was able to keep that part of India under control. Not that military insubordination was absent; there was much of it at first; but the native troops most affected by it were not Sikhs. There were great military stations at Lahore, Umritsir, Ferozpoor, Jullundur, Phillour, Peshawur, and other places in and near the Punjab; and the British authorities had to adopt a bold and decisive course at all those places, as soon as the events at Meerut and Delhi became known. Near Lahore was a large military cantonment called Meean Meer, occupied by three native infantry regiments, one of native cavalry, H.M. 81st Foot, and some artillery; while a smaller number (mostly native) were in a fort within the city. It became afterwards known that the 15th of May was the day fixed upon for a general rising in the Punjab as well as in Bengal, and that the Meerut mutineers had somewhat disarranged the plan by beginning five days too soon. On the 12th, the news from Meerut and Delhi was known at Lahore; and on the very next day, by a most admirably conceived and executed plan, 3000 native troops were disarmed by 900 British. Lahore was saved, and with it the Punjab. Umritsir, another important military station, was kept from insurrection by prudent tactics rather than by disarming the native troops; the religious animosities between the Sikhs and the Mohammedans were made use of to prevent either from joining in plots with the other. Ferozpoor, a small but important town on the Sutlej, owing its value chiefly to its position, had a large encampment just outside it. There were stationed in it two regiments of native infantry, two of native cavalry, H.M. 61st Foot, and some artillery, provided with a large amount of military stores. On the arrival of the news from Meerut, precautionary measures were taken, but not skilfully; the native troops succeeded in making off in a body, taking their arms with them; Ferozpoor and its vast military stores were saved, but the mutineers went off to join other malcontents elsewhere. Jullundur, on the high-road between Umritsir and Lahore, contained, like the other stations, many native troops and a few British; but by a plan similar to that adopted at Umritsir, the place was kept tranquil without disarming the natives. Phillour, nearer than any other of the stations to Delhi, contained few native troops, and no British, but a vast magazine of warlike material. The officer in command, quickly estimating the perilous character of the events at Meerut, sought and obtained the aid of a few British troops from Jullundur. Not a day too soon; for it afterwards transpired that the enormous military stores were to have been seized on the 15th, as a reserve for the whole rebel army in that part of India. Peshawur was the

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greatest of all the military stations at the time, containing no less than 14,000 troops. The city lies almost at the extreme north-west of India; and a large force was kept there to overawe the unruly tribes in that region. By a series of masterly movements, a small number of British troops, aided by several native corps *not* containing the Bengal element, succeeded in keeping down the rebellious tendency within manageable limits.

The responsible officers at the above-named places were obliged to act promptly on the best of their judgment; for there was no time, just at that critical middle of May, to wait for instructions from Sir John Lawrence. At several other towns between Delhi and the north-west frontier, there were attempts at mutiny about the same time, presenting various fluctuations of success and failure. At Bhotuck, at Jelum, at Sealkote, such scenes took place; attended in a few instances with hair-breadth escapes on the part of the ladies and children of officers stationed at those places. There was a very touching incident at Sealkote, where a Roman Catholic nunnery had been established. The mutineers, before the British could get the mastery over them, attacked the building; and the poor nuns had to flee for safety, undergoing terrible privations before they reached friendly succour.

### DELHI: PREPARATIONS FOR RECAPTURE.

The great duty of Sir John Lawrence and his trusty lieutenants was, not only to retain the Punjab, but to assist in despatching forces for the recapture of Delhi. When the outbreak began, the commander-in-chief, General Anson, was at Simla—a pleasant summer retreat among the hills. On receiving by telegraph the disastrous news from Meerut and Delhi, he hastened down from Simla to Umballa, in order to despatch a field-force to Delhi, made up of such reliable troops as could be spared. On the 25th of May, General Anson was stricken down by cholera, and it devolved upon others to carry out the plan of operations. Troops were got together with great difficulty, from widely scattered places; and it was only by slow degrees that they could be assembled. An advance was made from Umballa to Kurnaul, then to Paniput, then to Alipore; where a junction was made with another force under Colonel Archdall Wilson. This last-named force had achieved a bit of gallant fighting. General Hewett, after the disaster at Meerut, received orders to send part of the British troops at that place to aid in the siege of Delhi. All he could safely spare were 500 infantry, 200 cavalry, and about eight or ten guns. Colonel Wilson started with this little force on May 27; and he had ten days' hard work before him, for there were 5000 or 6000 rebel troops endeavouring to dispute his march. He succeeded in reaching Bhagput on June 7, where he joined the force from Umballa under Sir Henry Barnard.



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Some of the troops in that force had marched at least 800 miles, from the Afghan frontier; and among them were a gallant band which gained renown as the Punjabee Guides—half-soldier, half-police, but faithful from first to last.

The siege of Delhi commenced on the 8th of June; and a much more wearisome siege it proved than the commanders had anticipated. The rebels were very numerous, very determined, and strongly posted within a walled city: not only walled, but provided with strong forts and bastions, and defended by a broad ditch sinking 35 feet below the top of the wall. The camp of the besiegers was fixed on the old parade-ground, a mile and a half from the city; and all the successive onslaughts were made from that starting-point. The rebels shewed more skill and pluck than had been anticipated; and as the boundary was too extensive, the rebels too numerous, and the besiegers too few, to permit of the garrison being starved out, nothing remained but a series of bombardings and assaults. It was mortifying to the British to see additional regiments of rebel sepoys enter Delhi, with bands playing and colours flying, triumphant and defying: they were too weak to prevent this kind of augmentation to the numbers of the enemy. During the whole remainder of the month of June, the besiegers were as often the assailed as the assailants, owing to the frequent sallies made by the enemy; and it became at length apparent that the British force was too weak. On the 5th of July, Sir Henry Barnard died; he was succeeded by General Reed; but Reed himself broke down on the 17th, and then Sir Archdall Wilson took the command. These failures at headquarters, the large amount of sickness in the camp, and the increased daring of the enemy, somewhat dispirited the besiegers—especially as newspapers from home, reaching the camp from time to time, contained many complaints and some taunts at the non-success of the small band. By the end of July, there were no less than 8000 men under Wilson, besieging Delhi—a number that would have appeared irresistible to Lawrence at Lucknow, Wheeler at Cawnpore, or Colvin at Agra; but out of the whole there were 1100 sick and wounded, and only half the effectives were British troops. On the other hand, it was known that, between May 11 and the end of July, more than twenty rebel regiments had marched into Delhi: making all allowance for losses, there were at least 20,000 armed men in this strong place, aided by a formidable number of guns. So far as was known to the British, the city itself appears to have been a prey to plunder, anarchy, and violence—the debauched old descendant of the once great Mogul emperors of India trying in vain to maintain a semblance of sovereign power.

Sir John Lawrence, up in the Punjab, hearing at intervals of the course of events at Delhi, strained every nerve to forward supplies. Now he sent a corps of Sikhs, now of Punjabees; then he organised a small band of Ghoorkas and of Guides; on one occasion, a few

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British artillery were sent, in charge of siege-guns ; next, a few Hindustanee cavalry in whom he believed he could trust ; and—very sparingly—a sprinkling of those most precious of all troops, infantry of the Queen's regular army. What these troops suffered, during many hundred miles' march, under a burning Indian sun in July, none can tell but soldiers who have actually been so engaged.

August began, and with it proof that the besieged were far stronger than the besiegers in men, guns, and stores of all kinds. In addition to the 20,000 rebel troops within Delhi, there were large numbers swarming about the country on all sides, continually harassing Wilson's force, and endeavouring to cut off supplies and convoys.

### DELHI: FINAL STORMING AND CAPTURE.

Brigadier-general Nicholson—a second Havelock—brought welcome succour. Appointed in June, by Sir John Lawrence, to command a hastily collected flying column, he pursued the rebels everywhere with a celerity that astounded them. Now at Wuzerabad, now at Sealkote, now at Goordaspore ; then on the banks of the Chenab, then on the Sutlej—distance seemed of no account to him ; and wherever he encountered a body of the enemy, he at once attacked and defeated them. The trusty element in his column was H.M. 52d Foot—a regiment which, on two intensely hot Indian July days, marched sixty-two miles, fighting a short but fierce battle on the way. Nicholson brought his column of 2500 men to Delhi on 14th August. Still, Wilson could not bombard and storm the city ; he had to wait for a siege-train of heavy guns from the Punjab. The second half of August presented many fierce encounters by Nicholson and other gallant men with hordes of rebels, in a vast area of country around Delhi. Early in September, the siege-train arrived from the Punjab—thirty large guns, howitzers, and mortars, with men, carriages, horses, ammunition, food, and camp-equipage ; it had been a work of immense difficulty to collect, preserve, and forward them.

At length came the eventful 14th of September, the day of the real storming of Delhi. Sir Archdall Wilson, from all sources and on all sides, had collected 10,000 effective troops ; a further number of 3000 sick and wounded was of course an element of anxiety, and not of help to him. Instead of being the assailed, which he had been for many weeks, he now became the assailant. Busily from the 7th to the 13th, were the Sappers and Miners making the advance-works for the siege, protected by the cavalry and infantry, and followed by the artillery with the heavy guns ; the enemy harassed them the whole of the time, but without effect. The big guns opened their tremendous fire on the 11th, and continued till the morning of the 14th in battering down or making breaches in certain parts of the

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walls and bastions. The troops advanced in four columns, against four different points; they came under a withering fire in crossing the open ground between the trenches and the walls, but on they rushed, down into the ditch, up the scarp, and in through the breaches which had been made. The Cashmere Gate into the city was blown in by a devoted little band under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and one of the columns entered there. During a similar attack upon the Lahore Gate, the gallant Nicholson fell riddled with bullets—to the great grief of the whole army. When the night ended, the British were within the place; the rebels having reigned triumphant there from 11th May to 14th September. But the reconquest was far from complete, seeing that the portion of the city held by the British bore but a small ratio to the whole area. Wilson had to mourn over 1135 killed and wounded on this sanguinary day. From the 14th to the 20th, the fighting was incessant. The British had to advance literally inch by inch, through streets crowded with rebel troops; and those rebels, supplied with a seemingly inexhaustible store of artillery, rifles, and ammunition, fought throughout with desperate energy and determination. The conquest was final, but it had been paid for at a high price, seeing that—from first to last—at least 4000 men had been killed or wounded on the part of the British—including such valuable officers as Nicholson.

## THE LEAGUER OF AGRA.

The great city of Agra, containing some of the architectural glories of India, was one of the centres in which British power was maintained under very trying circumstances. Situated 150 miles from Delhi, 500 from Lahore, 750 from Bombay, and 800 from Calcutta, and possessing, moreover, a very large and strong fort, its retention was of the first importance. Mr Colvin, the chief civil authority in all that part of India, trusted the sepoys too kindly and too long. One regiment after another mutinied in and around Agra, and Mr Colvin was obliged to disarm the remainder. When the month of May ended, and June was somewhat advanced, Agra was the only place for hundreds of miles around where a stronghold was undeniably in British hands; hence it was that fugitive, wounded, sick, and exhausted civilians, ladies, and children, from numerous other stations, hurried thither to seek shelter. The fort at Agra, a large and well-armed place, became gradually thronged with people. Mr Colvin, responsible officially for the whole of that part of India, was only just able to maintain his own position at Agra—dismissing native troops, and organising volunteer companies among the clerks and civilians, to assist in the defence. On the 5th of July, the British were obliged to go out and fight a battle against a force of 5000 rebels, armed with ten or twelve guns; they lost one-fourth of their number during a gallant struggle, and were then

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obliged to retreat into Agra, where, abandoning the city altogether, they confined themselves to the fort; for the rebels were in wild triumphant licence in all the streets. On the 26th of July, Mr Colvin caused a census of all the people within the fort to be taken: they amounted to 5845, of whom no less than 856 were women, and 2028 children. This was a kind of responsibility which pressed more distressingly than any other on the British officers in India during the mutiny; they would have run through any perils to save the women and children, but the very presence of the defenceless impeded the operations of the defenders. Nevertheless, Colvin's position at Agra was incomparably better than poor Wheeler's had been at Cawnpore; his supplies were relatively greater, and his stronghold was both elevated and well armed. August and September thus passed on; the rebels accumulating in greater and greater force around. In October, a column of 3000 men, gallantly led by Colonel Greathed, arrived, and defeated an immense body of rebels; but many months elapsed before the women and children could be removed from Agra.

## GRADUAL SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

It does not come within the scope of this brief history to trace in detail the subsequent troubles and fightings in India. They lasted till November 1858, when conquest was finally achieved, and British power re-established. The stirring events at Meerut, Delhi, Benares, Dinapoor, Arrah, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and the military stations in the Punjab, serve to illustrate the desperate attacks, the heroic resistance, the indomitable perseverance, the enduring patience, the tremendous marchings, the unspeakable sufferings, which marked the progress of those events. The operations that followed were more purely military, attended with less of misery to civilians, gentle women, and tender children. Regiments of trusty soldiers came in, one by one, from Pegu and other regions beyond the Ganges; from China, when the disputes with that country had come to an end; from Persia, when the war with that power was also terminated; from the presidencies of Bombay and Madras, which were very little troubled with mutineers; and from England, whence every soldier that could well be spared was sent off. On the other hand, many native princes, independent or semi-independent in position, threw their swords into the balance against the British, and brought all their available sources into the field. During the second half of 1857, the Mahratta country, between Agra and Bombay, became troubled by rebellious bodies of horse at Gwalior and other large towns; and these troubles continued with little intermission for a whole year. Numerous principalities in Rajpootana and Bundelcund—altogether southward of the Ganges and the Jumna, and belonging rather to Central India than to Hindustan—



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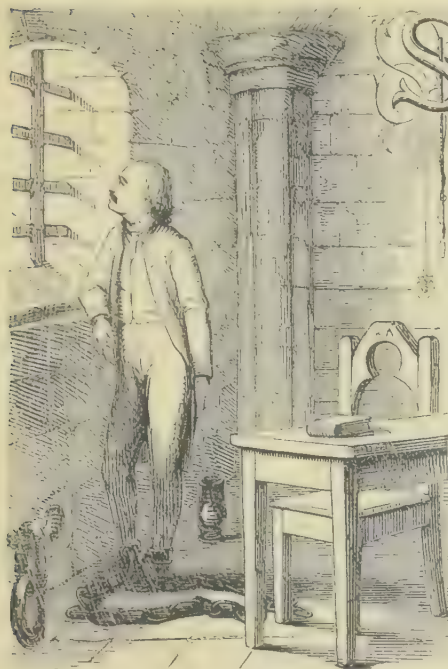
were in like manner infested with warlike rebels, who marched over hundreds of miles with a celerity which taxed the powers of the British greatly.

The opening of the year 1858 shewed that much would have to be done before the mutiny could really be put down. The strength of the enemy may be judged from the fact, that 30,000 of them gave battle to Sir James Outram near the Alum Bagh. In February, Sir Hugh Rose was engaged against them at Saugor, Maxwell at Chowra, Franks at Chundah and at Humeerpoor, Hope Grant at Meeangunje, and Outram (once again) at Alum Bagh. This was the month, too, in which a great convoy of women and children left Agra for a place of safety, under a strong protective force. The month of March found Generals Rose, Roberts, Showers, Stuart, and other energetic officers, incessantly confronting the rebels, chiefly in Central India; while Sir Colin Campbell succeeded at last in really conquering and re-occupying Lucknow. In April, a new rebel chieftain rose up to embarrass the British, one Tanteea Topee, a man so incredibly swift in his movements as commander of a large rebel force, that he taxed the utmost energies of Rose, Roberts, and Napier (Sir Robert, afterwards made Lord Napier for his achievements in Abyssinia), to pursue, overtake, and defeat him. Throughout the whole summer did Tanteea trouble Central India, and trouble the British officers, who, nevertheless, could not help admiring the military qualities of the man. The six months from May to November (1858) were in a similar way marked by fierce encounters, to re-establish British ascendancy in Oude, Bahar, Bundelcund, Rajpootana, Central India, Rohilcund, and the Cis-Sutlej provinces. It was done, gradually though effectually; but at a heavy sacrifice of life.

The fighting ended in November. The royal families of Delhi and of Oude were—some killed, some punished in other ways, some banished, and some pensioned off. The miscreant Nana Sahib escaped to Nepaul, and very little was afterwards known concerning him. The East India Company was virtually abolished by act of parliament, and British India placed under the direct government of Queen Victoria. The nation mourned over the deaths of such noble heroes as Lawrence, Havelock, Neill, Wheeler, Nicholson, and Peel (for Captain Sir William Peel, one of those who were wounded at Lucknow, afterwards fell at Cawnpore), and rewarded by military honours (in some cases augmented by rich booty) many of the survivors. And years afterwards the same questions were asked as at the beginning: Did the greased cartridges cause the mutiny? If not, what were the causes?



## STORY OF SILVIO PELLICO.



**S**ILVIO PELLICO, the story of whose wrongs created a sympathising interest over Europe, was born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, a province of the Italian kingdom, in 1788, at which time his father, Onorato Pellico, held a situation in the post-office. He was afterwards promoted to a seat in the ministry of war at Turin, to which place he removed with his family. Silvio was at that time six years of age, and had already given token of his poetical feelings. Ossian was the bard to whom his earliest years were consecrated. In his sixteenth year he accompanied his twin sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, to Lyon, in France, where he remained until some verses of Foscolo, the most eminent of modern Ita-

lian poets, awakened in his breast so passionate a reminiscence of his native country, that he hastened towards it, and rejoined his father, then settled at Milan. The latter was in the war department, under the government of Napoleon as king of Italy. The restoration of Lombardy to the emperor of Austria on the overthrow of Bonaparte, displaced Onorato Pellico, who then returned to Turin, accompanied by all his family, excepting Silvio, who preferred remaining at Milan.

Young Silvio, with a poetic temperament and love of letters, had formed an intimacy with Monti, Foscolo, and other eminent literary characters residing in Milan, the whole forming a brilliant society, who sighed over the abased condition of the country under a foreign yoke. Silvio himself became known as the author of a tragedy, *Francesca da Rimini*, which was acted in all the theatres of Italy with the highest applause, and is stated to have been translated into

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English by Lord Byron, though not published amongst his works. Pellico had become acquainted with Byron at Milan, and partaking the admiration, which was felt in Italy and Germany much more intensely than in Britain, for the poems of that noble personage, he translated into Italian prose the poetical drama of *Manfred*. Upon presenting it to Byron, the latter expressed his surprise that he should have turned a poem into prose; and as Pellico maintained it was impossible to translate it properly into poetry, Byron presented to him, upon a subsequent meeting, his own tragedy in an English poetical dress, as a practical refutation of his opinion.

The great acquirements of Pellico, and his amiable and pleasing manners, rendered his society much sought after in Milan. The Count Briche committed to his care one of his sons, and subsequently he became tutor to the sons of Count Porro Lambertenghi, one of the wealthiest of the Lombard nobility, in whose house he associated with persons of the first distinction. With the Count Porro himself he was united in the closest friendship.

Distressed with the general want of enlightenment among the people, and conceiving that the establishment of a literary and scientific journal might improve the public mind, Silvio, in 1819, broached the idea to Porro and some of his literary companions. All were delighted with it; Count Porro advanced the funds necessary for the purpose, and the plan was put in execution. The journal was called *The Conciliator*, and had for contributors men of the greatest eminence in Italy. Besides those resident in Milan, were Romagnosi of Venice, a celebrated jurisconsult; Melchior Gioja, a political economist; Manzoni, at once a poet and prose-writer of the first order; Grossi, the author of *Ildegonda*; and Brechet. Maroncelli, fated to be Pellico's future companion in captivity, was also one of the contributors.

The press was under the strictest censorship. The Austrian government seemed to tremble at the least symptom of liberality of opinion. *The Conciliator* was soon exposed to the corrections of the censor. Though politics were not discussed, the liberal tone of some of its articles on literature was offensive. They were erased, and the journal went forth with half its columns blank. It was therefore given up.

In 1820 the unfortunate revolution of Naples took place. The jealous government of Austria had its fears more than ever excited. A proclamation was issued, attaching the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. The party in Italy whose object it was to cast off the galling yoke of foreigners, was styled that of the *Carbonari*, for the suppression of whom every Italian government diligently laboured. The emperor of Austria was not in the rear: numberless arrests were made, on the merest suspicion of disaffection, throughout the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Two distinguished citizens of Milan were exposed to the jealousy of the

government, owing to the enlightened efforts they had made for the improvement of their country. These were the Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who appropriated a great part of their possessions to the truly patriotic designs of founding infant and other schools, of promoting the arts, and of introducing into Italy the great discoveries of modern times. Confalonieri visited Paris and London to study the modes of instruction in the schools of France and England, in order to institute them in Italy. He also sent from London the necessary apparatus for the manufacture of gas, for lighting the streets of Milan, the expense of which he and Porro bore jointly. They also, in conjunction with Alexander Visconti, constructed the first steam-boat which appeared in Italy. These were the exertions that rendered them objects of hatred and suspicion to the Austrians. The contributors to *The Conciliator*, established at the expense of Porro, were also looked upon with an evil eye. Orders for the arrest of them all were issued. Porro was the only person who escaped, by a timely flight into a foreign country. Confalonieri was taken from a sick-bed and the arms of an affectionate wife. Pellico and the others were all arrested. Alas! poor Pellico. Let us follow him to prison, and hear him tell the story of his sufferings.\*

#### IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

On Friday the 13th of October 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita—formerly a convent, and now the head office of the extensive police establishment. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, after an examination, I was consigned to the charge of the jailer, who, having conducted me to the apartment destined for me, politely invited me to deliver into his hands, to be restored at the fitting time, my watch, purse, and anything else I might have in my pockets; which having obtained, he with some ceremony wished me good-evening.

In less than half an hour my dinner arrived; I ate a few mouthfuls, drank a glass of water, and was left alone. My room was on the ground, and opened on a courtyard, with cells all around, cells on the right and on the left, opposite and above me. I leaned against the window, and stood some time listening to the tramp of the jailers as they went to and fro, and to the dissolute songs of some of the prisoners.

I fell into reflection: a century ago, this prison was a nunnery. Could the holy penitents who inhabited it have ever believed that a day would come when their chambers would resound no longer with the prayers and lamentations of devout women, but with blasphemies and detestable ribaldry, and would hold within them the refuse of

\* What follows is an abridgment of Pellico's narrative, translated from the original Italian.



society—wretches destined to the hulks or the gallows? And in another century, who will breathe in these cells? Alas for the swiftness of time and the instability of things! Should any one complain that fortune ceases to smile upon him, or grieve that he is cast into a prison and threatened with the gibbet? But yesterday I was one of the happiest of men! to-day, I have lost everything that conduced to the joy of my existence—liberty, friends, hope! It would be absurd to delude myself. I leave this place only for a dungeon more horrible, or for the hands of the executioner. Be it so! When I am dead, it will signify little whether I yielded my last sigh in a dungeon, or am borne to the tomb in all the grandeur of funereal pomp.

It was thus my mind found strength in thinking of the inexorable sweep of time; but shortly the remembrance of my father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers, and of a family which I loved as tenderly as if it were my own, came to assail me, and the arguments of philosophy were powerless. Tenderer thoughts came over me, and I wept like a child.

During the night, I slept a little. I became gradually resigned to my unhappy fate. Towards morning, my agitation was calmed, and I was astonished at the change. I yet thought upon my parents, and upon all those whom I loved; but I no longer despaired of their strength of mind: the recollection of those virtuous sentiments which I had known sustain them in previous calamities, consoled me on their behalf.

In the course of the day which followed, I was again called to an examination; and it was renewed during several successive days, without any other interval than that allowed for my meals.

Whilst the process thus continued, the days passed rapidly, owing to the constant exercise in which my mind was kept, from the necessity of answering, without intermission, the most varied questions, and of collecting my energies during the intervals of the examination in recalling all that had been asked of me, what answers I had given, and in reflecting upon all those things upon which I would probably be next interrogated.

At the end of the first week, a most cruel misfortune happened to me. My poor friend Piero, equally eager with myself to establish a communication between us, wrote me a letter, and sent it, not by a *secondino* (officer of the prison), but by an unfortunate prisoner who was employed in performing services in our rooms. He was a man of from sixty to seventy years of age, condemned to I know not how many months of imprisonment. With a needle which I had, I pricked my finger, and wrote a few lines in reply with my blood, which I gave to the messenger. He had the misfortune to be observed, was seized with the note upon him, and, if I am not mistaken, scourged. I heard frightful cries, which struck me as coming from the poor old man. I never saw him afterwards.

Called to the bar, I shuddered at having presented to me my little letter covered with blood, although, thanks to Heaven, it contained no dangerous matter, for there were only a few words of friendly salutation. I was asked with what I had drawn blood. The needle was taken from me, and the ruffians laughed in derision. But I could not laugh! I could not forget the countenance of the old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment to have procured his pardon; and when I heard those cries, which I believed were his, my heart was dissolved in tears.

It was in vain that I repeatedly asked the jailer and his *secondini* after him. They shook their heads, and said: 'He has paid dearly for his fault; he will not do the like again; he is now somewhat more quiet.' And they refused to give any further explanation. Did they refer by that to the narrow prison in which the wretched man was confined, or did they mean that he had died under the blows inflicted upon him, or from the consequences of those blows?

One day I thought I saw him beyond the courtyard beneath the portico with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother. When I had no longer to undergo the torment of answering interrogatories, and there was nothing to occupy the day, I found in all its bitterness the weight of solitude.

I was allowed to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; the jailer placed his whole library at my disposition, which contained some romances by Scuderi, Piazzzi, and others worse than they; but my mind was too agitated to devote itself to reading anything. I got by heart every day a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, in pursuing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. It was the same when I read any other thing, except at certain passages of the Bible, which deeply affected my feelings, and inspired me with fortitude and resignation. To live free is a thing infinitely more pleasant than to live in prison; and yet even in the gloom of a prison, when one reflects that God is present, that the joys of this world are transitory, that true happiness consists in a good conscience, and not in exterior objects, there is a charm in living. In less than a month I resigned myself to my fate with a tranquillity which, if not perfect, was at least tolerable. I was aware that, being resolved not to commit the infamous action of purchasing impunity by the destruction of others, my lot could be no other than the gibbet or a long imprisonment. It behoved me, therefore, to conform to destiny. 'I will breathe,' said I, 'as long as they grant me a puff of air; and when they take it away, I will do what all others do at the last gasp—I will die.'

I did all in my power to be satisfied with everything, and to let my mind have all possible enjoyment. My most ordinary plan consisted in making the enumeration of the advantages which had brightened my existence—an excellent father, an excellent mother, excellent brothers and sisters, such-and-such for friends, a good

education, a love of letters, &c. ; who had had more happiness than I? Why not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune? Sometimes, in making this enumeration, I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment ; but my courage and my satisfaction soon returned.

During the first days, I had made a friend : it was not the jailer, nor any of his secondini, nor any of those conducting my process. I speak, nevertheless, of a human creature. Who was it, then? A deaf and dumb child of from five to six years old. The father and the mother were felons, and the law had disposed of them. The unfortunate little orphan was reared by the state with several other children in the same condition. They all lived together in one room opposite mine, and at certain hours their door was opened, and they came out to take the air in the courtyard.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window, smiled at me, and made some gesticulations. I threw to him a lump of bread ; he took it up, made a few gambols from joy, ran to his companions, gave some to all, and came afterwards to eat his small portion close to my window, expressing to me his gratitude with a smile from his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but durst not approach. The deaf and dumb one had a great sympathy for me, which was sufficiently disinterested. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the bread I threw to him, and he made signs to me that he and his comrades had eaten enough, and could not swallow any more. If he saw a secondino going into my room, he gave him the bread, that he might restore it to me.

Yet, although he expected nothing from me, he continued to play before my window with a grace perfectly delightful, placing his happiness upon being seen by me. Once a secondino permitted him to enter my prison. The boy had no sooner entered than he ran to me to embrace my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and I cannot describe the transports with which he caressed me. How much love was there in that dear little breast ! How I should have wished to educate him, and to have saved him from his abject state !

I never knew his name ; he himself did not know he had one. He was always cheerful, and I never saw him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not wherefore, by the jailer. Strange ! we look upon it as the height of misfortune to live in such places, and yet this child found certainly as much happiness there, as could the son of a prince at his age.

In the solitude of my dungeon, and with a yearning desire for something to love, I looked forward with pleasure to my intercourse with the poor child ; but I was doomed to disappointment. One day I was removed to a cell on the opposite side of the courtyard, but, alas ! no longer on the ground floor, no longer in a place where

it was possible for me to converse with my little mute. Traversing the court, I saw the dear child seated on the ground, terrified and sad. He had comprehended he was about to lose me. In a moment he sprang up and ran towards me : the secondino wished to remove him : I took him in my arms, and dirty as he was, embraced him with affection, and separated from him—shall I say it?—with my eyes full of tears.

In my new chamber, so gloomy and so unclean, deprived of the companionship of my little mute, I was overpowered by sadness. I remained several hours at the window, which opened upon a gallery, and whence I could see the bottom of the courtyard and the window of my former lodging. Who, then, had replaced me there? I saw a prisoner walking up and down with the rapid step of a person highly agitated. Two or three days after, I saw that they had given him writing materials, and then he remained all the day at his table.

At last I recognised him. He issued from his chamber in company with the jailer, and went to the examination. It was Melchior Gioja, an amiable man, and the most profound thinker that the economical sciences have had in Italy in these latter times. My heart was seized with agony. And thou, too, worthy man, art here !

After spending some time in looking at him, in speculating, from his movements, whether his mind was calm or agitated, in giving him my best wishes, I found myself more fortified, more rich in ideas, more contented with myself. This shews that the appearance even of a human creature for whom one experiences a sympathy, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. Such a benefit I had first received from a poor dumb boy ; at present I experienced it from the distant view of a man of great merit.

Some secondini told him, doubtless, where I was. One morning, in opening his window, he waved his handkerchief as a salutation to me ; I used the same signal to reply to him. O what joy filled my bosom at that moment ! It appeared that all distance was annihilated—that we were together : my heart beat like a lover's when he meets his mistress ; we gesticulated without comprehending each other, and with the same vivacity as if we were perfectly conscious of each other's meaning. In reality we did understand one another ; those gestures expressed all that our souls felt, and the one was not ignorant of what was passing in the mind of the other.

O what consolation this intercourse seemed to promise me for the future ! The future came ; but our signals were not repeated ! Every time that I again saw Gioja at the window I waved my kerchief, but in vain ! The secondino told me that he had been commanded not to provoke my signals, or to reply to them. Nevertheless, he looked at me frequently, and I as frequently at him ; and we thus knew how to say a good many things to each other. In a



few weeks I was consoled in knowing that the worthy man had been set at liberty.

One morning an official who had taken down my examination entered my cell, and announced to me, with some mystery, that I should prepare myself for a visit which would be agreeable to me; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me, he said: 'It is your father; be good enough to follow me.' I followed him into the office, agitated with joy and tenderness, and striving to preserve a serene air, to tranquillise my father.

When he learned my arrest, he hoped that it had taken place from suspicions of little importance, and that I should soon regain my liberty; but seeing that my captivity was prolonged, he solicited the Austrian government for my discharge. Deplorable illusion of paternal love! My father could not conceive me rash enough to expose myself to the vengeance of the laws; and the studied contentment with which I spoke to him, convinced him that I was under no apprehension of evil.

The short conversation which was allowed us agitated me more than I can tell, so much the more that I compelled myself to repress every symptom of it. The most difficult task was to conceal it when the moment of separation came.

In the circumstances of Italy at that period, I was convinced that Austria would make examples with extraordinary rigour, and that I should be doomed to death or to a long imprisonment. To conceal this conviction from a father, to flatter him with the hope of my approaching liberty, to refrain from tears whilst embracing him, or talking of my mother, my brothers, my sisters, whom I thought at least I should never see again in this world; to beseech him, without my voice being choked with sobs, to return to see me if he were able. O never, never did I do myself such violence!

He quitted me, almost consoled, and I returned to my prison with my heart torn. Scarcely did I find myself alone, than I endeavoured to ease my emotions by abandoning myself to tears: this relief was denied me. I burst into sobs, but could not shed a tear. Not being able to weep in excessive grief is the most deplorable of misfortunes, and it is what I have often suffered.

I was seized with a burning fever, accompanied by a horrible headache. I could not swallow during the whole day a mouthful of soup. Next day I had recovered my fortitude, and my feelings were more composed.

On New-year's Day 1821, the Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The close and tender friendship which united us, the numberless things we wished to say to each other, the obstacle which the presence of an officer presented to the overflowing of our minds, the short period which was allowed us to be together, the gloomy presentiments which oppressed me, the mutual efforts we made to appear tranquil—there was in all these things enough to

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raise in my heart a terrible tempest. Severed from a friend so dear, I felt myself calm; much affected, but still calm. Such is the efficacy of precautions against strong emotions!

### IMPRISONMENT AT VENICE.

Nothing remarkable occurred until the night between the 18th and 19th of February, when I was awakened by the noise of bolts and keys, and I saw several men enter with a lantern. My first idea was, that they had come to murder me; but whilst I was looking at them with anxiety, I saw advancing towards me the Count B——, who politely requested me to take the trouble of dressing myself as quickly as possible, with a view to an immediate departure.

This intimation surprised me, and I was foolish enough to hope that they were going to conduct me to the frontiers of Piedmont. Was it possible that so threatening a storm should thus be dissipated?—that I should again enjoy the sweets of liberty?—that I should once more embrace my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters?

Such delusions agitated me a few moments. I dressed in haste, and followed my companions. 'Where are we going?' said I to the count, as I got into a carriage with him and an officer of gendarmerie.

'I cannot tell you until we are a mile beyond Milan,' he replied. I did not speak. It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone serenely. I looked upon those well-known streets, which I had traversed for so many years in happiness; upon the houses and the churches. All brought back to me a thousand sweet recollections!

The public gardens, where I had so often walked with Monti, Ludovico di Breme, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his sons, and with others who were dear to me, conversing full of life and hope—alas! as I looked upon them for the last time, as we drove rapidly past, I felt that I had loved them, and loved them still! As we went out of the eastern gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

I allowed more than a mile to be passed, when I said to the Count B——: 'I suppose we are going to Verona?'

'A good deal farther,' answered he; 'we are going to Venice, where I have to consign you to a special commission.'

We travelled without stopping, and on the 20th of February we reached Venice. In the month of September of the preceding year, a month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and had dined with a numerous and joyful company at the Hotel *della Luna*. It was strange enough that the count and the gendarme conducted me to that very same hotel.

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A servant of the hotel trembled when he recognised me, and perceived that I was in the hands of the police, in spite of the disguise assumed by the gendarme and his satellites, who were dressed as servants. I was glad at this meeting, for I was sure the servant would inform several persons of my arrival.

We dined, after which I was conducted to the palace of the doge, where the tribunals now sit. On arriving at the palace, the count delivered me over to the jailer, and in taking leave of me, embraced me with emotion.

I followed the jailer in silence. After having traversed several galleries and rooms, we reached a small stair which led us under the *Leads*, celebrated as state prisons since the time of the Venetian republic. There the jailer took a note of my name, and shut me up in the chamber destined for me. The Leads are the highest part of the ancient palace of the doge, which is entirely covered with lead.

My room had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked upon the roof of the church of St Mark, also covered with lead. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the extremity of the Piazza, and on all sides an infinity of cupolas and steeples. The gigantic steeple of St Mark was only separated from me the length of the church, and I heard the people on the summit talking when they at all raised their voices. I could see also, on the left of the church, part of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances. In this part of the court was a public well, to which was a perpetual resort for water. But at the height I was, those whom I perceived below appeared like children, and I could only distinguish their words when they happened to shout. I thus found myself yet more solitary than in the prison of Milan.

For the first few days, the anxieties of the criminal process which was instituted against me by the special commission produced a degree of sadness, which was increased perhaps by the bitter sensation of more complete loneliness. I was, besides, at a greater distance from my family, and no longer received any tidings from them. The new faces which I saw did not create in me antipathy; but there was a seriousness upon them which caused me alarm. Report had exaggerated the plots of the Milanese, and the rest of Italy, to achieve independence: in their eyes I was doubtless one of the least worthy of pardon amongst the instigators of this frenzy. My slight literary celebrity was known to the jailer, to his wife, his daughter, his two sons, even to the two secondini. Who knows but they looked upon a maker of tragedies as a species of magician! They were grave, distrustful, eager to learn everything connected with me, but at the same time full of politeness.

After a certain period they were less reserved, and appeared good enough people. The woman was the best calculated to maintain the air and character of a jailer. Her visage was of a peculiarly harsh

expression, bearing the marks of forty years or thereabout ; her words were few ; and she gave no symptoms of benevolence but for her own sons.

She was accustomed to bring my coffee in the morning and after dinner, as well as water, linen, &c. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who was not pretty, but who had compassion in her looks, and by her two sons, of whom one was thirteen, and the other ten. They retired, following their mother, and turned their young countenances mildly towards me as the door was closing. The jailer never entered my room except when he had to conduct me to the hall where the commission met to interrogate me. The secondini rarely came, as they had to take charge of the prisons of the police, situated a story below, where there were always plenty of robbers. One of these secondini was an old man of seventy years of age, but still quite fit for so fatiguing a life, which consists in running without relief from one cell to another, first up stairs and then down ; the other was a young man, twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

My examinations were now renewed. I was distracted with the questions put to me, and the suspicions entertained of my motives. I should have been driven mad, but for the consolations of religion.

My loneliness in the meantime increased. The two sons of the jailer, who at first occasionally visited me, were sent to school, and remaining afterwards only a short time at home, came to see me no more. The mother and daughter, who, when the boys were there, often stopped to talk with me, appeared only to bring my coffee, and immediately retired. For the mother I cared little, as she did not shew much compassion ; but the daughter had a softness in her looks and words which was not without value to me. When she brought my coffee, and said : 'I have made it myself,' I was sure to find it excellent ; when she said : 'It is mamma's,' it was hot water.

Seeing human creatures so rarely, I turned my attention to some ants which came upon my window, and I fed them so sumptuously, that they brought a whole army of their companions, and my window was soon filled. I occupied myself likewise with a spider, which spun its web on one of the walls ; I gave it gnats and flies, and it became so familiar as to come upon my bed and into my hand to seize its prey.

Would that these insects had been the only ones to visit me ! It was yet spring, and the gnats increased frightfully in numbers. The winter had been peculiarly mild, and after some winds in March, the heat came on. It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became ; placed to the south under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St Mark, likewise of lead, the refraction was terrific. I could scarcely breathe. I had no idea of a heat so overpowering. To this torment, in itself so sufficient, were added such swarms of gnats, that if I made the least movement, and



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disturbed them, I was completely covered—the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and the attention is incessantly occupied in devising means to lessen the infliction, there is enough of suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.

When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt arise within me once more an inclination for suicide, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a voluptuous satisfaction in not being vanquished, in rising superior to every evil.

To strengthen and occupy my mind, I conceived the idea of committing my thoughts to writing. The misfortune was, that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had, and there I recorded every day my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the difficulty I experienced in breathing, from the excessive heat, and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the little animals from getting up the sleeves.

These meditations of mine took a biographical form. I composed the history of everything that had operated for good or for evil within me since my infancy. I discussed questions with myself, ascertained, as far as practicable, all my knowledge and all my ideas upon every matter.

When all the disposable surface of the table was covered with writing, I read and re-read, I meditated upon my own meditations; and at last I resolved (often with regret) to scratch out with the glass what I had written, so as to render the surface fit to receive the fresh impress of my thoughts. Thus I continued my history, often interrupted by digressions of all sorts, by an analysis of some point in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and when all was full, I recommenced reading, re-reading, and then effacing.

In order to avoid any impediment to my justly and freely accounting with myself for the facts which I recollected, and for my opinions,

as well as to avert the consequences of any inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of jargon; that is to say, with transpositions of letters and abbreviations which were quite familiar to myself. However, no such visit was ever made to me, and no one had any idea that this sad period passed so tranquilly for me. When I heard the jailer or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand and the *legalised* quire of paper.

This quire had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. I wrote several literary works, dramatic and poetical.

As it was not easy for me to get, as promptly as I could wish, the supply of paper renewed when it was finished, I cast my first ideas in composition upon the table or the waste paper in which I had dried figs or other fruits brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the secondini, and persuading him that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me as a present a few sheets of paper. I availed myself of this scheme only when the table was already crammed with writing, and I could not prevail upon myself to erase it.

With these efforts at amusement the summer vanished. In the latter part of September the heat diminished. October came, and I rejoiced at having a room which in winter would be agreeable. But one morning the jailer came, and announced to me that he had received orders to change my abode.

Although I had suffered much in this chamber, I was sorry to quit it, not only because it would be comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. I, first of all, had those ants, which I loved and nourished with a solicitude which might be called paternal, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days previously, a spider which had become familiarised with me departed, I know not for what reason; but who knows, thought I, but it will remember me, and return? And now that I am going away, if it return, it will find the prison empty; or if it meet with a new host, he will be, perchance, an enemy to spiders, who will sweep away with his slipper this goodly web, and crush the poor animal.

The room they put me in was also under the Leads, but to the north and west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of horrible chillness in the winter months.

The window fronting the west was very large, that to the north small and high, and placed immediately above my bed.

I looked out at the first, and found that it opened upon the palace of the patriarch. Other cells were near mine in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. It was the Signor Caporali di Cesena. He saw me, made a sign to me, and we communicated to each other our names.

I wished afterwards to examine where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and saw myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city and the canal.

I stood enjoying this beautiful prospect, and hearing the door open, I did not stir. It was the jailer, who, seeing me in so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass, like a magician, through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and, in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a sciatica which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

‘Do you not see,’ said I, ‘most stupid man, that the iron bars are here to prevent me escaping? Can you not comprehend that I have mounted here through curiosity?’

‘I see, sir, I see; I understand; but come down, I pray you, come down: there is a great temptation to escape.’ So I descended, laughing.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six others detained for political causes. Thus, then, at the moment when I was preparing for a solitude more perfect than the past, I found myself in a sort of world, and was occasionally able to exchange words and signs of civility and compassion.

The month of October brought round a most cruel anniversary. I had been arrested on the 13th of that month the preceding year. Many recollections equally sad tormented me during this month. Two years before, also in October, a man of merit, whom I greatly esteemed, had been unfortunately drowned in the Ticino. Six years before, still in October, Odoardo Briche, a youth whom I loved as if he had been my son, had shot himself involuntarily. In my early youth, in an October, another heavy affliction had occurred to me. Although I am not superstitious, so fatal a concurrence of bitter recollections springing from this month weighed upon my spirits.

I took up the pen to compose verses, or to follow some other literary bent, but an irresistible force seemed to compel me into another channel. Into what? Into writing long letters, which I could not send—long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured out my whole heart. I wrote them on the table, and then obliterated them. They were the warm expressions of my tenderness, of my recollections of the felicity I had enjoyed with my indulgent and affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. The love which drew me to them, inspired me with a thousand impassioned sentiments. And after writing hours and hours, there were always thoughts which remained for expression.

These recreations at length affected my mind, and in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother, or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and I was suddenly aroused, also sobbing and affrighted.

Sometimes, during these short hallucinations, I thought I heard my mother consoling the others, coming with them into my prison, and addressing to me solemn exhortations to resignation; and at the moment that I was rejoicing at her fortitude, and that of the others, she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can conceive how at such times my heart was lacerated.

At night, my imagination was excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or in ghosts, and yet now these groans and laughs terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power.

I often took the light, with a trembling hand, and looked under the bed, to see if no one were concealed there; and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed from my first chamber into this, because the latter had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all that I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me.

Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that I was pulled by the coat, sometimes that a hidden hand pushed away my book, until I saw it falling on the ground; sometimes that some one came behind me to blow out the candle. Then I started to my feet with precipitation, I looked around me, I trod with apprehension, and I asked myself if I were mad, or in my proper senses.

I know how absurd such aberrations of the mind appear to others, but to me, who have experienced them, they were so hurtful that I yet shudder at them.

In the morning they always vanished; and so long as the light of day lasted, I felt my mind so braced against these terrors, that I thought it impossible they should again pursue me. But when the sun set, I recommenced my trembling, and each night brought back the extravagant phantoms of its predecessors.

One morning, after coffee, I was seized with diarrhœa and vomitings. I thought I was poisoned, but it was only an effort of nature. After the attack had passed off, I found myself well, and the illusions that had haunted me disappeared.

On the 24th of November, Dr Foresti was removed from the prisons of the Leads, and taken I knew not whither. The jailer, his wife, and the secondini were in terror, but none of them would explain to me the mystery. At length one of them told me that poor Foresti had been taken to the criminal prisons. The reader may imagine the agitation I was in all that day and the following night, and during several days that I could learn no further intelligence.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length the sentences of a number of persons were made public, but no names were as yet given. Nine were condemned to death, but their sentence would perhaps be commuted into imprisonment for twenty years; others



were to be imprisoned for fifteen (and in both cases they had to undergo their sentence in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia), and some for ten years at the least (these last in the fortress of Lubiana). Was I among the number who had been condemned to death? If the term of my existence is come, thought I, am I not more happy that it comes in a manner to allow me time to collect myself, and to purify my conscience by repentance? Judging with the vulgar, the gibbet is of all modes of death the worst. But, in the opinion of the wise, is not this death preferable to many others which ensue after long disease, in which the intellect is debilitated, and the mind has not force to cast aside petty thoughts?

The justice of this reasoning was so firmly fixed in my mind, that the horror of death, and of this mode of death, was entirely dissipated. I meditated deeply on the sacraments, for which all the strength of my mind was required at this solemn moment, and I thought myself in a state to receive them in a beneficial manner. The dignity and peace of mind, the placid affection for those who hated me, the joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, all which I seemed now to feel—could I have preserved them if I had been led forth to the last punishment? Alas! how many contradictions in man! Alas! when he appears the most sanctified and firm, an instant can precipitate him into weakness and crime! God only knows whether I were then fit for death: I have not confidence in myself to affirm it. I had attained a degree of firmness, as I thought, which would overcome the pang of dissolution, when one evening, seated at my table studying, quite chilled with cold, some voices near me (they were the voices of the jailer, his wife, his sons, and the secondini) exclaimed: 'Fire! fire! we are lost!' The chillness quitted me in a moment. I sprang to my feet in a sudden perspiration, and looked all round to see where the flames were: they were not to be seen.

The fire was, however, in the palace, in some offices adjoining the prisons. One of the secondini shouted out: 'But, master, what are we to do with the prisoners if the fire advances?'

The jailer answered: 'I haven't the heart to let them be roasted. However, we cannot open the prison without the consent of the commission. Go, then, I say; run as quick as you can to ask for leave.'

'I will run, master; I will run; but the answer will not come in time, recollect!'

And where, then, was that heroic resignation that I believed myself so sure of possessing, whilst thinking on death? Why did the idea of being burnt alive put me in a fever? As if there were more pleasure in being suffocated by the throat than consumed by fire. I made this reflection, and was ashamed at my terror. I was about to cry to the jailer to open the door for the love of God, but I checked myself; nevertheless I was in fear.

After a lengthened disturbance, the noises subsided, and I doubted not that the fire had been extinguished. The following morning, I learned from one of the jailers the particulars of this fire, and I laughed at the terror it had excited in him, as if mine had not equalled, perhaps surpassed his.

On the 11th of February 1822, about nine o'clock in the morning, I was informed that I was to be immediately removed to a prison in the island of St Michael of Murano, not far from Venice ; but for what purpose was not mentioned. A moment after, the jailer entered, accompanied by the secondini, and a man whom I had never seen before. The jailer appeared confused, and the new-comer took the word : ' Signor, the commission orders you to follow me.'

' I am ready,' I answered ; ' and you, who are you ?'

' I am keeper of the prison of St Michael, where you are about to be transferred.'

The jailer of the Leads handed over to the latter my money which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the secondini ; I put my clothes in order, took the Bible under my arm, and departed.

We went out at a door which opened on the canal, where a gondola, with two secondini of the new jailer, awaited us. I entered the gondola, a prey to a thousand inconsistent feelings. On the whole, I felt happy at finding myself in the open air, after so long a seclusion—at seeing the sky, the waters, and the city, without the sad intervention of close bars—at the remembrance of the joyous gondola which in a more happy time bore me on this same canal, of the gondolas of the Lake of Como, of the Lake Maggiore, of the light barks of the Po, the Rhone, and the Saone ! O smiling years, for ever gone ! Who in the world had enjoyed a happiness equal to mine ?

In the midst of these reflections I arrived at St Michael, where they shut me up in a room which looked upon a court, upon the canal, and the beautiful island of Murano. I sought intelligence respecting Maroncelli from the jailer, his wife, and the four secondini ; but they made me only short visits, and full of distrust, would tell me nothing.

I lived in ignorance of my fate till the 21st of February. On that day the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the morning ; he led me into the hall of the commission, and retired. I found upon their seats the president, the inquisitor, and the two assessors, who all rose.

The president, with a tone of dignified commiseration, told me that the sentence had arrived ; that it was a terrible one, but that the emperor had already mitigated it.

The inquisitor read this sentence : ' Condemned to death.' Then he read the imperial rescript : ' The penalty is commuted to fifteen years of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.' I replied : ' God's will be done !'

I had, in truth, the disposition to receive like a Christian this horrible annunciation, and neither to testify nor to cherish resentment against any one. The president applauded my moderation, and counselled me always to preserve it, adding that, at the end of two or three years, this resignation would perhaps render me worthy of a greater favour.

The other judges also addressed me with words of consolation and hope. 'To-morrow,' said the inquisitor, 'we shall have the disagreeable duty of announcing the sentence to you in public, but it is an indispensable formality.'

'Be it so,' I replied.

'From this moment,' he resumed, 'we allow you the society of your friend.'

And having called the jailer, they consigned me into his hands, and ordered him to put me with Maroncelli.

How sweet a moment was that, for my friend and myself, in which we saw each other again, after a separation of a year and three months, after so many afflictions! The ecstasies of friendship made us almost forget for the moment our condemnation.

I soon tore myself, however, from the arms of Maroncelli, to take the pen and write to my father. I ardently desired that the news of my sad lot should reach my family through me, rather than through others, in order that the grief of those beloved hearts should be mitigated by the pious calmness of my language. The judges promised to expedite my letter without delay.

Maroncelli talked to me afterwards of his process, and I of mine. We related, by turns, our prison adventures; and then going to the window, we saluted three of our friends who were at theirs. They were Canova and Rezia, who were together, each condemned to imprisonment, the first to six years, and the second to three. The third was the Doctor Cesare Armari, who, during the previous months, had been my neighbour in the Leads. No judgment had been pronounced against him, and he was not long in being liberated as guiltless.

We conversed together all the day and all the evening; it was for both an agreeable distraction. But when in bed, the light extinguished, and silence established, I felt it impossible to sleep. My brain was on fire, and my heart bled on thinking of my family. Could my poor old parents bear up against so great a misfortune? Would their other sons suffice to console them? They were all as much beloved as myself, and more worthy to be so; but do a father and a mother ever find, in the children who are spared to them, a compensation for those who are lost?

At nine in the morning, Maroncelli and I were made to enter a gondola, to be conducted into the city. The gondola stopped at the palace of the doge, and we ascended to the prisons. We were put into the chamber which Signor Caporali had occupied a few days

before. I am ignorant of his fate. Nine or ten officers were seated there to guard us, and we walked about, waiting for the moment when we had to appear in the Piazza. We waited a long time. It was already noon when the inquisitor came to announce that we had to proceed. The physician came also, and recommended us to drink a glass of mint-water; we followed his advice, and were grateful to him, not so much for this attention, as for the profound pity the good old man testified for us. His name was Doctor Dosmo. The head officer afterwards appeared, and put manacles on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other officers.

Walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us, saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers, drawn up at various points. We were told that cannons were fixed, with the matches ready lighted.

The Austrian commander ordered us to turn towards the palace, and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it aloud.

There was a profound silence, until the expression, '*Condemned to death.*' Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words: '*Condemned to close imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*'

The captain made us a sign to descend: we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and entered again the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed our manacles, we were conducted back to St Michael.

Those who had been condemned before us had already departed for Lubiana or Spielberg, under the conduct of a commissary of police. They now waited the return of this same commissary, he being intrusted also with the duty of conveying us to our destination. We waited for him a month.

When he arrived, and visited us, 'I have the pleasure,' said he, 'of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw his imperial majesty, the emperor, at Vienna, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half.'

This intelligence was never officially confirmed to us; but there is no probability that the commissary spoke falsely, the more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission. And yet I could not rejoice at it. In my mind seven years and a half in irons were not much less horrible than fifteen. It seemed to me impossible that I could live so long. My health had become affected. I suffered much in the chest,



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attended with coughing, and I thought my lungs attacked. I ate very little, and that little was indigestible.

### IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

Our departure from Venice took place in the night of the 25th and 26th March. We were permitted to embrace our friend Doctor Armari. Then an officer fastened on us a chain, passing transversely from the right hand to the left foot, so as to render flight impossible. We entered a gondola, and the guards rowed us towards Fusina.

At Fusina we found two carriages ready. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and I into another. In the first sat the commissary, and in the second a sub-commissary, each with two prisoners. Six or seven police guards completed the convoy, armed with sabres and muskets ; some behind the carriages, others on the drivers' seats.

Being forced to quit one's country is always a cruel calamity ; but to quit it in chains, and to be carried to a horrible climate, there to languish for years, surrounded by jailers, is a misfortune so dreadful that I have not words to describe it.

Before passing the Alps, my country became every hour more dear to me, from the sympathy which everywhere the persons we met expressed for us. In every town, in every village, in every solitary hamlet, we were looked for, as our condemnation had been known for several weeks. In some places the commissary and the guards could with difficulty remove the crowd which surrounded us. The interest which was manifested on our account was surprising.

In travelling through Austria the same compassion followed us, and the consolation which I derived from these marks of kindness, diminished my resentment against those whom I deemed my enemies. On the 10th April we reached the place of our destination.

The town of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a fertile valley, and has the appearance of being opulent. Several cloth manufactories were then in a state of prosperity, which are since fallen to decay. The population was about 30,000. Near its walls, on the west, stands a hill, on which is erected that fatal fortress of Spielberg, formerly the palace of the lords of Moravia, and at present the most rigorous place of imprisonment in the Austrian dominions. The citadel was of great strength, but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz (the village of Austerlitz is at a short distance). Since then it has not been restored so as to serve as a citadel, but they have contented themselves with rebuilding a part of the outer wall, which was thrown down. About three hundred condemned persons,

chiefly robbers and murderers, are detained there ; some subjected to hard labour (*carcere duro*), others to the hardest labour (*carcere durissimo*).

The *carcere duro* consists in being obliged to work, to drag a chain at the feet, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the poorest imaginable nourishment. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained in a manner yet more horrible, with an iron girdle round the loins, and a chain fixed in the wall, scarcely affording scope to turn round on the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes *bread and water*. We, as prisoners of state, were condemned to the *carcere duro*.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we turned our eyes behind, to bid adieu to the world, ignorant whether the gulf which was about to swallow us alive would ever open again to let us out. Outwardly I appeared calm, but within me raged a tempest. In vain I had recourse to philosophy to tranquillise my mind ; the reasonings of philosophy were insufficient.

Having left Venice in bad health, the journey had been attended with wretched fatigue ; my head, my whole body, was distracted with pain—and I burned with fever. Physical distemper contributed to the irritation of my mind, which in its turn doubtless aggravated my bodily ills.

We were delivered into the hands of the superintendent of the fortress, who inscribed our names amongst those of the malefactors. On quitting us, the imperial commissary embraced us with affection. ‘I recommend you to be docile,’ said he to us ; ‘the least infraction of discipline will receive from the superintendent a severe punishment.’ The ceremony of delivery being completed, they conducted Maroncelli and me into a subterranean corridor, in which two dark cells were open for us, at a distance from each other. Each was locked up in his den.

The bitterest of all calamities surely occurs when, after bidding adieu to so many objects, and two friends equally unfortunate are left alone, these friends are forcibly separated. Such a separation is the bitterest of calamities. Maroncelli, on quitting me, saw me ill, and wept for me as a man whom, without doubt, he should never behold again. I wept for him, blooming in the vigour of health, torn, perhaps for ever, from the refreshing light of the sun. And, like a beautiful flower cast into darkness, how has he in reality drooped and faded ! He has again emerged into light, but alas, in what a state !

When I found myself alone in this horrible cavern, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the naked plank which was given for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed to the wall—I seated myself shuddering on the bed, and taking up the chain, I measured its length, thinking it destined for me.

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Half an hour afterwards I heard the keys rattle, and the door opened. A jailer, whose name was Schiller, entered, and delivered me a pitcher of water. He was an old man, and I could observe that he felt compassion for my fate.

In this horrible dungeon I very soon became exceedingly ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, the physician of the establishment was requested to see me, and report on my case. Dr Bayer found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon their removing me from this subterranean vault to the story above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report upon the subject having been addressed to the Count Mitrovski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, who resided at Brünn, the count replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be followed.

Into the chamber which they gave me a little daylight penetrated ; and, creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, a part of the town of Brünn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the woody hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz. This view enchanted me. O how I should have rejoiced to partake it with Maroncelli !

They were preparing, in the meantime, our prison dresses, and at the end of five days they brought me mine. These were a pair of pantaloons of rough cloth, the right side gray, and the left side a brown colour ; a close coat of two colours disposed in the same manner ; a vest similarly variegated, with the slight difference of the gray colour being to the left, and the capuchin to the right. The stockings were of thick wool, the shirt of unwoven flax, stinging to the skin like a true haircloth ; for the neck, was a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. A pair of laced half-boots of untanned leather, and a white hat, completed the wardrobe.

This livery was accompanied by irons to the feet—that is to say, a chain that extended from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened by nails riveted upon an anvil. A few minutes after the blacksmith had gone, I heard the hammer upon the anvil sounding from below—doubtless they were riveting the irons on poor Maroncelli.

From the window of my new cell I found that I could converse with the prisoner in an adjoining apartment, the Count Antonio Oroboni. This intercourse was frequently interrupted by the sentinels ; but by habituating ourselves to speak in whispers, and at certain intervals, we contrived in a great measure to elude the vigilance of our guards. We thus became united in a tender friendship. Oroboni narrated to me his life, and I mine to him ; the sorrows and consolations of the one became the sorrows and consolations of the other. O how greatly we comforted each other !—how many times,

after a sleepless night, did each of us feel his sadness alleviated, and his courage fortified, by our morning salutation and interchange of words! Each of us felt himself indispensable to the other, and this persuasion incited us to an emulation in amiability, and produced that delicious feeling which a man experiences, even in distress, when he can gladden the heart of a fellow-being.

The physician perceiving that none of us could eat the food which they gave us during the first days, put us on a diet which was called 'a quarter portion'—that is to say, hospital regimen. It consisted of three very light soups each day, a very small morsel of roast lamb, which could be swallowed at a bite, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger every day, my appetite kept increasing, and I felt this 'quarter' verily too little. I tried to return to the allowance of those who were in health, but I took nothing by the attempt: it disgusted me so effectually that I could not eat it. I was driven back to the 'quarter.' For more than a year I learned what the pangs of hunger were. Many of our companions suffered these pangs yet more violently; for, being of robuster constitutions than I, they were accustomed to a more ample nourishment. I know several of them accepted bread from Schiller, whose kind-heartedness was remarkable, though he had a rough exterior.

Several times this good man brought me a piece of boiled meat, begging me to eat it, and assuring me it cost him nothing—that it was left from his own dinner—that he could do nothing with it except to give it to others, if I would not take it. I would willingly have flown to devour it; but if I had taken it, would not Schiller desire to bring me something every day?

Twice only I yielded. One day he brought me a plate of cherries, and another some pears. The sight of these fruits was irresistible. I repented of having accepted them, because he did not cease to offer me more.

From the first period of our confinement, it had been established that each of us should have, twice a week, an hour's walking; afterwards this consolation was extended to us every other day; and at last, every day, except festivals.

We each went separately to the promenade between two guards, with muskets on their shoulders. As I lodged at the extremity of the corridor, I passed, in going out, the cells of all the Italian political prisoners, except that of Maroncelli, who alone languished beneath.

'A pleasant walk!' murmured each of them through the loophole of his door; but I was not permitted to stop to exchange salutations with any one. We descended the staircase, and traversed a court which led us to a terrace with a southern aspect, whence we could see the town of Brünn, and a considerable part of the surrounding country.

In the court of which I speak was always a great number of



ordinary criminals, who went and came from their work, or walked about conversing. Amongst them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with much respect, saying amongst themselves: 'This is not a rogue like us, and yet his punishment is more severe than ours.' They had, in fact, much more liberty than I. These words, and many others, I heard, and I cordially returned their salutation.

The constraint of the irons at the feet, by preventing sleep, contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to remonstrate, maintaining that it was the duty of the physician to cause their removal.

For some time I did not follow his advice; but at last I yielded, and I begged the physician that he would order me to be relieved of the chain, at least for a few days, so that I might procure a little sleep.

The physician answered that the fever had not yet arrived to such a height that he could grant my request, and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the irons. I was vexed with having made the request.

I was still able, however, to take my usual walk, and one morning, on returning from my promenade, I observed that the door of Oroboni's cell was open. Schiller, who was within, had not heard me coming. My guards wished to advance apace to close the door; but I got before them, sprang into the room, and was instantly in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller stood in astonishment; he raised his finger in a menacing attitude; but his eyes were filled with tears, and with sobs he cried: 'O my God! shew mercy to these poor young men, and to me, and to all the unfortunates who have been wretched on this earth!'

The two guards wept also. The sentinel in the corridor, attracted from his post, was also in tears. Oroboni said: 'Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the happiest days of my life!' I did not know what to reply: I was beside myself with joy and emotion.

When Schiller conjured us to part, alleging the necessity of obedience, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and faltered out: 'Shall we never see each other again in this world?'

We did not see each other again. Some months after, his cell was vacant, and Oroboni lay in the cemetery which I had before my eyes.

I was able to move about up till the 11th January 1823. On that morning I arose with a slight headache, and a disposition to faint. My limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw breath.

Oroboni also, for the last two or three days, had been ill, and did not rise.

They brought me the soup: I scarcely took a spoonful, when I fell, deprived of sensation. The sentinel of the corridor looked by chance through the wicket of the door a few moments after, and seeing me extended on the floor, with the pot upside down lying near me, he judged me dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent came also ; the physician was likewise called, and I was put to bed. It was with difficulty I recovered. The physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. He ordered me some sort of a cordial, but my stomach would retain nothing. The headache grew to an intolerable height. A report to the governor was immediately made as to my condition, and he despatched a courier to Vienna to ask how I should be treated. He was ordered in reply not to send me to the infirmary, but to cause me to be attended to in the prison with the same care as if I had been in the infirmary. Farther, the superintendent was authorised to furnish me with soups and pottages from his own kitchen as long as the malady should continue serious.

This last precaution was quite useless to me at first. Neither meat nor drink passed my lips. For a whole week I got worse and worse ; I was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were given me as attendants, and they served me with affection. Each time that I resumed a little consciousness, Kral repeated to me : ‘Have confidence in God, sir ; God alone is good.’

‘Pray to Him for me,’ said I to him ; ‘not that He will cure me, but that my misfortunes and my death may be received in expiation of my sins.’

He suggested to me the idea of calling for the sacraments.

‘If I have not demanded them already,’ I answered, ‘attribute it to the weakness of my head, but it will be a great consolation for me to receive them.’

He reported my words to the superintendent, who brought the chaplain of the prison. I was pleased with this priest ; his name was Sturm. The reflections which he delivered to me upon the justice of God, the injustice of mankind, the duty of forgiveness, the vanity of all the things of this world, were not commonplaces ; they bore the stamp of a high and cultivated intellect, and of a lively sentiment of the love due to God and our neighbour.

The effort which I was called upon to make in receiving the sacraments, seemed at first to exhaust the slight remains of life ; but it afterwards served to assist me, by plunging me into a lethargy, which produced some hours of repose.

I awoke a little relieved, and seeing Kral and Schiller near me, I took their hands in mine, and thanked them for all their care.

Towards the end of the second week, a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger vanished.

I was about to rise one morning, when my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician entered with smiling countenances. The first of them ran to me and said : ‘We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents.’ Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

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O what a moment was that! 'Thou yet livest, my friend, my brother!' we each exclaimed. 'How happy a day we have been reserved to see! Praise be to God!'

But our joy, great as it was, was soon damped by mutual compassion. Maroncelli was necessarily less struck at finding me so wasted, knowing from how severe an illness I had just escaped. But I, with all my knowledge of what he had undergone, could not have imagined so great a difference from what he was before—I scarcely recognised him. His beautiful countenance, so radiant with health, was withered from grief, from hunger, from the bad air of his gloomy prison.

However, it was a source of consolation to see and hear each other, to be assured we should not again be separated. It was likewise consolatory to write to my parents, which I now did, and the letter was duly forwarded.

The dispositions of Maroncelli and myself harmonised perfectly together. The courage of the one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized with melancholy, or excited to anger by the hardships of our condition, the other restored his friend's equanimity by some pleasantries or appropriate reasonings. A smile generally tempered our sorrows.

As long as we had books, though we had read them often enough to know them by heart, we possessed an agreeable means of mental cultivation, because they were a perpetual excitation to fresh examinations, comparisons, criticisms, and corrections. We read, or meditated in silence, the greatest part of the day, and we gave to conversation the times of dinner and of the promenade, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed a great many verses of superior beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others; while I also composed some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in retaining all this. We acquired by these means a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and delivered to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of *Leonico da Dertona*, and various other pieces.

At the commencement of 1824, a number of additional prisoners were brought to Spielberg, among whom were some of our unfortunate acquaintances; and the rigours of our confinement were increased. How did we pass all the years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827! We were refused the use of our books, which the governor had granted provisionally. The prison became for us a real tomb, in which, however, we were not allowed even the tranquillity of the tomb. Each month, on an indeterminate day, the director of the

police, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards, came to make a severe inspection. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, and, in the fear that any paper or other thing was concealed therein, they opened our mattresses to search the insides. Although it was impossible they could find anything clandestine with us, this visit, made in so hostile a manner, so suddenly, and so often repeated, irritated me to a great extent, and always threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had appeared to me so sad, and *now* I looked back with regret upon those years, as to a time of enjoyment !

By making the punishment commence, not at the epoch of my arrest, but at that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half finished in 1829, in the first days of July, if they were dated from the signature of the emperor, or on the 22d of August, if dated from the publication of the sentence. But this term passed like the others, and all hope was extinguished.

Up to that time, Maroncelli and I sometimes imagined that it might yet be possible we should once more see the world, our beloved Italy, and our relations; and it was for us a subject of conversation replete with anxiety, emotion, and love.

But when we saw August pass, then September, then that whole year, we accustomed ourselves to hope nothing more on this earth except the unvarying continuance of our mutual friendship, and the aid of God to perform worthily what remained to accomplish of our long sacrifice.

Ah ! friendship and religion are two inestimable benefits ! They embellish even the hours of prisoners for whom all hope of mercy has expired. God is indeed with the unfortunate—with the unfortunate who love Him !

The 1st day of August 1830 appeared. It was not far from ten years since I had lost my liberty, and eight and a half since I had been subjected to the *carcere duro*.

It was a Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to the usual enclosure, and looked again, from the low wall running round it, upon the valley and the graveyard in which Oroboni and Villa lay, talking to each other of the repose which our bones would one day find in the same place.

This day, after returning from the chapel, and when preparing to eat our wretched dinner, the sub-intendant entered the cell. 'I am very sorry to disturb your dinner,' said he, 'but have the goodness to follow me; the director of the police is here.'

As this latter personage never came but for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or inquiries, we followed the sub-intendant, in very bad humour, to the room of audience.

We found there the director of police and the superintendent; the former moved to us more graciously than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and, in disconnected words, as if he



were afraid of producing upon us too great a sensation of surprise by a more rapid delivery, said to us: 'Gentlemen, I have the pleasure—I have the honour—to inform you—that his majesty the emperor—has performed another act of mercy'—

And he hesitated to inform us in what the mercy consisted. We thought that it referred to some mitigation of our punishment, such as exempting us from the tiresomeness of labour, permitting us some more books, or granting us less disgusting food. 'Do you not understand?' added the director.

'No, sir; have the goodness to explain to us what sort of mercy is meant.'

'It is liberty for you both, and for a third, whom you are about to embrace.'

Apparently our joy should have broken forth in loud jubilee. But our thoughts immediately ran upon our parents, of whom we had had no intelligence for so long a time. Should we still find them on earth? This doubt occurred to us in such force, that it certainly destroyed the pleasure the news of our freedom should have given us.

'You remain mute,' said the police-director. 'I expected to have seen you jump for joy.'

'I beseech you,' answered I, 'to be good enough to transmit our gratitude to the emperor. But if no account is given us of our families, it is impossible not to fear that some very dear individuals are now lost to us. This uncertainty overpowers us, even in the moment which should be that of supreme joy.'

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and that redoubled my fear that some misfortune had happened.

'Return into your chamber,' resumed the director, 'and before long I will shew you the other prisoner who has also received pardon.'

We retired, and waited for this third person with anxiety. We would have taken with us all the others, but there could only be one. Might it be the poor Munari? or such a one? or such another? It was not one of those for whom we offered our prayers. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was the Signor Andrea Tonelli da Brescia. We embraced. We could eat no dinner. We conversed until the evening, compassionating the lot of those dear friends who remained behind us.

At nightfall the director of police returned to take us from this place of misfortune. Our hearts were lacerated as we passed before the cells of so many beloved beings, without being able to take them with us! Who knows how long they must still languish there! How many of them would become the slow victims of death!

They cast on the shoulders of each of us a soldier's greatcoat, and a cap on our heads; and thus, in the clothing of galley-slaves, with the exception of chains, we descended that disastrous hill, and were conducted into the city to the prisons of the police. It was a

beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the persons whom we met, all appeared to me so strange and pleasant, after the many years I had passed without beholding a similar scene !

We waited in the prisons of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontier. In the meantime, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and clothes, and laid aside the prison livery.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police delivered us into his hands. He handed over to him at the same time the money that we had brought to Spielberg, and that which resulted from the sale of our portmanteaus and books, all of which was restored to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and nothing was spared. I was far from well, and when we arrived at Vienna, I was in a fever : for eight days I was under medical treatment, and at length I recovered. Being now comparatively well, I was anxious to depart, the more especially as the news of the *three days* of Paris had just reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree for our liberty the very day that revolution broke out. He assuredly would not now revoke it ; but it was very probable that, as the crisis was becoming critical for all Europe, and as popular movements were feared also in Italy, Austria would not at such a moment allow us to return to our country. We were well convinced they would not take us back to Spielberg, but we were afraid it might be suggested to the emperor to consign us to some town of the empire far removed from the peninsula.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to get as far as Brash ; there I again became ill ; but at the end of two days I insisted upon resuming the journey. We traversed Austria and Styria, and reached Carinthia without accident ; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, there came a counter-order. We were commanded to halt in this place until further directions.

I leave it to be imagined how disagreeable this event was to us. I had, in addition, the unpleasant reflection of being the cause of so great a calamity to my two companions. My fatal malady was the reason they were debarred from returning to their country. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, and during that time the commissary did all in his power to amuse us. There was a small theatre of poor players, and he took us to it. Another day he procured for us the diversion of a hunt. Our host, and several young people of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we, placed in a favourable position, enjoyed the sport as spectators.

At length a courier arrived from Vienna with orders for the commissary to conduct us to our destination. This good news filled me

with joy, as well as my companions; but at the same time I trembled to see approaching the hour of a fatal discovery—the hour which would unfold to me that I had no longer either father or mother, nor several other connections, I knew not how many! Thus my melancholy increased as we advanced towards Italy.

From this side the approach to Italy is not agreeable, and the sterile aspect of the country contributed to increase my sadness. To see again our own sky, to meet human faces having no longer the northern expression, to hear on all lips the words of our language, affected me much; but the emotion produced tears rather than smiles. How often I covered my face with my hands, feigning to sleep, but shedding tears! How many nights I passed unable to close an eye, and burning with fever, sometimes bestowing the most impassioned benedictions upon my sweet Italy, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; sometimes tormenting myself with the absence of intelligence concerning my family, and conjuring up imaginary ills; sometimes in reflecting that I should shortly have to separate, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had passed through so many sufferings with me, and had given me such proofs of a fraternal affection!

At Mantua it was necessary to bid farewell to Maroncelli, for here we were to separate. It was a parting of the most tender kind, not unaccompanied with tears. At Brescia I left behind my other companion in misfortune, Andrea Tonelli. On the 9th of September, two days after, I arrived at Milan, where I was detained for several days, and then set out for Piedmont in charge of a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The state of my feelings may be judged on once more finding myself on the Piedmontese soil. Ah! much as I love all nations, God knows that Italy is dearest to me! and much as I dote upon Italy, God knows how infinitely sweeter to me than the name of every other country in Italy is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

I was still not free. The brigadier, on leaving me, handed me over to the Piedmontese carabinieri. After a short delay, a gentleman appeared, who begged me to permit him to accompany me to Novara. He had missed another opportunity, and now there was no carriage but mine; he was much obliged that I allowed him to take advantage of it.

This disguised carabinier was of a jovial turn, and kept me good company as far as Novara. When we arrived at that town, pretending to conduct me to a hotel, he directed the carriage to the barracks of the carabinieri, and there I was told there was a bed for me in the apartment of a brigadier, where I was to wait for higher orders.

Expecting to resume my journey on the following day, I went to bed, and after conversing a moment with my host, I sank into a

## STORY OF SILVIO PELLICO.

profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long time. I awoke towards morning, immediately arose, and got through some very long hours. I breakfasted, chatted, walked about the room and on the terrace, and cast a look on my host's books. At last a letter arrived from my father.

O what joy to see again those much-loved characters! What joy to learn that my mother, my dearest mother, still lived!—that my two brothers and my eldest sister were also still alive! Alas! the youngest, the Marietta, who had entered the convent of the Visitation, as I had clandestinely learned in prison, had ceased to breathe nine months ago! It is sweet to think that I owe my liberty to those who loved me, who never ceased to intercede for me.

Days passed, and permission to leave Novara did not come. On the morning of the 16th September this permission was at last given me, and then I was freed from the tutelage of the carabinieri. O how many years it was since I had been able to go where I pleased, without the encumbrance of guards!

I obtained some money, received the greetings of a few persons, acquaintances of my father, and about three in the afternoon I departed. I had as companions on the journey a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. We passed the night at Vercelli. The fortunate sun of the 17th of September arose. We continued our journey, and did not reach Turin until the evening.

Who, who could describe the emotion of my heart, of the hearts of those so endeared to me, when I beheld, when I embraced my father, my mother, my brothers! My sister, my dear Josephine, was not present, as her duties detained her at Chieri; but at the first news of my return, she hastened home to pass a few days in the bosom of the family. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was, I am the most enviable of mortals!

## CONCLUSION.

After his restoration to his native country, Silvio Pellico lived for some time in the bosom of his family. In his later years he became secretary and librarian to the Marchioness of Barolo in Turin, in whose house he died in 1854. The narrative of his ten years' captivity (*Le mie Prigioni*), published in 1831, had an immense popularity, and was translated into all the languages of Europe. It is written with great simplicity and apparent truthfulness, and breathes a spirit of the most entire Christian resignation. It produced two effects: it incited the Austrian government to introduce considerable reforms into their intolerable prison discipline; and it fixed the attention of Europe on the miserable condition of Italy, personified, as it were, in the prisoner of Spielberg. Silvio



Pellico did not suffer in vain; the clank of his chains served to loosen those of his country.

Of Pellico's other writings, a dramatic piece called *Ester d'Engaddi*, one of those composed under the Leads in Venice, was acted in Turin in 1831 with the highest applause, as well as another piece entitled *Gismonda*; but both were immediately suppressed by the jealousy of Italian despotism. He composed besides, other three dramas, one of them entitled *Tommaso Moro*. In 1837 appeared two volumes of *Opere Inedite*, consisting of mystical hymns, paraphrases of the *Imitation* of Thomas à Kempis, and other pieces. Among his latest productions was a kind of catechism on human duties (*Dei Doveri degli Uomini*). Long confinement and privation had completely undermined his originally feeble constitution, and induced on a mind more remarkable for sensitive goodness than strength, a tendency to mystic pietism; so that his views are better calculated to inspire passive resignation than to invigorate for action.

The Count Arrivabene, who is mentioned by Silvio Pellico as having been discharged from the prison of St Michael as innocent, found himself, shortly after, exposed to the suspicions of the government, and judged it expedient to flee. His only crime was having received Porro, Pellico, and some others at his country-house near Mantua, as they returned from a trip in Porro's steam-boat from Pavia to Venice. He fled from Mantua to Brescia, where he imparted his and their danger to his friends Ugoni and Scalvini, who joined him in his endeavour to escape into Switzerland. Gendarmes had been despatched on all the routes to arrest Arrivabene as soon as his departure was known. He and his friends effected their retreat into Switzerland, disguised as cattle-drovers, but were very nearly caught. They had to pass an inn in which three gendarmes, lying in wait for them, were asleep; and at the moment they reached the Swiss frontier, they were so exhausted, from having had no interval of repose for sixty hours, that they fell upon the ground in the presence of the Austrian soldiers, who were close upon their heels when they crossed the line which separated tyranny from freedom. They were, however, safe. Count Porro also effected his escape from Italy. The gendarmes entered his house at one door as he left it by another. Confalonieri was prevented from executing the same manœuvre by finding a door locked, the key of which had been altered by his intendant without his knowledge.





## WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

**S**URROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inapproachable valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat from oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German Empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with

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their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these robbers, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the *Waldstädte*, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them to renounce their direct connection with the German Empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

As the result of a direct attempt at subjugation might be doubtful, Albert resolved to proceed cautiously and by stealth. The Forest-towns had hitherto administered their laws and collected the imperial taxes themselves; and were only visited on stated emergencies by an imperial commissioner or governor. The first encroachment, then, was to send a governor or bailiff to take up his residence in the country. According to the usual account, the first permanent imperial bailiff in the *Waldstädte* was Hermann Gessler, who built a fortress for himself at Küssnacht in Uri, not far from the head of the Lake of Lucerne, on which the *Waldstädte* bordered. Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man: as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did Switzerland, under the viceregal domination of Gessler, produce its **WILLIAM TELL.**\*

\* The story of Tell, as given in the text, has long passed current as history: that it is essentially a fable, however, may now be considered as a settled point. The earlier Swiss chroniclers, in narrating the rising of the Forest towns, make no mention of Tell. The rude embryo of the story appears first in the *Chronicle of Melchior Reuss*, in the second half of the fifteenth century, and in a popular ballad of the same period. Successive versions added details and embellishments, until, in the sixteenth century, Tschudi and others gave the full-grown narrative, which Schiller has embalmed in his drama. As early, however, as the end of the sixteenth century, doubts began to be expressed as to its authenticity; and attention was called to the existence of similar legends of earlier date existing in other countries. Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler of the twelfth century, tells of a bowman named Palnatoke, who was compelled by the Danish king, Harald Blue-tooth, to shoot at an apple on his son's head, and who afterwards sent an arrow through Harald's own

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William Tell, according to the received accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the Lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all outdoor sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. As a wife he chose Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, and made him his constant companion. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing an intimate friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Unterwalden. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was this associate. Although similar in many salient points of character,

heart. On this saga, Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, has founded a tragedy. The Icelandic sagas attribute the feat to various personages, some earlier, some later, than Pulnat ke. Perhaps the oldest form of the arrow-shooting legend is that in the *Vilkinasaga*, in which it is told of the hero Eigil, brother of Weyland the Smith. As was natural, these suggestions of doubt were distasteful to Swiss patriotism, and a book on the subject was burned by the public hangman of Uri: so that Swiss historians have been cautious in speaking of the subject. Tell's Chapel, said to have been erected in 1388, only eighty years after the death of Gessler, and other monuments commemorative of incidents in the story and claiming the same antiquity, are usually held to be proofs of the reality of the events. The date of these monuments, however, is far from certain; and, at best, the most that could be inferred from them is, that, on the rising of the Forest-towns, an obscure peasant shot an Austrian bailiff on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, and that this became, in the popular memory, the central incident of the struggle, and gradually gathered round it the widespread mythical embellishments of the tyrant, the Bowman, and the Apple. For one thing, the tyrant Gessler is conclusively proved to be mythical. In a work, containing a series of documents concerning early Swiss history, published in 1835 by M. Kopp of Lucerne, it is satisfactorily shewn that, although a continuous series of charters exists relative to the bailiffs of Küssnacht in the fourteenth century, there is no Gessler among them.



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there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, and was capable of very great actions, was not prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter, Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the happiness of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost licence to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Werner Stauffacher in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried: 'What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?' Tradition records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. 'How long,' exclaimed she, 'shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?' The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but took root in his heart, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the Lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten, at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and revealed to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but

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just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonised friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest entreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Righi. This mountain

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risers in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragged old Melchthal before Gessler, who ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Righi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for the Righi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Righi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. 'Go,' said my father, 'and tell Arnold of this new villainy of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwalden for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli.'\*

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where

\* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the Lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.

unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of fealty, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. ‘Werner Stauffacher,’ cried Tell, ‘the time is come for action;’ and without a moment’s delay he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero’s hand: ‘Friend, let us begin; I am ready.’ After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when their weapons were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher’s house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The Lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured.



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Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. 'Arnold awaits us,' cried William, 'and the fate of our country depends on this interview.' With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common in these mountain-lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shewn to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added: 'We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, we will pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people.'

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a

signal-fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

'Wherefore,' demanded the incensed bailiff, 'hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?'

'Verily,' answered Tell, with mock humility, 'how this happened I know not; 'tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart.'

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner's name, which he no sooner heard than he recognised him as the archer so celebrated throughout the canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. 'While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good-fortune to carry off the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refusest this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes.'

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Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good-fortune; and finding the governor inexorable, the hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden-tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck through the core, was carried away by the arrow!

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him: 'Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but,' added he, 'tell me what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle? One was surely enough.' Tell replied with some slight evidence of embarrassment, 'that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve;' an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. 'Nay, nay,' said he; 'tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared.' 'The second shaft,' replied Tell, 'was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son.' At these words, the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words: 'I am

about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice ; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences.'

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time ; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe-conduct of his armed dependents, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half ; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising ; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal-fire to rouse the cantons ; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which,



giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, which were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives ; a bleak wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, inert and horror-stricken, prayed for life ; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency, the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. ‘And see, my lord,’ said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—‘all are paralysed with terror, and even the pilot totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?’ Gessler’s fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate ; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemmed in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offer not a single platform where human foot can stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to

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Gessler, who demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and there hid himself until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. Gessler and his attendants having with great difficulty effected a landing at Brunnen, proceeded towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as 'the hollow way,' and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death, and seizing an opportune moment, he pierced Gessler to the heart with an arrow.

This bold deed accomplished, the hero effected his escape to Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. Immediate action was now unnecessary, but the original decision of the conspirators remained unchanged. Accordingly, on the morning of New-year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was taken possession of, its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, destroyed the fortress of Schwanau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.\*

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest

\* Although popular history, naturally enough, associates the beginning of the Swiss Confederacy with Tell and his mythical associates, it is now known that a formal league had been entered into among the three cantons as early as 1291. The original parchment of this Magna Charta of Switzerland, it appears, is still extant; and it purports to be only a renewal of a still older league. The contents of this compact and of other documents of the same kind, the examination of which has only recently been entered upon, reveal a state of matters very different from what has usually been believed. The battle of Morgarten is a historical fact, but the exact nature of the struggle between the cantons and the House of Austria, which preceded it, it will require further research to make clear. The real history of this period has yet to be written. A valuable contribution has recently appeared in *Les Origines de la Confédération Suisse, Histoire et Légende*, par Albert Rilliet, Genève, 1868. See *Edinburgh Review* for January 1869. In the meantime, the popular story has its charm, and also its use. The belief of it influenced the character and actions of the people, and a knowledge of it is necessary to the right understanding of the subsequent real history. Much of modern literature would be dark to a person who had never heard of Tell and the other conspirators of Rutli.

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generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously displaying an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hillsides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete rout, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

In these first struggles for liberty, the men of the town and district of Schwytz had played such a prominent part, that the whole of the confederates became known as Schwytzer or Swiss, and the name was extended to all the cantons that afterwards joined them.

Tradition makes little mention of Tell after the death of Gessler, and the first rising in 1307; nor are the accounts consistent. He is represented as fighting on the field of Morgarten, and as being

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present at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337. According to one account, he perished in 1350, while trying to rescue a child from an inundation that destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. Another version of the story makes him, after the battle of Morgarten, become administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, and die there in 1354.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons: the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom: about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. Near the Lake of Sempach, with 9000 men-at-arms, on foot and in close array with levelled spears, he assailed the 1400 confederates that had come to oppose him. The Swiss were falling fast before the bristling wall of iron, when Arnold of Winkelried, in Unterwalden, grasping an armsful of the projecting spears, buried them in his body, and sank with them to the earth; through the breach thus made his companions burst, and the Austrian host was almost annihilated, Leopold himself being in the number of the slain. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the Convention of Sempach. At the request of Austria, a further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with their other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural labours, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.



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We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris : war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon further strengthened by the addition of Argovie. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours : the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton : the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service ; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually styled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of

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legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary ; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles ; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results ; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens ; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling ; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the Lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles ; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverdun in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit

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to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced-guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the Lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the Lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenberg, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenberg withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovic, Thurgovia, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose; at ten at night the bugle was sounded for

departure, and on the following morning they reached the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying : ' Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory ! ' The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage ; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Lemán. The rout was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the Lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event ; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of



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Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.\*

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels, Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold*:

‘There is a spot should not be passed in vain—  
Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;  
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument.’ \* \* \*

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Lemman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535, the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly-fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, partly within whose

\* In most of the towns and villages of Switzerland a ‘Tree of Liberty’ will be found, representing this ancient lime. An annual procession of the youths of the place (who, from the age of seven, are trained to arms), is marched in military costume and rank around this symbol of liberty, and there made to swear allegiance to their country’s cause.

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waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated ; among others, François de Bonnivard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without ; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences ; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

### SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights ; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—*Helvetia* being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued ; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established ; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. The re-established confederation was divided into twenty-two cantons, each of which was represented in a Diet, which was

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appointed to hold its annual meetings alternately at Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne. The old abuses which had crept into the constitutions of the cantons were revived, and representation in most of them became based on property qualifications. Officials, the aristocracy, and the clergy joined to oppose innovations, and succeeded in doing so until 1830, when the French Revolution broke out. Armed demonstrations were made against the towns, and universal suffrage was generally conceded. The consequences were not what had been expected by the liberals, who found that they had not yet the means of remedying the chief defect of the constitution—namely, the want of any efficient central power, either to control the action of the separate cantons or to unite them in the common defence. Then ensued a period of civil strife and confusion which lasted for more than a dozen years, and into the details of which we cannot enter. The struggle was at bottom one between liberalism and Protestantism on the one hand, and the reactionary and Ultramontane parties on the other. In Valais, where universal suffrage had put power into the hands of the reactionary party, a war took place, in which the latter were victorious. They then ruled with a strong hand, and actually forbade the celebration of Protestant worship within the canton. In Lucerne, the headquarters of the Jesuits, the Ultramontane party acted even more extravagantly; they so persecuted their political opponents, that the latter were compelled to leave the canton. These measures caused the greatest discontent. In 1844, a proposal was made in the Diet to expel the Jesuits; but that body declined to act. The radical party then determined to resort to force: they organised bodies of armed men, called Free Corps, which invaded the Catholic cantons; but they were defeated. Changes favourable to them took place in some of the cantons. The Catholic cantons then formed a league, named the Sonderbund, for defence against the Free Corps. This was a virtual secession from the confederation, and there was a general clamour for its suppression; but in the Diet the measure could not at first be carried. At last a majority in the Diet, in 1846, declared the illegality of the Sonderbund, and decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits. In the war which ensued between the federal army and the forces of the seven cantons constituting the Sonderbund, about 200,000 men, counting both sides, took the field. In two actions, at Friburg and Lucerne, the federals were victorious. The leagued cantons were made liable in all the expenses of the war, the Jesuits were expelled, and the monasteries were suppressed. An attempt was made by diplomatic notes to intimidate the Swiss government, but the revolution of 1848 broke out, and prevented further interference. In the same year, the radical party, convinced of the necessity of a more powerful central government, carried the new constitution, which is briefly described below.

The greatest danger that has since threatened Switzerland arose

regarding the canton of Neufchatel. This canton, although a member of the Swiss federation, was a monarchical principality, belonging by hereditary right to the king of Prussia. The events of 1830—48 had assimilated the constitution of Neufchatel to the rest of Switzerland, and the authority of Prussia had become almost nominal, when, in 1856, the royalist party rose in insurrection, and took possession of the government. The rising was immediately suppressed by armed force; but Prussia interfered, and demanded that those concerned, who were about to be tried, should be set free. The threat of war called forth an extraordinary burst of Swiss patriotism, and the whole trained population stood to arms. This energetic bearing led, through the intervention of the other powers, to a compromise by which the king of Prussia gave up all his rights, retaining merely the title of Prince of Neufchatel.

*Constitution.*—Switzerland is now composed of twenty-five cantons, having a united area of nearly sixteen thousand square miles, with a population of two millions and a half. The names of the cantons are: Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden (Upper), Unterwalden (Lower), Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle (Town), Basle (District), Schaffhausen, Appenzell (Exterior), Appenzell (Interior), St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin or Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neufchatel, and Geneva.

Owing to the nature of the country and the circumstances of its history, these cantons continue to this day to be in a great measure separate states, each managing its own internal affairs, and having its own form of constitution. The cantonal constitutions are divided into two classes, absolute democracies and representative democracies. In the former, the chief power belongs to the *Landesgemeinde*, an assembly of the whole adult male population, which meets once a year, to pass laws, and to regulate the taxes and expenditure of the canton. Uri, the Unterwaldens, Appenzell, and Glarus have constitutions of this kind. In the Grisons and the Valais, the people may be said to possess similar powers, as all measures must be approved of by them. In the other, the representative cantons, a great council is elected by the people, and to it are deputed most of the powers of the *Landesgemeinde*. These local assemblies produce a remarkable effect on the Swiss people. Their debates have an importance far beyond that of an English town-council, or even of a colonial parliament, for their power is much greater, and the population are more immediately interested in them. To the interest they excite is, no doubt, to be attributed, in a great degree, the intelligence and public spirit of the Swiss. The greatest disadvantage lay in the power the cantons formerly had to levy war against each other, and to resist the general government in conducting the foreign policy of the country. But these defects have been to a great extent remedied by the new constitution, which came into operation in 1848. It handed over the control of the army, the conduct of



foreign affairs, the settlement of disputes between the cantons, and the management of the police and post-office, to a Federal Assembly (*Bundes Versammlung*) representing all the cantons. The Federal Assembly consists of two chambers, first, the State Council (*Stände rath*); second, the National Council (*National rath*). The former is composed of 44 members, two representing each canton; the latter, of 120 members, elected by the cantons, in the proportion of one to 20,000 inhabitants. These bodies depute the executive authority to the Federal Council (*Bundes rath*), consisting of seven members, and holding office for three years. The president is merely one of the council, and he has none of the quasi-royal privileges of the American president, whose functions are discharged by the whole council. Different systems of law still prevail in the different cantons, which to some extent resemble each other, the most of them having grown out of the old German codes. In recent times, trial by jury has been introduced, but in the Catholic cantons the codes of law carry us back to the middle ages: they still prescribe for certain offences various degrees of corporal punishment, exposure on the pillory, and public penance in the churches. In Switzerland, property is much subdivided, and this has exercised a very marked effect on the population. Of 485,000 heads of families, no less than 465,000 possess landed property. In the absence of great landed estates, there is no powerful aristocratic class. There are no titles of Swiss origin, families possessing such distinctions deriving them from abroad.

There is no standing army in Switzerland, but every citizen is obliged to serve as a soldier, and military drill is taught at all the schools.

*Language and Religion.*—In the sequestered valleys of the Grisons, two-thirds of the population still speak a Latin dialect known as the Romaunsh; Italian dialects have penetrated up the valleys of Ticino; French prevails in Western Switzerland; in the rest of the country the dialects are German. Of every 1000 Swiss, 702 speak German, 226 French, 55 Italian, and 17 Romaunsh. The Swiss Reformation spread chiefly from Basle, Berne, and Geneva, and the chief Protestant districts are the countries communicating with these towns. The Alpine region is almost entirely Roman Catholic, the seven Catholic cantons being Lucerne, Zug, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Valais, and Ticino. Out of 1000 Swiss, 411 are Roman Catholics, 587 Protestants, and 2 Jews.

*Education.*—In no country is elementary instruction more widely diffused. Parents are compelled to send their children to school from five to eight, but not above that age. There are universities on the German model at Basle, Berne, and Zurich, and academies on the French plan at Geneva and Lausanne. The number of clubs for scientific and literary, musical and social purposes, is most remarkable. There are no pursuits to which a class of men can

devote themselves which are not represented by societies in Switzerland. The local political assemblies and other public meetings give ample employment to the newspaper and periodical press. In Switzerland there are accordingly 188 political journals, and 167 periodicals devoted to literature and science. There are 40 daily papers. This active intellectual life is, however, chiefly confined to the Protestant cantons.

*Productions.*—In Switzerland, where good coal is not to be had, and where the houses are built of wood, the forests, which cover one-sixth of the whole surface, acquire very great importance. Wood-cutting is one of the chief employments of the people. The trees cut down in the highlands are deprived of their branches, and shot with inconceivable rapidity over the slopes to the valleys below, whence they are removed by rafts, not only to different parts of Switzerland, but to France and Germany. It is, however, the mountain-pastures and the meadows, forming two-fifths of the whole surface of the country, that supply the chief occupations of the people—those of herdsmen and shepherds. During the summer, the cattle are driven into the mountains, and tended by herdsmen, who take up their abode in the rude wooden huts known as *châlets*, and there the butter and cheese are made. In summer, it is estimated that there are in Switzerland upwards of a million of horned cattle, one-fourth of which consists of milch cows. The produce of the dairy annually is valued at between one and two millions sterling. The best cheese is made at Emmen, Saanen, Simmenthal, Gruyères, and Ursern. The sheep of Switzerland are of inferior breed, and their wool is short and coarse; but the goats are numerous and fine. The plain is a fertile agricultural country; yet Switzerland, as a whole, produces only about two-thirds of the grain required for consumption. In Vaud and Neufchatel, the cultivation of the vine is the chief occupation of the people; and in other parts, more particularly on the shores of the Lake of Constance, there are extensive orchards, in which are prepared cider and *kirschwasser*, the latter being a liquor largely consumed in Switzerland. It will give some idea of the extent to which Switzerland is cultivated, to state, that out of every hundred square miles of surface, thirty are occupied by rocks, glaciers, and water; twenty by hill-pastures; seventeen by forests; eleven by arable lands; twenty by meadows; and one by vineyards.

*Manufactures.*—The manufacturing districts are not scattered over the whole surface of the country; they are met with chiefly on the northern frontier. The chief manufactures are—at Zurich, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,600,000 annually, and cottons; at St Gall and Appenzell, cottons; in Aargau and Glarus, cottons, linens, silks, and hosiery; at Basle, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,400,000. leather, paper, and tobacco; in Aargau and Lucerne, straw-plaiting; in Neufchatel, watch-making and cotton-printing; in Geneva, watch-

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making and jewellery. Internal communication has long been facilitated in Switzerland by excellent roads, and every advantage has been taken of the lakes to introduce steam-navigation. The plain is now overspread from one end to the other with a network of railways, which in many directions send ramifications into the Alpine valleys, thus connecting closely all parts of the country.

Although Switzerland is inland, its commerce in proportion to population has long exceeded that of any other country of Europe. According to a calculation made in 1856, the value of the trade of Switzerland gave for each individual of the population 406 francs ; while the rate in England was only 268, in France 101, in the German customs-union 83, and in Belgium 296. This remarkable result is owing partly to the system of free-trade early adopted and consistently followed, partly to the cheapness of the administration ; and especially to the circumstance that there is no standing army to withdraw, as in other continental countries, an ever-increasing proportion of the population from productive industry.

The early establishment of freedom in trade is partly attributable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad ; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. The free system which thus grew up spontaneously, as it were, was all along consistently upheld by the central authorities, and was preserved essentially intact in the new constitution of 1848 ; for although it was necessary to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the central government, the duties imposed were very light, and were strictly financial and not protective. At the same time, all internal obstructions to commerce, in the shape of duties between the several cantons, and road and bridge tolls, were done away with, the confederation undertaking to pay a yearly sum as indemnity to the cantons concerned.

*The Watch Manufacture.*—Geneva and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages :

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‘As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

‘Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil.

‘For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed; several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is now little more than a century since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. Latterly, the export of watches has been very considerable, and the small and delicate watches of Switzerland are known in almost every country in the world.’



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### FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from 20 to 30 miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now traversed by steam-boats several times a day.

What imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connection with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked.

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons,



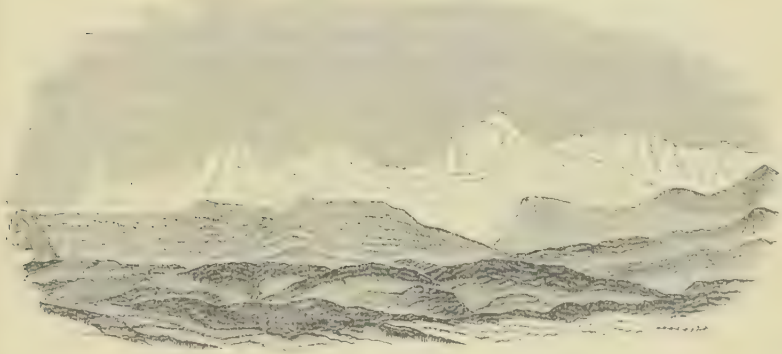
Tell's Chapel.

from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the

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Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's Chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Kussnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate; and only once a year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles further on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a



region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finsterarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau. We here present a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty

miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direction from Lake Lemman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. Cretins occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently goitres than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Lemman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Lemman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Lemman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the

midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steam-boats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a dépôt for military stores, and within its walls prisoners committed for political offences are confined. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shews on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the *Prisoner of Chillon* of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic licence has therefore been taken in the forcible lines :

‘Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar ; for ’twas trod—  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—  
 By Bonnivard ! May none these marks efface !  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God !’



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The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English ; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release ; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.





## THE HERRING AND THE WHALE.

### THE HERRING.

**T**HIS tiny fish is perhaps the greatest treasure of the sea. It is almost universally liked as an article of food ; it is very abundant, and readily caught in great numbers ; and being capable of being cured with comparatively little injury to its nutritive qualities, it can be sent to countries at any distance from the shores it frequents. Owing to these circumstances, it contributes more to the food-supplies of the human race than perhaps any other single fish. In the United Kingdom, around the shores of which it is particularly abundant, it constitutes a great industrial and commercial interest. Few persons not conversant with the statistics of trade have any idea of the quantities of pickled and smoked herrings that are annually sent to foreign markets. The gathering of this great sea-harvest, again, gives employment to vast numbers of the coast population, and involves, in the wages of fishermen and other labourers, in the building of boats and the making of nets and barrels, an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The herring-fishery has from early times been deemed worthy of

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the fostering care of kings and governments. It is recorded that the Emperor Charles V. made a pilgrimage to the tomb of William Beukelsen, of Biervlet, near Sluis (died in 1397), who is said by one or two Dutch writers to have discovered the mode of curing herrings now in use. Edward III. of England encouraged the herring-fishery of Yarmouth; and Charles II., with the same intention, visited that port along with the Duke of York, and as a memorial of the occasion, was presented with four golden herrings. Several of the kings of Scotland, and notably James V. and VI., were zealous in aiding the Scottish fisheries. Repeated parliamentary inquiries and numerous acts of parliament testify to the importance that continues to be attached by the British nation to this branch of industry.

### HISTORY OF THE HERRING-FISHERY.

The Scots must have been fishers from an early age, for we find notices, in Anderson's *History of Commerce* and in other works, of the Netherlanders trading with Scotland for herrings as early as the year 836. The Danes, we are told by Arnoldus de Lübeck, rose to wealth and distinction at an early period of history by means of their herring-fishery; they clothed themselves with scarlet or purple, and other nations carried to them abundance of gold and silver, being contented with herrings in exchange. This was about the eleventh century. In the year 1124, the value of herrings in Pomerania was a horse-load for a coin less in value than our penny. In 1138, the privilege of fishing for herrings at Renfrew was conceded by King David to the Abbey of Holyrood. In 1240, an act was passed by the Scottish parliament imposing a burgage duty of fourpence on every last of herrings. Yarmouth became very early a place of importance in connection with the herring-fishery. In the year 1270, a herring-fair was held there which lasted for a period of forty days. In the fifteenth century, the Scottish herring-fishery had grown to be an enterprise of great moment to the country, a considerable export trade having been originated both to Holland and the Mediterranean. Up till the time of the Union, the Scottish herring-fishery was becoming annually of greater importance, directly fostered as it was by the king and the nobles of the country. After the Union, the fishery declined; but in 1726 a reaction set in, and as greater attention was after that period paid to commerce and manufactures, the fisheries shared in this general revival, and have prospered ever since.

The herring-fishery was first developed into a systematic industry by the Dutch people. It is a common saying that Amsterdam is founded on herring-bones. The greatest possible attention was paid in Holland, at an early period, not only to the capture of the fish, but also to the best method of curing them. Even yet, the arrival of the steamboat with the firstlings of the season is anxiously

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looked for, and the early fish are sold at a very high price, as much as two shillings of our money being charged for a single herring. As a rule, they are all pickled; *fresh* herring, as that delicacy is understood in Britain, being little known elsewhere. If the herring-cure of Holland was borrowed, as has been asserted, from Scotland, the Dutch have surpassed their masters. In Holland, and in Prussia and other parts of Germany, the pickled herring is eaten raw, being served at table as a whet, or as the *bonne bouche* of the banquet; and the flavour of these carefully pickled fish is really delicious. At one time, when the Dutch herring-fishery was in the heyday of its prosperity, a few of the earliest cured fish that arrived from the 'great fishery' were presented, with great ceremony, to the king, who always gave a liberal reward to the bearers of the precious kit containing the first-fruits of the representative industry of the kingdom. Every incident of the herring-fishery of Holland was at one time regulated by the Dutch legislature with great care: the time at which the fishery must begin, the size of the nets, the kind of wood of which the barrels must be constructed, the quality and quantity of the salt used in the pickling, and the exact mode of eviscerating the fish, were all laid down in great detail in the 'placarts,' and all captains and chief officers of 'busses' and 'boars' were sworn to see the laws rigidly carried into execution. As other sources of commercial wealth were opened up by the Dutch, they ceased to prosecute the herring-fishery with the same industry; indeed, they found the fish becoming scarce; and now the herring-fishery of Holland is not nearly such a source of wealth to the country as it was at one time. An attempt is, however, being made to revive it.

As the herring-fishery of Holland declined, that of Scotland rose into greater importance: but its growth was slow and fitful. At one time, no person would have ventured to prophesy that in the year 1868 there would be upwards of twelve thousand boats fishing under the surveillance of the Scottish Board of Fisheries. Great efforts were from time to time made to extend the enterprise, and bounties began to be granted in 1749 to those fitting out herring-busses, as well as premiums for the quantity of herrings captured. The plan of giving bounties and other advantages to those who engaged in this industry had ultimately to be abandoned, as the crown was supposed to have been defrauded by persons who had fitted out ships, not to capture the fish, but to catch the bounty. A remnant of this government patronage still remains; a staff of men being kept up, partly at the national expense, to certify the proper cure of the herrings, by putting a *brand* on each barrel that is cured to the satisfaction of the fishery officer. But the question of the brand will be afterwards spoken of.

The chief seat of the herring-fishery in Scotland is Wick in Caithness-shire, where there may be found fishing during the season a fleet of one thousand two hundred boats. A century

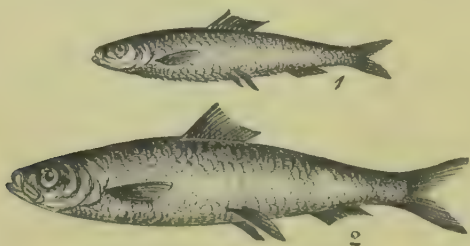


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ago there were only two small herring-sloops at this port. What cotton is to Manchester or steel to Sheffield, the herring assuredly is to Wick and other towns on the north-east coast of Scotland. It has been calculated that at least sixty millions of herrings are annually brought into the conjoined harbours of Wick and Pulteneytown; and it is no exaggeration to say, that during an average fishing season as many as nine hundred millions of herrings are taken from the seas surrounding Scotland. Next to Wick, the chief stations are in various parts of Aberdeen, Sutherland, Elgin, and Banff shires. Fraserburgh sends out a fleet of 500 boats; Peterhead has 430 boats; and from Port Gordon, Buckie, and other places on the Moray Firth, an active fishery is carried on. There are also four herring-fishing stations in the Orkney Islands, and there is a considerable fishery at Shetland. There are in all 21 herring-fishery 'districts' in Scotland, and these districts embrace 565 ports or places. The total number of boats engaged in what is called the north-east coast-fishery in 1868 was 3449, a number rather above the average of former years. Important fisheries for the herring are also carried on at various places on both sides of the Firth of Forth, the fish being chiefly sold as 'fresh herrings.' The Loch Fyne herring has acquired a celebrity of its own (see page 13).

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HERRING.

The common herring is the type of a family called by naturalists the *Clupeidae*, and divided by them into several genera. The species are not very numerous, but some of them have a very wide geographical range. The chief species known on the British coasts are the common herring (*Clupea harengus*), the pilchard (*Clupea*



Sprat and Herring : 1, sprat ; 2, herring.

*pilchardus*), and the sprat (*Clupea sprattus*). The sardine (*Clupea Sardina*), the anchovy (*Engraulis encrasicolus*), and the shad (*Alosa*) are also members of the family; and the whitebait is now believed by some to be the young of the herring.

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The herring is, in the opinion of some, the most beautiful fish that inhabits the British seas: the drawing of the nets in the early morning, just as the sun rises above the waters, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. Even the smallest sprats are beautiful when they first emerge from the water; and the glowing colours of a mass of pilchards might furnish an artist with a lasting stock of beautiful tints. The natural history of the herring is in many points as obscure as is the history of the trade of capturing it. Not many years ago, naturalists supposed they knew all about it. The herring, we were told, was an inhabitant of the inaccessible seas of the high northern latitudes. Pennant, who first gave publicity to this idea, is supposed to have founded it on information derived from fishermen. It was believed that these fish existed in the arctic seas in inconceivable numbers, and that, at the proper season, by some commanding impulse, they gathered themselves together and migrated southward. It was described with the particularity of an observed fact, how the great 'heer,' or army, as it was called, made its appearance off Iceland in March, occupying a space in the sea equal to the extent of the whole British Islands; how, when this army approached these islands, it divided itself into two columns, of which the one advanced along the west coast, the other along the German Ocean, throwing off battalions into every bay and firth. It is now known that all this is utterly without foundation. The herring is a native fish, and so far as can be ascertained, does not migrate to or from any distant place. Fishermen and dealers can easily distinguish the herrings of different localities; a coast-of-Caithness herring differs in many respects from a Loch Fyne herring, and both are different from a herring of the Firth of Forth in appearance and in flavour.

Geographically, the herring is widely distributed. It is found in all the seas which surround our own islands; it is abundant in the White Sea; and is also found in the Baltic, in the Zuider Zee, and in the Black and Caspian Seas. The fish taken at Bakoe are very highly prized, being called by the Persians the royal fish. Herrings are likewise taken in large numbers on the coast of Kamtchatka. On the American coast, especially off Carolina and Virginia, herrings appear very early, and continue for a month or two depositing their spawn. Everybody has heard of the Nova Scotia sprat, which is taken in great abundance. It is a very fat and rich fish, and is cured by smoking; as many as 100,000 boxes of 200 each are sent away in one season. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have herring-fisheries of considerable value. Herrings are occasionally seen at Iceland, but they are small in size and of inferior quality. There is no doubt, however, that herrings are more abundant on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland than anywhere else.

Although the herring is thus familiarly known to multitudes in all parts of the northern hemisphere, we have yet much to learn about it.

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That it is prolific, we know : a herring of a few ounces in weight will yield from 20,000 to 35,000 ova. An ingenious naturalist has calculated that if the progeny of one pair of herrings were to be allowed to multiply without molestation for ten years, the result would be a bulk of herrings equal in size to the globe on which we live ! It is not known how long a period elapses between the deposit of the ova and the birth of the herring. In the case of the salmon, we know it is a long time—occasionally upwards of one hundred days. Much depends on the temperature of the water ; in very cold seasons, fish-eggs take longer to hatch than when the weather is more genial and open. Herring ova deposited in July or August, of course have the advantage of the summer warmth ; but that the young fish are hatched in so short a period as ten days or a fortnight, as was stated in a parliamentary inquiry, is hardly credible. There is reliable evidence, however, of the young herring making their appearance in about seven weeks after the fishery had commenced. At that time, they are naturally very diminutive ; but as to the rate at which they increase in size, the greatest diversity of opinion exists. There is at least weighty evidence to shew that a herring does not become reproductive till the third year of its age. Some naturalists have thrown out the idea that herrings spawn twice a year, which is not of course an impossibility, but is nevertheless exceedingly improbable. Herrings, however, spawn at all times of the year ; there are shoals of herring that spawn in January, as well as others that do so in June and August. From this it is obvious that herrings come to maturity in distinct races or shoals. The winter fish are in many instances lean and flavourless, whilst the summer shoals, again, are fat and highly palatable.

It has long been a question among naturalists : ‘What is whitebait?’ The researches of Dr Gunther of the British Museum have led him to the conclusion that it is the young of the common herring ; and in this conclusion the best authorities are disposed to concur.

Another question often asked is : ‘Where do the herrings go after they spawn?’ But that is one of the numerous mysteries of the sea. It is perfectly certain that herrings may be taken on our coasts all the year round, and there is a herring-fishery of greater or less magnitude constantly going on. It has been suggested that the herrings aggregate and segregate—in other words, that they do not constantly live in shoals, but instinctively come together at certain seasons. It is at anyrate curious that bodies of herring are found at particular places only during the spawning season, and that after that time it is needless to look for them. On the other hand, we know that herrings are found together when they are very young fish. As whitebait (and it is as whitebait, according to Dr Gunther, that we first know the herring), they are generally found in small shoals ; and at a later period of the year, when large quantities of

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sprats are taken, it is a curious circumstance that young herrings are mixed with them to the extent of a third of the total quantity. If the herrings keep together till they grow into sprat-sized fish, it is not likely that they will then separate.

As to the food of herrings, they will eat almost anything that inhabits the seas in which they live. It is obvious that a shoal of herrings must consume a large amount of food of some kind; and the poor flavour and lean condition of the herring of particular districts are generally accounted for by the want of sufficient food, as the fat condition and fine flavour of some other shoals are due, no doubt, to the excellence of their feeding-grounds. Herrings feed on all kinds of minute crustaceans, on sand-eels, on their own roe, and on the young of their own kind. The Loch Fyne herrings, having access to excellent feeding-grounds, are very plump and palatable; other herrings, in waters which are bounded by rocky shores, are frequently lean and lank.

A shoal of herrings is an immense body: it may extend for miles, and be composed of millions of fish. Herrings are said to be very capricious in their movements, deserting, apparently without cause, places where they had been known to congregate for many years. The fishermen always find some cause for a capricious movement of this kind. The herrings were believed to be driven from one coast by the firing of guns during a battle; and when steamboats were introduced upon some of our sea-lochs, the fish fled from them! It was affirmed by the fishermen of St Monance, in Fife, that the ringing of the church-bell used to scare away the herrings, and the bell was therefore removed during the time of the fishery. But the best anecdote about the herring is an Irish one: a clergyman of that country having intimated his intention of taking his tithe of fish, the herrings, disgusted at his greed, at once left that part of the coast, and have never come back!

Although many hundred millions of herrings may be taken annually from the sea as food for man, it is no exaggeration to say that an equal, or indeed a far greater number, fall a prey to other enemies. Some species of the whale, and many kinds of sea-birds, prey upon the herring. A missionary who lived, at the end of last century, upon the lone island of St Kilda, being an eye-witness of the ravages committed by solan geese, took the trouble to make the following calculation: 'Taking it for granted that there are 100,000 solan geese on the rocks of St Kilda, and that these birds sojourn on the island during seven months of every year, I shall assume that each of them eats, or at anyrate destroys, five herrings in a day, being 500,000 for the whole flock, or, roundly calculated, a total number of 105,000,000 per annum!' The dog-fish is likewise a persistent enemy of the herring, and is hated by the fishermen not only because a shoal of these ravenous animals will eat a large quantity of the fish while fast in the nets, but because they tear and



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destroy the nets as well. On some occasions, more than two-thirds of the herring taken on a particular night have been eaten out of the meshes of the nets by the dog-fish; and at times considerable numbers of the dogs are captured in the hauling in of the drifts. The dog is a coarse, oily fish, and although occasionally eaten, it is usually sold for manure.

### HOW THE HERRING IS CAUGHT.

The primary difficulty in catching herrings is to discover their whereabouts. There may be millions of herrings in the sea not very far off; but as they move in shoals, there must be miles on miles without a single fish, and only in certain confined areas can any success be looked for. There are indeed certain localities which the shoals are known to frequent oftener than others; but the chance of finding them there on any particular night is uncertain. When a great 'haul' has been got one night, many boats return next evening to the same place, very likely to find the shoal gone. Accordingly, when the 'drave,' as the herring-fleet is styled in some places, leaves the harbour, some of the boats may be seen turning to the right, and some to the left, each captain and crew thinking that they may be lucky enough at once to light upon the right spot.

It is curious to note the difference of fortune that attends different fishers in this respect. Some few skippers will secure their contract quantity early in the season; while others, although fishing diligently all the time the fishery lasts, will not have half of it. As regards a single night, one man may so exactly hit the fish as to get from forty to seventy crans of herrings at the first casting of his nets, whilst his neighbours, fishing right and left of him, may not have as many dozens. This is called 'luck,' and the fisher-folk are great believers in 'luck;' but although chance plays a part on single occasions, the fact of a habitually large catch only shews that one man is a greater adept at his business than another. Clever fishers gather, from a variety of indications, a tolerable idea where the shoal is. They can note by the appearance of an oily gleam upon the water whether they are over the fish; by observing the gulls also, they can judge whether the herrings are inshore or out at sea. The shrewd skippers who always get fish have, of course, a body of followers, who do as they do—who shoot their nets alongside of the lucky boats, and by means of such tactics, frequently obtain herrings when more adventurous fishers get none.

A brief description of a single night's operations will give the best idea of the business of herring-catching. The boats leave the harbour at a pretty early hour in the afternoon, as they never know at starting how far they may have to sail before they can begin fishing. Arrived at a place which the skipper considers favourable, the sails are lowered, and preparations made for 'shooting' the nets.

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In the north of Scotland, the 'drift'-net is used. It consists of a series of oblong pieces, each 50 yards long, and from 20 to 31 feet deep. These are attached at one edge to a 'back-rope,' which holds them all together, and at the several junctions of the parts there are inflated bladders or dog-skins, to keep the whole afloat; while the opposite edges have weights attached, to make them hang perpendicularly in the water. The whole suite or drift may extend three-quarters of a mile, forming an immense perforated wall or fence in the sea. The nets used to be hand-woven, of fine hempen cord, and impregnated with bark, to keep them from rotting; but undyed machine-made cotton nets are now frequently in use, as they are much cheaper and finer. The meshes are generally an inch or an inch and a quarter wide—just enough to admit the slender head of the herring, but not its body. When a shoal of herrings happens to come against this wall, it is of course arrested; but if the head of a fish has fully entered a mesh, retreat is as impossible as advance, for the cords of the mesh catch the gills and hold it fast: the gills act as barbs, as it were.

This formidable apparatus had lain all day spread out on a grass field to dry, and before starting had been placed in the boat in careful coils, so as to come off without entanglement. In shooting the nets, two of the crew row the boat slowly forward, while others attend to the paying-out of the nets. The captain is of course at the helm, and overlooking the whole. The train of nets is fastened to the vessel by a long rope, and by means of the floating bladders the captain can see at a glance the track in which they lie, and is thus able to watch them so as to prevent accidents from their being fouled by other boats. When the nets are paid out, the men are able to sleep, or at least rest for a little; and do not fail to take a refreshment of oat-cakes and cheese, or of whatever else may be in the locker, with, perhaps, a top-dressing of whisky. Whilst all is quiet on board, and the boat is floating away to wherever the tide may carry it, a portion of the great shoal may silently strike upon the nets and bring fortune to the crew; or it may be moving at too great a depth; and thus the boat and its train may pass *over* myriads of fish, and not land a cran. After a time, the skipper, anxious about the result of his night's work, will eagerly scan the long line of floating bladders, to see if any of them have sunk down in the water, which is a token of a great catch; or he will slyly 'pree' a corner of his neighbour's net to see what luck he may have had. Indeed, some cautious skippers do not shoot their own nets till they see from what their neighbours have done whether or not they are in a favourable spot. It is considered a hardship when the men have to haul in the nets and shoot them again the same night, although this is frequently done. Night is the proper time of capture, as the darkness makes the fish less likely to perceive the net before running against it. With the early morning begins the operation of hauling in, which, when the

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take is heavy, is no easy matter. As portion after portion is drawn on board, the fish are shaken out into the bottom of the boat, and the empty net coiled aside. Cases have occurred when such a mass of fish was enmeshed as to sink the whole drift, and make it necessary to cut the boat clear, lest it should be drawn down along with it. A storm, too, sometimes makes it necessary to cut the nets adrift, and lose them and their contents.

The herring-fishery, as carried on in Scotland, is what may be called a shore-fishery, the boats being undecked, and going out and returning once in every twenty-four hours. A controversy has been carried on for a number of years as to the kind of boats best adapted for the fishery; and many advocate decked boats and the use of steam-power. The Dutch, who have to make long voyages to the best fishing-places, cure their herrings on board; but the necessity of curing on board limits the quantity of fish that can be taken, as the men act both as sailors and curers. By the Scottish system, there seems hardly a limit to the quantity that might be disposed of. On some days, as many as twenty thousand crans of herrings are brought into Wick and Pulteneytown, and are all gutted and cured right off hand. As to the use of steam-power, which is much canvassed at Wick, there is certainly one way in which it could be made useful, and that is by the employment of two or three powerful steam-tugs to take out and bring home the boats from the fishing-grounds. On some occasions, when there is little or no wind, it is a work of great labour and time to get the boats home, especially if they are heavily laden. A steam-tug could bring home fifty or a hundred boats with great rapidity; and as the fish are frequently not found till a great distance has been reached, the aid of a tug would be very advantageous.

## HOW THE HERRINGS ARE CURED.

The process of curing begins the moment the herrings are brought on shore: they are generally received by the curer in one or more large vats; and a clerk or foreman of the yard keeps an account of the quantity received. They are counted out to the curer by the boat-owners in 'crans,' the *cran* being a measure capable of containing 45 gallons; and after being cured, they are sold in barrels. A barrel measures about 37 gallons, and according to the size of the fish, and the greater or less quantity of salt used, holds from 700 to 800 herrings. For home consumption, the fish in a barrel, free of salt and brine, should weigh 235 pounds; for the continental market, 224 pounds; and for places out of Europe, 212 pounds. Herrings for the last-mentioned destinations, after an interval of a fortnight, are taken out of the barrels, washed, and repacked with fresh salt.

Immediately upon being brought to the curing-yard and thrown into the vat, the fish, being plentifully sprinkled with salt, are then

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handed over to the gutters to be eviscerated. These persons carry on their necessary but rather filthy operations with great dexterity and rapidity, a gang of four women having been known to eviscerate, 'rouse' in salt, and pack a barrel of herrings within ten minutes. Precise instructions as to the details of curing have been laid down by the Board of Fisheries, but the curers do not strictly adhere to them. More or less salt is used, according to the experience and knowledge of the curer. The herrings, on being brought from the gutting-trough, are 'roused' or shaken about in a tub full of salt; they are then laid into the barrels with great precision, 'tails inwards.' When the cure has been completed, a period of fifteen days is allowed to elapse before they can be branded. It is an imperative rule that all herrings be cured on the same day they are brought on shore, otherwise the officer will not certify them; and therefore, when a heavy 'take' occurs, it is no unusual circumstance for the whole staff of a curing-yard to work on till midnight, sometimes by torchlight. An enterprising curer requires to retain a large staff of persons, chiefly females, to gut and pack the herrings. A curer may have from thirty to sixty boats fishing for him at one station, and if these boats come in every morning with an average of even ten crans of fish, a good spell of work ensues. The head-cooper usually has full charge of the process of curing and packing; and the officers of the Fishery Board are constantly going about to see that the rules and regulations of the fishery are complied with.

## THE BRAND QUESTION.

The 'brand question' has long been a source of controversy. 'Why should herrings be branded,' it is asked, 'any more than cotton, cheese, or steel?' 'The case of such goods is different from that of herrings,' say the advocates of the brand, 'as the latter are exported to great distances packed in close barrels, and the foreign buyers must have some guarantee of their quality, or they would not buy.' It is thought by many that if curers were allowed to stand or fall on the merits of their individual cure, the pickling of herrings might be greatly improved, instead of being, as they are under the present system, all of one uniform quality. As a compromise of the question, a fee of fourpence per barrel is now charged for branding or certifying the herring; and it is quite optional on the part of the curer whether to pay this small charge and obtain the necessary certificate, or to stand on the merit of his own name. Only a few thousand barrels are as yet sent away without the brand; but there can be no doubt that ultimately the most enterprising curers will give up the government system, and greatly improve on the present style of curing, which, to say the least of it, is



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performed in a very perfunctory way; a Scottish pickled herring being very inferior to one that is cured in Holland.

### A HERRING FISHING-PORT IN THE SEASON.

There is great bustle and animation at a fishing-place during the herring-season. The little town becomes all at once alive and cheerful, compared with its aspect for the other ten months, when only a few local boats pursue the white-fishery. As the season for the gathering in of the herring-harvest approaches, strange boats arrive, crowds of gutters come to the place in search of work, and the tradesmen busk their shops with all the attractions they can muster. When a great 'take' of herrings occurs, excited curers and coopers bustle about, the knives of the gutters move with the rapidity of lightning, and glad smiles light up the countenances of all concerned. For the herring-fishery is the industry of the year, and its success or failure is to them what a good or bad crop is to the farmer. The quays of Wick and Pulteneytown harbours present upon such occasions a most animated spectacle. A thousand boats have come in from the sea, each more or less laden—some have a dozen crans, some a score, and a few may have fifty, and one or two more. From dawn of day till long past noon, the fleet comes pouring in; the quays are crowded, carts are driving off the nets to distant drying-grounds, the crews of boats are employed in carrying the fish to the gutting-troughs, and the gutters are busily at work, while the 'cadgers' who deal in fresh herrings are busy purchasing their day's supply. After a while the bustle dies away, the wearied fishermen go home to rest, or are again away to the fishing-ground; but for an hour or two longer the process of curing is continued; and at the end of a fatiguing day all are gladdened at the thought that the fishery of the year has become a success. For the success or failure of the season usually turns on one or two great nights; as in 1858, when on two successive evenings in August an average of twenty crans was secured by the 1040 boats then engaged in the fishing at Wick.

### COMMERCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE FISHERY.

The Scottish herring-fishery is managed financially in a peculiar way; the fish are mostly sold long before they are caught. At the close of each season, the engagements are made for the next. The curers are the actors in these arrangements; they engage the boats, and provide all the apparatus of cure, such as salt, barrels, dye-stuffs, &c. The curer engages to take all the fish that the proprietor of a boat shall catch, at the rate, say, of twenty shillings a cran, besides advancing him a sum of perhaps £20, and providing drying-ground for his nets. Of course different kinds of bargains are made.

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Some boat-owners will not bind themselves to any particular curer, but prefer to wait and take the market-price, which, if fish are scarce, may be considerably higher than could have been obtained by a previous engagement. The contract is generally for two hundred crans of herrings. It is not often, however, that the boats are able to obtain that quantity, but the curer takes as many crans as he can get. An extensive curer must necessarily be able to command considerable capital, as he requires to have always on hand a large quantity of barrels, either made up or in the wood, besides salt and other stores. Then he requires to keep a staff of coopers and an army of gutters—who are paid according to the work they do—likewise a clerk or two, and he has to provide a considerable amount for incidental expenses. The skipper who contracts to fish for any particular curer provides his own crew, and pays them as he may arrange. Very often the proprietor of a boat follows some other trade as well as that of fisherman; he may be a stone-mason or a shoemaker, and only go to sea during the herring-season. He and one or two of his friends may possess a boat among them, and do all the work themselves; or, if the boat be the property of only one person, then a crew of hired men has to be engaged to aid in the fishing. The crew of a herring-boat usually consists of four persons besides the skipper, that is, two to row the boat and two to shoot the nets, the owner acting both as helmsman and captain. The Scottish clinker-built herring-boats, for the building of which Leith is famous, are of great strength and durability. They vary considerably in size and value, the largest being about 35 feet keel. The cost of a boat with all its fixings, including a suite of nets, will vary from £100 to £250.

## THE LOCH FYNE HERRING-FISHERY.

The Loch Fyne herring is considered the most delicate of its kind. Large quantities of the herrings taken both in Loch Fyne and on other parts of the west coast of Scotland reach Glasgow at an early hour every day by the Clyde steamboats, and are eagerly bought up. The Loch Fyne herring is also salted to the extent of fifteen millions yearly. The value of the fishery in this loch and about Cantire is estimated at £25,000 or £30,000 a year. These west-country herrings are also capable of being smoked into 'reds.' They are first laid in a strong pickle for twenty-four hours, after which they are spitted, and hung up in the smoke of brushwood and turf. A large proportion of the Loch Fyne herrings are taken by means of the seine-net, in the same way as pilchards. This mode of fishing is locally called 'trawling,' which is a misnomer. In 1851, the seine-net was made illegal, from the belief that it was exterminating the fish; but much dissatisfaction having arisen from the restriction, a commission of inquiry was ultimately sent, by order of parliament,

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to sit upon the question ; and after a prolonged and minute inquiry into the two systems, the commissioners came to the conclusion that the one was quite as good (or as bad) as the other ; and in consequence, the act of 1851, which made trawling, or rather *seining*, illegal, was repealed.

### SMOKED HERRINGS—THE FISHERY AT YARMOUTH.

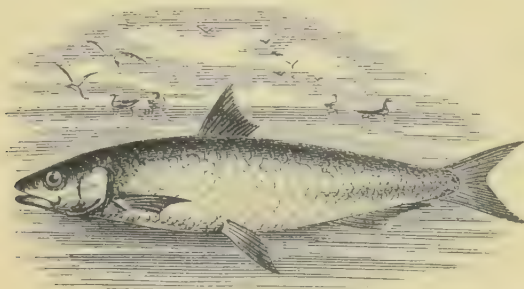
Yarmouth is also the headquarters of a very considerable herring-fishery, and the 'bloater' which is prepared at that place is a much esteemed breakfast delicacy throughout England. The system of fishing adapted off Yarmouth is different from that carried on at Wick, as the boats are much larger, many being thirty-four tons register, and so fitted that they can remain at sea for some days ; and they admit of the cure being, to a certain extent, performed on board. Each vessel is provided with two large suites of nets, one being in use whilst the other is drying on shore. In the very large herring-busses, boats are kept from which the men fish ; but from the more modern luggers the nets are cast directly over the side across the tide, and, as in the case of the Wick boats, they drift with the lugger. Great improvements have been effected of late years in the Yarmouth fishing-vessels, which, as a matter of course, are of much greater value than the open boats used on the Scottish coast. The cost of a modern Yarmouth lugger (which is about 55 feet in length), with from 100 to 140 nets—each net being 48 feet long and 30 feet deep—ranges from £700 to £1000. These vessels carry a crew of from 10 to 15 men, who are paid according to the 'take' of herrings, and can remain at sea till they obtain a good cargo ; they require to carry salt, barrels, and all other necessities of their business. The train of nets used by the Yarmouth boats is not so long as that of the Scottish fishing-boats, and is consequently much more manageable, so that the men can shoot and re-shoot their nets with great ease, and when they find they are not likely to capture fish at one place, they can more readily change their ground. The nets of each vessel are carefully marked by buoys, which are formed of small barrels, having the name of the ship and the port it sails from painted upon it. A light is hoisted upon a pole, which at night is placed at the bow of the vessel, and this serves to prevent the boats fouling each other ; indeed, the utmost precaution is necessary to prevent the nets of different vessels from being mixed. The great fishery, of which Yarmouth is the headquarters, lasts two months, commencing about the end of September, or early in October. The Yarmouth fishery gives employment to a fleet of about 500 vessels of the kind described. The fish caught by the Yarmouth fleet are most of them cured in some way, except in the early part of the season, when there is a great demand for fresh herrings ; and for about a fortnight or so after the fishery

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has begun, the smaller luggers hurry into port with the newly-caught fish, which are at once sent on by train to the London and other markets. Enormous quantities of fresh herrings can be disposed of whenever there happens to be speedy railway communication from the fishing-port to inland towns with considerable populations. But, as has been stated, the herrings taken by the Yarmouth boats are mostly sold as cured fish; that is, as 'bloaters,' 'straitsmen,' 'reds,' and 'blacks.' For home use and a quick sale, the bloaters are only very slightly smoked; in fact, the Yarmouth curers all cure to suit some particular market. The fish are smoked, in houses erected for the purpose, by means of small billets of oak-wood. In order to be hung in these smokeries, the herrings have to be spitted: the spitting is accomplished with great dexterity, the women who run the spits through the gills of the fish being quite as rapid as the eviscerators of Wick. A Yarmouth woman accustomed to the business will spit a last in a day—that is, according to Cocker, 13,000 herrings. It may be explained that the word 'bloat' originated from the herring swelling or bloating during the process of cure.

## THE PILCHARD-FISHERY.

An account of the herring-harvest naturally embraces the pilchard and sprat fisheries. The pilchard is very like the common herring,



Pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*).

being nearly of the same size, only rather thicker; it has the lines of the back and belly straighter, the scales larger and fewer, and the dorsal fin rather further forward. The great field of the pilchard-harvest in Britain is around Land's End. What the common herring is to the people of the north-east coast of Scotland, the pilchard is to the fishers of Cornwall. Of late years, however, the takes have fallen off, owing to the diminution of the shoals. It is on record that as many as 10,000 hogsheads, each containing 2700 fish, have been enclosed in the seines of St Ives in one day. A haul



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of three or four thousand fish in one net is not uncommon. The principal pilchard-fishery is in August and September, and as the season approaches, there is much bustle and preparation. Men called 'huers' walk the cliffs to watch for the approach of the shoal, which is known by the rippling of the water and other signs. When a spot of fish is descried, the huer signals its whereabouts to the fishermen, who lose no time in making for it. Pilchards are mostly caught by the process called seining; for this, two nets are required. The chief or stop-seine is from 160 to 220 fathoms long, and from eight to ten fathoms deep, and has corks attached to one edge, and leaden weights to the other. The boat containing the seine rows rapidly round the shoal, throwing out the net as it proceeds; and when the fish are thus enclosed as in a park, the net is moored by anchors at several points, to keep it in its place, and allow the fish to be taken out at leisure. Before anchoring the seine, it may even be floated, with its contents, inshore to a more convenient place. The other net, the 'tuck-seine' as it is called, is carried round the fish inside the stop-seine; it is of a bellied shape, and by drawing it together, the fish are gathered in a body to the edge, and are then lifted with baskets into boats. On one occasion, when fifty millions of fish were enclosed, it took a fortnight to empty the seine. Besides the two large boats containing the nets, the master-seiner attends in a small boat called the 'lurcher,' or watcher, to direct operations and see that the fish do not escape. A 'concern,' as the whole apparatus of boats and nets is called, requires about sixteen men to work it; it is usually a joint-stock affair among the fishermen themselves, and costs probably a thousand pounds. Drift-nets are sometimes used in the catching of pilchards, and a take of 50,000 by this means is not uncommon.

The method of curing the pilchard is as follows: the fish, when boated ashore from the seine, are carried by the wives and daughters to the curing-houses, where they are 'bulked' or piled up in heaps against the walls, first a layer of fish and then a layer of salt; this is done for the purpose of obtaining the oil with which the fish is largely impregnated, and which forms an article of commerce like the pilchard itself. At the end of thirty days, bulk is broken, the great mass of fish is disturbed, and the salt used is carefully collected by a process of sifting, in order that it may be again made use of. After the work of sifting out the salt has been gone through, the fish are carefully washed, and then packed in great barrels, in which holes have been made. The fish are pressed into the barrels by means of heavy weights, which serve the double purpose of compressing the pilchards, so as to get as many into the barrel as possible, and of squeezing out still more oil than has been obtained by the first process of bulking the fish. The pilchards are exported in great quantities to Spain and Italy, but none of them are smoked, although they are still called 'fumades.' Pilchard-oil is

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in considerable demand for various purposes, and as much as nine gallons has been at times extracted from one hogshead of fish. The prices obtained for the pilchard and the common herring are very similar—varying, of course, as the fish are plentiful or scarce.

### THE SPRAT-HARVEST.

The sprat is another well-known and very popular member of the herring family; it is caught in large quantities in the upper reaches of the Firth of Forth, and off the coasts of Kent and Essex during November and December, and the sums derived from the proceeds of the fishery add largely to the grand total of the wealth which this country derives from the sea. The sprat is taken in various ways, on the whole much as the common herring and pilchards are taken, and also by means of very fine bag-nets. Large quantities of the sprats taken in the British seas are cured as sardines, and it is within the mark to say that the annual value of the sprat-fishery is a million sterling. In Scotland, sprats are called 'garvies,' from the place in the Firth of Forth where great numbers of them are taken. In France, again, the sprat is called a sardine; the real sardine is rare. A great sprat or sardine fishery is carried on from Concarneau, on the coast of Brittany, 2500 boats and 11,000 fishermen being engaged in that particular sea-industry. As many as 80,000 barrels of sprats, each barrel containing 3000 of these fish, have been cured in various ways in one year at Concarneau, besides the large quantities sold fresh, and the countless thousands which, boiled in oil, are sent out as sardines. The ground is baited for the sprats with vast quantities of cod-roë, brought from Norway. It is an old idea that the Lord Mayor of London's inaugural banquet is never complete without a dish of sprats. An enormous number of sprats is used in the great metropolis. Mr Mayhew, in his work on *London Labour and the London Poor*, calculated that as many as 4,000,000 pounds' weight of these fish were annually vended by the costermongers.

### MISCELLANEOUS FACTS AND FIGURES.

It is impossible to do more than estimate roughly the quantity of herrings caught yearly in the British seas. The Fishery Board takes cognizance only of those that are cured. Speaking roundly, the number of barrels annually cured in the British Islands is a million, each barrel containing 700 herrings. Now, it is not an unreasonable assumption, that an equal quantity is consumed fresh and in other forms not coming within the official returns, and thus we have our seas yielding us the inconceivable number of 1400 millions of one fish; which, at eightpence a dozen, represents a value of nearly four millions of pounds! Notwithstanding this enormous supply, herrings

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are yearly becoming dearer. In the good old times—not so long ago either—‘four a penny’ was a common price; at present (1868-69), the cost runs at about three for twopence; so that the herring is no longer the poor man’s fish. Indeed, the poor man has no fish now, for even sprats have become scarce, and consequently dear. The increase in price might be partly accounted for by the extended range of consumption, owing to the facilities afforded by railways for sending the fish in a fresh state to distant towns. But there is more in it than this; the fish are becoming scarce, or more difficult to catch. The fleet of boats engaged in the herring-fishery is twice as great as it was fifty years ago, and the netting of each boat has been doubled; but the capture is far from keeping pace with this increase of apparatus and labour. In the year 1820, the Wick fleet numbered 604, and each boat had on an average 148 crans; in 1868, there were 983 boats, and the average was only 44½ crans.

Opinions are divided as to the cause of this falling-off in the productiveness of the herring-fields. One set of economists attribute it to ‘over-fishing,’ which is actually, they think, exhausting and breaking up the shoals. Others laugh at this as a mere baseless theory, and an absurd one too. They hold that the shoals are so vast, that it is impossible for man to make any impression on them though he were to multiply his machinery of capture tenfold, and maintain that herrings are as plentiful in the sea as ever, only that they are more difficult to find. The other side reply, that the admitted fact of the fish becoming more and more difficult to find, is a proof that man is making an impression of some kind on the shoals; and that to hold that the fish are not diminished in numbers is a gratuitous assumption. It is an indisputable fact, that certain shoals have been destroyed: the July fishery at Wick, which at one time yielded from twenty to thirty thousand barrels, has dwindled away to a tenth of that quantity, which undoubtedly shews that that particular shoal is becoming exhausted..

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## THE WHALE-FISHERY.

THE whale-fishery at one time bulked largely in the proceeds of the sea-harvest of Britain; but although the return of the whaling-ships is still announced with interest in the local newspapers, it is no longer felt to mean, as it once did, the success or failure of a great national industry. Forty years ago, as many as 160 vessels of large tonnage left British ports for this pursuit; owing to long-continued want of success, the number is now reduced to less than a third. Luckily for the world, several substitutes for whale-oil have come

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into extensive use—namely, gas for lighting, and petroleum in its various modifications both for lighting and lubrication. There are, however, two or three manufactures, notably the preparation of jute, for which fish-oil is essential; so that the article is still valuable, and would pay well if the fish were as readily found as they once were. It is chiefly from the ports of Peterhead and Dundee that the British whale-fishery continues to be prosecuted.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WHALE.

The name whale is popularly applied to a good many of the larger kinds of the order of animals called by naturalists Cetaceans or Cetacea. These cetaceans, although living in water and having a fish-like form, are not fishes proper; they belong to the class Mammalia, for they have warm blood, breathe by lungs and not by gills, and bring forth their young alive and suckle them. One section of this order are herbivorous, and are not allowed by some naturalists to be cetaceans proper. Setting them aside, the ordinary or true cetaceans are divided into three families: 1. The *Delphinidæ*, containing the Dolphin, the Porpoise, the Bottlenose or Bottlehead, the Narwhal, &c. 2. The *Physeteridæ* or *Catodontidæ*. Of this family only one member seems to be known—namely, the Cacholot or Spermaceti Whale. 3. The *Balænidæ*, containing the Greenland Whale, the Rorqual, &c.

These creatures all feed on animal food, some of them pursuing and devouring fishes; others, and these the largest, subsisting chiefly on smaller prey, molluscs, small crustaceans, and even zoophytes, which they strain out of the water by a peculiar apparatus in their mouths. None of the true cetacea have molar teeth or grinders; all the teeth which any of them have are conical, but some of the largest are entirely destitute of teeth. The fore-limbs of the true cetacea are mere fins. The resemblance to fishes is increased in many of them by the presence of a dorsal fin. There is a wonderful provision to enable them to spend some time under water, before returning again to the surface to breathe—an arterial plexus or prodigious intertwining of branches of arteries, under the pleura and between the ribs, on each side of the spine. This being filled with oxygenated blood after the animal has spent some time at the surface breathing, the wants of the system are supplied from it whilst breathing is suspended, so that some whales can remain below even for an hour. The position of the nostrils is remarkable, almost on the very top of the head, so that the animal can breathe as soon as the head comes to the surface of the water; and the nostrils are furnished with a valve of singular but very perfect construction, a sort of conical stopper of fibrous substance, preventing the ingress of water even under the pressure of the greatest depths. The nostrils appear to be little



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used for the purpose of smelling, the sense of smell being one which these animals either do not possess at all, or in a very imperfect degree; but they are much used, not only for breathing, but also for *spouting*, or the ejection of water from the mouth, for which reason they are generally called *blow-holes*. The height to which the water is thrown into the air is extraordinary, and the spouting of the whale is one of those wonders of the ocean never to be forgotten by those who have seen it.

A peculiarity in the skin of the true cetacea adapts them for their manner of life. The skin is extremely thick, the inner part of it consisting of elastic fibres interlacing each other in every direction, the interstices of which are filled with oil, forming the substance usually called *blubber*. The oil deposited in this unusual situation, not only serves the ordinary purposes of fat, but that also of keeping the body warm, which to a warm-blooded animal, continually surrounded with water, is of great importance; whilst the elasticity of this extraordinary skin affords protection in the great depths to which some of the whales descend, and in which the pressure must sometimes be enormous.

It is chiefly, however, with two members of the order that we have at present to do, as they alone have been the object of systematic pursuit—namely, the Greenland or ‘Right’ Whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), and the Cacholot or Spermaceti Whale (*Physceter* or *Catodon macrocephalus*).

The species of the genus *Balæna*, to which the Greenland whale belongs, are entirely destitute of teeth, instead of which the palate is furnished with an apparatus of *balæen* or *whalebone*, for the purpose of straining out of the water the small crustaceans and jelly-fish which form the food of these whales. The plates of whalebone in the mouth of a single whale amount to several hundreds on each side of the mouth, and weigh sometimes as much as two tons. They are suspended from the roof of the mouth; none proceed from the lower jaw. They extend on each side from the middle line of the palate, like the barbs of a feather; the base of each plate is embedded in the substance of the membrane that covers the palate, whilst its edge forms a loose fringe, composed of fibres or pliant bristles. The vast mouth being opened, water is taken in; and the small animals which enter with it being retained for food, the water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth.

The tongue is a soft thick mass, not extending beyond the back of the mouth. The gullet of these whales is very narrow; it is said not to be more than an inch and a half in diameter even in a large whale, so that only very small animals can pass through it. The head occupies from a third to a fourth of the whole length. The skull is unsymmetrical, the right side being larger than the left. The flesh is red, firm, and coarse. The skin is naked, with the exception of

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a few bristles about the jaws, and its surface is moistened by an oily fluid. The lower surface of the true skin extends into a thick layer of *blubber*. The blubber is from a foot to two feet in thickness, the whole mass in a large whale sometimes weighing more than thirty tons.

It has been attempted to calculate the age of whales from the transverse lines on the plates of baleen, and in this way it has been computed that they attain the age of 800 or 900 years, each transverse line being assumed to indicate an annual check of growth; but it is evident that there is no good ground for the assumption on which such calculation proceeds.

The Greenland or 'right' whale, which is the most important species of the genus, and indeed the most important of all whales, abounds chiefly in the frozen regions of the north; and although it is sometimes seen on the coasts of Britain, and even farther south, the warm seas of the tropics are to it as a wall of fire which it never crosses. The whale which is captured on the coasts of South Africa, New Zealand, and other parts of the southern hemisphere, is a distinct species, distinguished as the Cape Whale (*Balaena Australis*), although resembling the whale of the north both in size and appearance. The size of the Greenland whale was at one time greatly exaggerated, its length being described as from 100 to 120 feet. It is seldom, however, that it exceeds sixty feet. The tail is five or six feet long, and from twenty to twenty-five feet broad. The mouth is fifteen or sixteen feet long. The eyes are not larger than those of an ox, but the sight is acute. The upper parts of the body are black, the under white. The 'cow'-whale produces only one 'calf' or young one at a time, which is from ten to fourteen feet long when born; but the period of gestation is uncertain. The mother displays great affection for her offspring, of which whale-fishers sometimes take undue advantage, harpooning the young one—itsself of little value—in order to secure the mother. Suckling is performed at the surface of the water, and the mother rolls from side to side, that she and the young one may be able to breathe in turn. The usual rate of progress in swimming is about four or five miles an hour, and whales often swim not far beneath the surface of the water, with the mouth wide open to take in water from which to sift food. The whale is capable, however, of swimming with much greater rapidity, and when harpooned, it often descends to a great depth in a few seconds. Its tail is extremely powerful, and a single blow of it is sufficient to destroy a large boat, or toss it and its crew into the air, so that the whale-fishery is attended with no little danger. Whales usually come to the surface to breathe at intervals of eight or ten minutes, but they are capable of remaining under water for half an hour or more. When they come up to breathe, they generally remain on the surface about two minutes, during which they blow eight or nine

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times, and then descend. The noise which they make in blowing is very loud, and the spout of water ejected ascends a great height into the air, appearing at a distance like a puff of smoke. They often assume, as if in sport, a vertical position, with the head down, and flap the surface of the water with the tail, making a sound which is heard two or three miles off. The Greenland whale is not properly gregarious, being generally found alone or in pairs, except when numbers are attracted to particular feeding-grounds, as is sometimes the case in the bays and inlets of northern coasts.

The Cacholot or sperm whale may be said to inhabit all seas, although it is most abundant in the southern hemisphere; it is occasionally stranded on the coasts of Britain. The sperm whale sometimes reaches the length of seventy or eighty feet. The head is enormously large, forming about one-half of the entire bulk of the animal, and occupying more than one-third of the entire length. The general colour is very dark gray, nearly black on the upper parts, lighter beneath. Old males, or, in the language of the South Sea whalers, old bull-whales, usually have a large gray spot on the front of the head. The muzzle is very obtuse, almost as if suddenly cut off in front, the breadth of it almost equalling the thickness of the body. In a protuberance on the upper part of it, is the blow-hole, which is single, situated a little on the left side, and in form not unlike the letter S elongated. The mouth is very large and wide; and the throat, unlike that of the Greenland whale, is very wide, sufficiently so to admit the body of a man. The upper jaw projects some feet beyond the lower, and is destitute both of teeth and whalebone; the lower jaw has from 20 to 25 teeth on each side, according to the age of the animal. Just above the eyes, the dorsal line rises considerably; the dorsal fin is also represented by a protuberance about half-way between the neck and the tail: and these parts are seen above water in the ordinary swimming of the animal, which is at the rate of from three to seven miles an hour, and just under the surface of the water, although when alarmed it swims with greater velocity, striking the water upwards and downwards with its tail with great force.

The enormous head of the cacholot is in great part occupied by a cavity in front of and above the skull, called by whalers *the case*, which is a receptacle for spermaceti. This substance being light, it is not wonderful that the animal in swimming raises its head above the surface of the water, which it also often does even when at rest, 'like a black rock in the ocean.' The *case* frequently holds as much as ten large barrels of spermaceti. The substance which it contains is in a semi-fluid state, but hardens on cooling: it consists of spermaceti and oil; the oil is separated by draining and squeezing, and the spermaceti is further purified, till, instead of being a yellow unctuous mass, in which state it is brought home by the whalers, it assumes a beautiful pearly white, flaky, almost crystalline

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appearance. It is chiefly used in making the finer kinds of candles ; it is also an ingredient in various ointments. We learn from Shakspeare that in his time it was believed to be of sovereign efficacy 'for an inward bruise.' The spermaceti was at one time imagined to be the brain of the whale ; what purpose it serves in the animal economy, is not well known, except that already alluded to of giving buoyancy to the fore-part of the huge body. Cavities filled with spermaceti are distributed over the body, and even ramify through the external fat or blubber, although the principal mass is in the head. The blubber of the cacholot is not nearly equal in thickness to that of the Greenland whale, being only about fourteen inches thick on the breast of a large whale, and from eight to eleven inches on other parts of the body. It is called by whalers the *blanket*. The *junk*, a thick elastic mass, which occupies the fore-part of the head, immediately under the *case*, yields also a considerable quantity of sperm-oil.

The cacholot feeds upon fishes and cephalopodous molluscs. Squids and cuttle-fishes appear to be its chief food. It is gregarious in its habits, and the herds are called *schools* by whalers. Five hundred or more have been seen in a single herd. Large herds generally consist of females, with only a few males ; herds of young males also occur ; when solitary individuals are met with, they are almost always old males. Terrible conflicts often take place among the males, and it is not unusual to find the lower jaw deformed in consequence of having been dislocated or broken in these battles.

## HISTORY OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

Norse legends make mention of ships sent to Greenland to catch whales in the ninth century. The Northmen were accustomed to the pursuit on their own coasts ; and when they settled in the north of France, they carried on the fishery in the Bay of Biscay, which was frequented by whales in considerable numbers, until the eager persecution they were subjected to made them disappear about the fifteenth century. As early as 1315 and 1324, there are acts of the English parliament in reference to the whale, decreeing, among other things, that any of those animals that might be cast ashore or captured in the territorial sea should belong to the crown. The whale is thus a royal fish. In 1594, English vessels were sent to the northern whale-fishery off Cape Breton, and one of them lighted on the wreck of two Biscayan whalers, from which she took on board a large quantity of whalebone. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the seas around Spitzbergen were the chief scene of the fishery. The British Muscovy Company obtained a royal charter, giving them a monopoly of the whale-fishery off the coasts of Spitzbergen, on the pretence of its having been discovered by Sir Hugh Willoughby, although, in fact, it was discovered by the



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Dutch navigator Barentz. Other nations were not disposed to acknowledge the claims of the English; the Dutch in particular sent out a strong fleet, between which and the ships of the Muscovy Company an engagement took place in 1618, and the English were defeated. The Spitzbergen bays and seas were afterwards divided into fishing-stations, allocated to the whalers of the rival nations. No nation now asserts a claim to the exclusive right of whale-fishing in any quarter.

The English for some time prosecuted the whale-fishery sluggishly and with incompetent means; the Dutch carried it on with great vigour and success. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Dutch furnished almost all Europe with oil. In 1680, they had 260 ships and about 14,000 men employed in the whale-fishery; but from that time the Dutch fishery began to decline. In 1732, Great Britain attempted to encourage the whale-fishery by a bounty of 30s. a ton to every ship of 200 tons engaged in it, which was raised in 1749 to 40s., reduced to 30s. in 1777, and again raised to 40s. in 1781. The object of the bounty was not only to encourage the trade, but to make it a nursery for seamen. Ships, however, were fitted out rather for the bounty than for the capture of whales, and during the next five years after the reduction of the bounty in 1777, the number of ships employed in the trade was reduced from 105 to 39. After 1781, it rapidly increased, and continued to increase although the bounty was reduced. The bounty was finally altogether withdrawn in 1824. In 1815, when the British whale-fishery was in its most flourishing condition, only 164 ships were engaged in it. The Dutch whale-fishery had in the meantime almost entirely ceased, owing to the national calamities consequent on the French Revolution.

In Britain, the whale-fishery enjoyed almost uninterrupted success from 1795 to 1830. In 1814, for instance, the total catch of the British ships engaged in the fishery was over 20,000 tuns of oil; and in the following year the Hull vessels alone obtained 8000 tuns! The fishery began to decline about the year 1830, when Dundee lost two out of her fleet of nine ships, and obtained only eleven fish. In 1835, Hull lost five vessels out of a fleet of twenty-three whalers, and got very few fish. The year 1836 was also most disastrous for the whaling interest. The ships sent out were comparatively few, and about thirty of them returned empty. The three following years were equally bad; and in 1840, Hull had only two ships bound for the whale-fishing, instead of sixty, as in the days of yore; the average of late years from this port has been three ships.

The New England colonies embarked in this fishery at an early period. At first they fished in boats from their own shores, which were then frequently visited by whales. But about 1740, when the fish ceased to come to be caught, they began to go in ships in search

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of them, both in the northern and southern seas. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Massachusetts alone employed 304 whale-ships, more than half of which went to the southern seas. Burke in one of his famous orations alluded to the wealth which the Americans derived in his day (1774) from their whale-fisheries. 'We learn,' he says, 'that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood.' Nantucket in Massachusetts was at one time the chief centre of the industry, but New Bedford afterwards attained that position, and is now the greatest whaling-port in the world; although the fishery has of late years materially declined there as well as in Europe.

It was with the capture of the 'right' whale that the New Englanders began; but in 1712, one Christopher Hussey of Nantucket, being driven off shore, fell in with and killed a sperm whale, and from that time the Americans have made the cacholot-fishery in a manner their own. Burke's speech was thought to have incited the fitting-out, in the year 1775, of several British ships for the spermaceti whale-fishery. They were not, however, very successful in their venture; and government in the following year offered bounties to the most successful ship. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, France began to take a successful part in the sperm-oil fishery, and in 1790, we are told the French had at least forty ships engaged in it.

The field of this industry was prodigiously widened when (in 1788) an English ship, stimulated perhaps by the government bounty, which was raised to £700 for the fullest ships, led the way in rounding Cape Horn and pursuing the cacholot in the Pacific. One English vessel, the *Syren*, after an absence of two years and eight months on the coast of Japan, returned with the enormous quantity of 356 tuns of sperm-oil! At one time, no less than ninety British ships were engaged in the South Sea fishery; at present there is not one.

## THE CAPTURE OF THE WHALE.

In whaling-ships destined for the northern seas, strength is of more importance than speed; they are therefore fortified with additional planks, iron plates, ice-knees, and many timbers and stanchions in the interior. Steam, with the screw propeller, has been recently introduced, and has many obvious advantages. Each ship has a crew of from forty to sixty, and carries from six to eight boats, twenty-five

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feet long, and strongly built. British whalers for the north seas are usually provisioned only for a few months ; but for the distant fisheries of the Pacific, the American whalers lay in a stock of provisions to last them for two or three years. When the oil is *tryed-out* on board, as in the South Sea whalers, a supply of casks for storing it is also required ; the Scottish whalers usually bring home the blubber in tanks. An assortment of harpoons and lances is also an essential part of the equipment of a whaler. The harpoon in its simplest form is a barbed spear about five feet long, having a long line attached, and is hurled or plunged by the hand into the animal's side. The gun-harpoon is a short bolt of iron, with the barb at one end, and a ring and chain for the attachment of the line ; this is fired from a small swivel cannon attached to the boat. The hand-harpoon is still preferred by the fishermen. It is a matter of great difficulty and hazard to secure a fish even after it is struck ; and therefore many contrivances have been suggested to make its death more speedy and sure. One of the best was that of Dr Christison of Edinburgh ; which consisted in so placing glass tubes containing prussic acid in the shaft of the harpoon, that when the line was pulled tight they should be broken in the animal's body, and cause instant death. The plan was tried with great success ; but the whale-fishers have a prejudice against so deadly a weapon, and decline to use it : they seem to dread to touch the carcass of a whale that has been killed by such a powerful poison.

If we describe the proceedings of a whale-ship from Dundee or Peterhead to Davis Strait, we shall have described the business of northern whaling generally. The vessels proceeding from those ports are now screw-steamers of 400 to 600 tons, costing each, when fully equipped and provisioned, about £16,000. It is usual for whalers to make a voyage in early spring to the seal-fishing (see page 28). Returning from this, they start again for the whaling-ground ; and they usually anchor for a few days on their way in Bressay Sound, off Lerwick, for the purpose of completing their crews, which are in a great measure composed of Shetlanders. Everybody on board a whaler, from the master to the boys, is paid partly by fixed wages, partly by a certain regulated interest in the proceeds of the voyage. The earnings of a common sailor may average about £40. Harpooners and other functionaries rate higher. If the state of the ice and other circumstances allow a ship to reach the usual haunts of the whale by the beginning of July, there is every chance of success. A constant outlook is now kept from the mast-head ; and as soon as a whale is descried the word is given, and every man rushes to his post, those that happen to be in their hammocks tumbling on deck, it may be, with part of their clothes in their hands. In an incredibly short time, each boat is manned with its appointed crew ; and now begins an exciting contest which boat shall reach the whale first. It may be that another ship has sighted the same fish,

## THE HERRING AND THE WHALE.

and sent out her boats in pursuit, and then the rivalry reaches its climax. In the bow sits the harpooner, with his weapon ready, and the line, about one hundred fathoms long, coiled up in a tub beside him. When the boat comes close to the whale, he stands up with two or three coils of the line in one hand, and with the other plunges the harpoon with all his might into the most vital part he can reach. At the same time he gives the word 'Stern all;' and the crew instantly back the boat, to escape the dangerous movement of the whale as it plunges below the surface. It usually dives downward, and, if the harpoon holds fast, the line is run out with such velocity that water must be poured upon it, to prevent the side of the boat from taking fire. The fact of the harpoon 'gripping' is announced by hoisting a flag; and the other boats hasten up to assist, and to furnish, if need be, additional line. Two lengths of line are frequently required; and a fish has been known to run out ten lines. As soon as the animal comes again to the surface to breathe, which is usually in from twenty to sixty minutes, additional harpoons are thrust into it, and each additional boat hoists its signal as it gets fast. Again the fish sinks in the water, or darts away rapidly to a great distance, pulling sometimes the boats along behind it. When it becomes exhausted, endeavours are made to thrust lances into it, which, however, has to be done with caution, as a stroke with the tail or fin of the whale is sufficient to stave in the boat. A whale-hunt often fails; the harpoon may not keep its hold, or the line may get foul, and have to be cut; or the line of the first boat may run out before the second boat comes up to help it. When such mischances occur, the lowering of the flag tells the unwelcome news to the captain, who has been watching the efforts of his crew with the greatest possible anxiety. An hour and a half on an average suffices to kill a fish, though it sometimes takes twice as long. When harpooned or lanced in a vital part, it sometimes dies suddenly and quietly; but oftener it dies hard, lashing the water with its tail into bloody foam with a noise that may be heard miles off.

When dead, the whale is towed to the ship—no easy matter when the distance is great—and made fast to the side. The blubber is cut off with cutting-spades in broad strips of twenty or thirty feet long, and hoisted on deck by tackle, the body being turned over until the whole is stripped. In the meantime others have removed the whalebone from the mouth. This done, the carcass is cast off, a prey to sharks, bears, and vultures. The blubber being cut into smaller pieces, and having the outer skin peeled off, is stowed away in casks or tanks.

The process of fishing the sperm whale is not much different from that just described, but it is attended with rather more danger. The cacholot has a tail as formidable as that of the right whale, while, in addition, it can stave in the side of a ship with its snout, or crush a boat in its mouth. Its speed and endurance in running



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are also greater, and it can continue longer under water. When secured, however, it is a more valuable prize. Sperm-oil, of which a large fish will yield eighty barrels, is purer than the oil of the right whale, and brings a higher price; the spermaceti contained in the head is also valuable. In the intestines, too, there are sometimes found large masses of ambergris, which brings a high price, as much as forty shillings an ounce. When a sperm whale is brought alongside, besides cutting off the blubber, the spermaceti has to be taken out of the head, which is done by lowering buckets into the cavern and scooping out the half-liquid mass. Instead of bringing home the blubber itself, it is boiled down at once; this is called 'trying-out' the oil, and is a very dirty business. The cracknels—that is, the cellular tissue out of which the oil has been squeezed—are used as fuel to heat the pots; and to avoid the smoke and soot in the ship, this operation is performed on shore, wherever it is possible. The blubber of the right whale is sometimes boiled down at sea, when the voyage is long or there is a scarcity of stowage.

In the year 1868, the United States had a whaling-fleet of 338 ships, of which 133 came into port that year, bringing 48,000 barrels of sperm-oil, 68,000 barrels of whale-oil, and 870,000 pounds of whalebone. In the Okhotsk Sea, the average catch in 1867, for the eight vessels engaged there, was 644 barrels. A tun of oil, it may be stated, is 258 gallons. The American barrels are not of any regular size; at one time they were called *lagers*, which were of the size of about half a tun; now their barrels are much smaller, and are called *drums*; but there is no standard. The prices of the two kinds of oil vary according to the supply; sperm-oil is always dearest. 'Whale-oil,' as the produce of the Greenland whale is called, is only about a third of the price of sperm-oil; the one may be three shillings per gallon, while the other is eight shillings and sixpence. About two thousand tuns of whale and seal oil are used every year in Dundee in the jute manufacture; and as the price may be averaged at about £40 per tun, a large sum of money is involved. It may be stated here, as one of the curiosities of the whaling trade, that about the beginning of the crinoline mania, whalebone was sold as high as £500 per ton! The old law that treats of the whale as a royal fish, assigns the tail as a perquisite to the queen, in order to furnish her Majesty's wardrobe with whalebone! We may judge from this how much was then known of this branch of natural history.

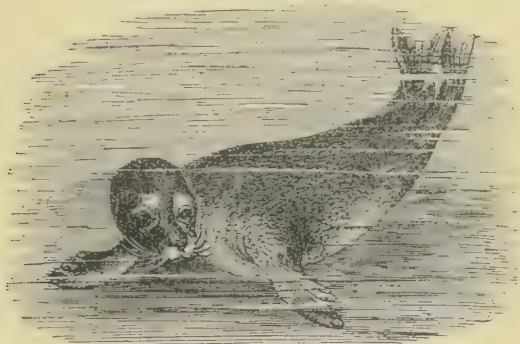
## THE SEAL-FISHERY.

The capture of the seal divides the attention of the northern whalers with that of the whale itself; and some voyages are undertaken for the seal alone. It is valuable both for its oil and its skin. The oil, being nearly colourless and inodorous, is preferred to whale-oil.

The seal is not a cetacean; it belongs to a distinct family of

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marine mammalia called the *Phocidae*, in which the transition is seen from the usual mammalian structure to the more marked fish form of the whale group. Seals live chiefly in water, but spend part of their time on shore, basking on rocks, beaches, or ice-fields; and they usually bring forth their young on the ice. They are carnivorous animals, living chiefly on fishes. The common seal on the British coasts shews a high appreciation of salmon—watching the salmon nets, and getting hold of the fish when entrapped. Seals are divided into several genera and species. The species that form the object of pursuit in the arctic fisheries are of the genus *Phoca*. The best known is the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is from three



Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), attitude when swimming.

to five feet long. Other species are much larger, as the Harp Seal, which is from six to eight feet; and the Great or Bearded Seal, which reaches ten feet and more. The skin of the seal is covered with smooth hair; but in none of the northern species is it fine enough to be prized as fur. The fur-seals are all natives of the southern seas, and are so scarce that only a fraction of the sealskin jackets for which ladies pay such prices are genuine; the greater part are made of dexterously manipulated beaver, rabbit, and other skins.

Many points in the natural history of seals are yet obscure. It is not well known, for instance, what species, or how many species, yield the valuable seal fur of the southern seas. At the meeting of the British Association at Dundee in 1867, it was brought out that the young seals killed in spring are mostly if not altogether males. One experienced master asserted that he had never been able to find a young female, although he had offered a reward to the man who should bring him one. The testimony of the surgeon of the ship was to the same effect. From this some infer that seals must breed twice a year. They produce one or two at a birth.

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The seal-fishery begins early in April, at the 'pupping' season, when the seals are on the ice. We shall suppose a ship arriving at that time off the ice-fields, say near the island of Jan Mayen. The moment a herd of seals is discovered, the crew rush to the scene, and the butchery begins. As many of the old ones as possible are shot before they can escape into the water; the young ones fall a helpless prey, and are ruthlessly clubbed to death. The ice is sometimes covered with seals as far as the eye can reach; and a usual day's work of a ship's crew is to kill from five hundred to eight hundred old seals, along with two thousand young ones. In the year 1866, one ship, the *Camperdown*, 'bagged' the astounding number of twenty-two thousand seals in nine days. To save useless labour, the seals are skinned on the ice; care being taken to bring off the blubber or fat, which is two to three inches thick, along with the skin. A seal sixteen days old will weigh, in its skin, from forty to fifty pounds; this may be divided into blubber, say thirty pounds; skin, six or eight pounds; and 'kran,' or carcass, ten or twelve pounds. Old seals weigh twice or thrice as much. The labour of dragging the skins to the ship, especially if at any distance, is serious; one old skin, or three young, is all that one man can drag at a time. When the skins are brought on board, the blubber is carefully pared off and put into casks or tanks, and the skins stowed away in the hold. The skins are used for a variety of purposes: some are cured with the hair on, and made into carriage rugs, hall mats, sealskin caps, &c.; others are tanned into leather, and used by boot and shoe makers, coach-builders, upholsterers, &c.

## PERILS OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

The annals of the whale-fishery are full of disasters, sufferings, and hairbreadth escapes. Scarcely a year passes that we do not read of some ship having been frozen in, and the crew having had to make their way over the ice or by their boats until they fell in with another vessel, or perhaps having been obliged to winter in those inhospitable regions, but poorly provisioned and equipped. A still more frequent fate is for a ship, in making her way through a lane in the ice, to be crunched up like an egg-shell by the coming together of the floes. A few years ago the *Princess Charlotte*, a Dundee whaler, was so suddenly overtaken in this way, that the men had barely time to escape with their lives when she was reduced to a shapeless mass of splinters: everything was lost, even to the clothes of the crew. Some years are signalised by an unusual number of disasters. In 1830, Dundee lost two out of a very small fleet; and in 1835, of the twenty-three whalers sailing from Hull, no fewer than five were destroyed. The very element of destruction itself affords the means of escaping with life, often attended, however, with great peril and privation. A Dutch captain, named Bille,

in 1675, lost a richly-laden ship, almost in an instant, and the captain and crew sailed about in their boats for fourteen days before being rescued. Thirteen other ships were wrecked during the same year in the Spitzbergen seas. The powers of endurance often displayed, and the wonderful escapes often made, are well exemplified in the adventure of George Martin, mate of the *Intrepid*, in 1853. Martin was with a party at a considerable distance from the ship, and on the way back happened to be some way behind the rest. They, coming to a lane of water in the ice, made a detour to avoid it; and when Martin came up, he missed the track they had taken, and became completely bewildered. In this condition night came down upon him. He dared not think of rest or sleep, for the numbness of death would soon have stolen over him. Besides, bears were prowling about and trying to approach him. So he had to keep constantly moving and watching. The hope that, with daylight, he would get a sight of the ship, kept him from despair; but when morning came, there was no ship to be seen; and after wandering and looking for a long, long day, he found himself again in darkness, and among the bears. The second night was passed like the first, and the second morning brought still no sign of the ship. All the while there was nothing to eat but raw seal 'kran.' It was not till the third morning that a distant glimpse of the long-looked-for ship gladdened his eyes. Wearied and worn-out, he at last reached it, to the amazement of his shipmates, who, after searching in vain for him in every direction, had concluded that he had fallen a prey to the bears or the cold.

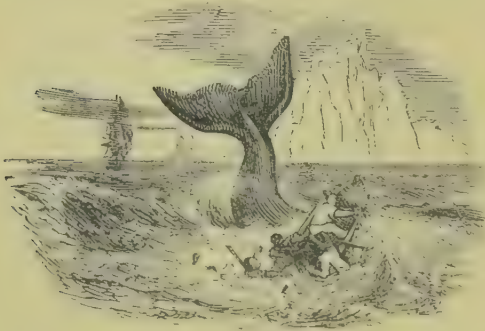
A remarkable tale of the sufferings of a whaling crew, as narrated by the survivors, went the round of the newspapers in the spring of 1867, and thrilled the hearts of all readers. The *Diana*, a steam-whaler belonging to Hull, after the usual halt at Lerwick, sailed from that place for the whaling-ground on the 9th of May, with a crew of fifty men. From June to September the crew were busy at work, although not very successfully. In the beginning of the latter month, the *Diana* was beset with ice, but got free—only, however, to be again hemmed in, to the south of Coutt's Inlet. By the end of September, the crew were subsisting on half-allowance of provisions, and the helpless ship was drifting southwards in the solid ice-bed at the rate of ten miles a day. When off Exeter Sound, they hung a burning mass of tow and oil at the yard-arm, to attract attention, but the weather was so foggy that no one could see them. To add to their alarm, the vessel sustained some heavy ice-nips, and, as if to cap the misery of the crew, she also sprung a leak. An attempt was first made to live upon the ice in tents; but, after a brief trial, the cold made it necessary to return to the ship. Captain Gravell, the commander, died on the 26th of December, having previously given the crew instructions how to act. Gradually the fuel of the ship became used up; the spare wood that was stowed on board was burned; the



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whaling-boats, too, had ultimately to be consumed. Casks of oil were used, one after the other, for cooking. But Frost was at that time king of the arctic regions; the breath of the men froze around them, and, to add to their misery, their stores, notwithstanding their great economy, began to fail—even to the tobacco. Scurvy at last attacked the crew, and two of them died; before they got out of the ice, all the rest were more or less prostrate. ‘Take away the dead man from me,’ said one of the crew who awoke one morning and found his bed-fellow dead. On March the 17th, the ship at length drove out of the solid ice between Resolution Islands. Getting into the open, the *Diana* made at once for Shetland, meeting with various misfortunes: three of the watch dropped down at the pumps the night before the *Diana* anchored in St Rona’s Voe; and just as the ship came into port, another man died. All who survived were weary and worn—some in bed, others crawling about their duty faint and weak; the poor boys of the ship looking like weird and withered old men. All the crew of the ship that had left about twelve months before were on board, from the captain to the youngest boy; but the captain and nine of his gallant men were dead—they lay stark and grim on the bridge of the ship as she sailed into the haven.

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Tail-piece.



## SCOTTISH TRADITIONARY STORIES.

### GRIZEL COCHRANE.

**T**HE age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic actions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution (from 1660 to 1688), when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scotch under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely that Grizel Cochrane was connected.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russell, and other illustrious men, who signalised themselves in England by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavoured in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1683, with a view to a colonising expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyll in raising the

## SCOTTISH TRADITIONARY STORIES.

malcontents in Scotland. This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.

By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russell, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyll, Sir John Cochrane, and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth—the last a patriot rivalling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles II., in February 1685, when the Duke of York, the object, politically, of their greatest detestation, became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyll with the west-country Presbyterians, and, marching into England, to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyll lingered timidly in his own country, and finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his chief officers, made some unfortunate movements, which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise, in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in greater force, and renewed the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch.

They were now commanded by Lord Ross and Captain Clellan, and amounted to two troops, while Sir John Cochrane's men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament, they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners. Preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod-walls as a defence against the furious attack of the enemy, whom, after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents,

they at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane, however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with a great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighbouring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his own safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clellan killed in the late battle, and filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized, and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets, bound and bareheaded, and conducted by the common executioner, he was lodged in the Tolbooth, on the 3d of July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles II., had, from motives of honour, never conspired against him.

Where is the tongue that can express all the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave for ever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even to hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.

Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account, wrung his heart; and burning tears, which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an opportunity of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest entreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, insomuch that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison-door unlocked, he lifted not his



eyes towards it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailer, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manner. What, then, was his surprise and momentary delight when he beheld before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet, when he looked on her face, and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearful than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview.

Sir John had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than his daughter became sensible that, in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made from him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father nor daughter was at all sanguine in their hopes from this negotiation. The Earl of Argyll had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents, though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.

Under these circumstances, several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was penetrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived

to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would on all extraordinary occasions have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.

Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friends in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan whereby the arrival of the death-warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favour, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.

'Nothing is impossible to a determined mind,' said she, 'and fear nothing for me.'

'But the inexperience of youth, my child,' he replied, 'may involve you in danger and in blame; and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sully of your fair fame.'

'I am a Cochrane, my father,' said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more: he beheld in his child, so young, so beautiful, and so self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined; and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared to be following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.

At that time, horses were used as a mode of conveyance so much more than carriages, that almost every gentlewoman had her own steed; and Miss Cochrane, being a skilful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the Borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother, in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman

or some children, she had the good-fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, she revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in twelve hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public-house, from its mistress having no hostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. 'Sit down at the end of that table,' said the old woman, 'for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb.' Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water.

'What!' said the old dame, as she handed it to her, 'ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house.'

‘I am aware of that,’ replied her guest, ‘and therefore, when in a public-house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take.’

‘Indeed—well, that is but just,’ responded the dame; ‘and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct.’

‘Is the well where you get this water near at hand?’ said the young lady; ‘for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the reckoning.’

‘It is a good bit off,’ said the woman; ‘but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don’t meddle with these pistols,’ she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, ‘for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them.’

Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her, had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping, in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap! A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man’s awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water; and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady’s content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Making a circuit of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father’s deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could



not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage ; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination : ' Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them ; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed ; I carry firearms ; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood,' she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. ' Again, I say, take my advice ; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come.'

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. ' If,' said he, as soon as he found his tongue, ' you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if,' he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle towards her, ' you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would besit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire.'

' Nay,' said his young antagonist, ' I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are ; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do ? For I have told you a truth—that mail I must and will have. So now

choose,' she continued as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

'Nay, then, your blood be on your own head,' said the fellow, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprang from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government dispatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the Council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high-road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act

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related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms ; and it is perhaps best, at anyrate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known ; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick ; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.

## BRUNTFIELD.

AMONG the many family quarrels which arose out of the civil contentions in Scotland during the reign of Queen Mary, there was one of a melancholy and remarkable nature which sprung up between Stephen Bruntfield of Craighouse and Robert Moubray of Barnbogle. Bruntfield was an adherent of the queen ; Moubray attached himself to the more prosperous cause of the Regent Murray, who rewarded him with a gift of his deceased elder brother's estate, to the exclusion of his niece, Catherine Moubray. The cause of Moubray's enmity to Bruntfield is uncertain ; it is only known that, having succeeded (December 1572) in taking Craighouse for the regent, after a siege of two months, he barbarously slew its unfortunate proprietor while conducting him, under a promise of protection, to Edinburgh. The scene of this bloody deed is still pointed out at the upper part of a common in the southern environs of the city, called, from the circumstance, *Bruntfield Links*.\*

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. His widow, the lady of Craighouse, had been an intimate of Queen Mary from her early years ; was educated with her in France in the Catholic faith ; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and finally the murder of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of

\* In Scotland, open downs are usually called Links.

her early years the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world.

One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over the mind of the lady of Craighouse—REVENGE—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling then known was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows; but it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child; but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who, having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the king (James VI.) a charge of murder against the Laird of Barnbogle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary licence, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary.

The intelligence of this sad event was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone



intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation: 'I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!' The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. 'Roger,' she said, 'will have the death of his brother as well as that of his father to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful.'

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in *barras* with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. 'Heaven's will be done!' said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; 'but, thank God! there still remains another chance.'

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring

over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency, Constable of France, was but lately dead; as was also Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of the lives and actions of such men, Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalised, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and in many other respects qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. 'My last and dearest,' she at length said; 'and thou too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight, I dreamed

that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch-traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The revered shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow* which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings.'

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason, but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The Laird of Barnbogle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law as to duelling so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required licence.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth of Forth, opposite the castle of Barnbogle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level spot, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, sat upon a rising-ground beside the enclosure, while the space toward the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the Laird of Barnbogle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy in the highest degree unpleasing. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour,

might have realised the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or the other.

The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his antagonist chiefly depended, and by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray to his mettle. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee in a half-stupefied state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and stab beneath the breastplate his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sward before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or rather Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a sentiment as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. Overcome by her feelings, she almost immediately expired in the arms of her son.



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The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young Laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them; and at their death they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings, the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

### KING ROBERT'S BOWL.

ABOUT the year 1309, Robert Bruce, though invested three years before with the crown of Scotland, was only able to maintain a kind of outlaw's independence against the officers of the English king, and frequently roamed, with a small band of attendants, through the wilds of Galloway. In that remote corner of the kingdom, on the banks of the Urr, lived Mark Sprotte, a shepherd and a husband-man, but also, when occasion required, a warrior. It was the good-fortune of this obscure peasant to be united to a woman possessing an affectionate character, and no small share of good sense and activity. One morning, Bruce, in the course of his wanderings, was attacked near Mark's cottage by one of the English intruders—Sir Walter Selby.

Bruce was not the man to yield to one or even more opponents. The contest was fierce and dubious; the followers on each side were diminished to three, and these three were sorely wounded. Many a battle has been begun by a woman—this was ended by one. The clashing of swords, a sound not unusual in those unsettled times, reached the ear of the wife of Sprotte, as, busied at the hearth-fire, she prepared her husband's breakfast. She ran down to the banks of the Urr, and there saw several warriors lying wounded and bleeding on the grass, and two knights, with their visors closed, and with swords in their hands, contending for death or life. They were both bold and stalwart men; but she in vain sought for a mark by which she might know the kindly Scot from the southron. The fire sparkled from their shields and helmets, and the grass was dropped here and there with blood. At length one received a stroke upon the helmet, which made him stagger. Uttering a deep imprecation, he sprang upon his equally powerful and more deliberate adversary, and the combat grew fiercer than ever. 'Ah, thou false swearing southron!' exclaimed the wife of Mark Sprotte, 'I know ye now—I know ye now;' and seizing Sir Walter Selby by a single lock of his hair which escaped from his helmet, she pulled him backward to the ground, when he had no alternative but to yield himself a prisoner.

The two knights washed their hands in the Urr—and bloody hands they were—uttered short soldier-like acknowledgments to

their saints for having protected them, and entering the cottage, seated themselves by the side of their humble hostess.

'Food,' said the Scottish knight, 'have I not tasted for two days, else Sir Walter Selby, renowned in arms as he is, had not resisted Robert de Bruce so long.'

'And have I then had the glory,' said the Englishman, 'of exchanging blows with the noble leader of the men of Scotland?'

'Leader of the men of Scotland!' exclaimed Dame Sprotte: 'he shall ne'er be less than king in this house, and king, too, shall ye call him, sir, or else I will cast this boiling brose in your English face, weel-favoured though it be.'

King Robert smiled, and said: 'My kind and loyal dame, waste not thy valuable food on our unfortunate enemy, but allow the poor king of Scotland to taste of thy good-cheer. And Sir Walter Selby, too, would gladly, I see, do honour to the humility of a Scottish breakfast-table. So spoons to each, my heroine. I have still a golden coin in my pocket for such a ready and effectual ally as thou art. And thou shalt also take thy seat beside me: this is not the first time I have had the helping-hand of a kindly Sprotte.'

The dame refused to be seated; said it was bad manners to sit beside a king, and such a king too—bless his merciful and noble face! 'Soon may he enjoy his rightful inheritance, and long may he bruik it!'

So saying, she placed a small oaken table before him, filled a large wooden bowl with the favourite breakfast of Caledonia, rich, hot, and savoury; then laying a silver spoon beside it, she retired to such a distance from the king as awe and admiration might be supposed to measure to a peasant.

'But, my fair and kind subject,' said the king, 'let this gentle knight partake with me.'

'I should be no true subject,' answered she, 'if I feasted our mortal foe. Were I a man, hemp to his hands, the keep of Thrieve Castle for his mansion, and bread and water for his food, should be his doom; as a woman, I can only say I have vowed a vow that no southron shall feast within my door in my presence; and shall I be hospitable to the man who lately laid his steel sword with such right good-will to my king's helmet?'

'I commend thy loyalty,' said De Bruce, 'and thus shall I reward it. This land, thou knowest, is mine; the hill behind thy house is green and fair; the vale before thy house is green and fertile; I make thee lady of as much as thou canst run round while I take my breakfast. The food is hot, the vessel large, so kilt thy coats, and flee.'

With right good-will she shortened her skirts as desired, bound up her hair, and stood ready for flight on the threshold of her door. She looked back upon her guests with a comic expression, returned and locked fast all spoons save the one for the king, and then resumed her station at the door.

'Now,' said Robert, 'a woman's speed of foot against a king's

hunger. Away!’ And as he raised the spoon to his lips, she vanished from the door. The King’s Mount, so green and beautiful now, was then rough with wild juniper and briers, and the path round the base was interrupted by shivered stones and thorn-bushes. But the wife of Mark Sprotte loved her husband, and wished to become lady of the land. She had already compassed one-third of the hill, when she saw a fox running along with a goose she had fattened. ‘May the huntsman find ye yet, for coming across me at this unsensie time!’ said the dame; ‘but a rood of land is better than a fat goose;’ and she augmented her speed till she approached the mill. The miller, wearied with grinding all night, lay sleeping on the Sheeling Hill, while the fire that dried his oats seized the ribs of the kiln, ran up the roof, and flashed red from between the rafters. ‘Burn away!’ said she. ‘If I awake thee, thou wilt demand help, and a minute’s work or explanation will scoup the green holm of Urr out of the inheritance which I hope to encompass before our king gains the bottom of the bowl.’ So the flame increased, the miller slept, and she reached the place where the hill sloped into the vale. A small wicket in the gable of her house had a board suspended by a leather hinge; she flew for a moment to this rude casement, lifted it warily up, and there she beheld the monarch and his enemy seated side by side, their helmets on the floor, their swords laid aside, and with one spoon between them, smiling in each other’s face as they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare. She cried: ‘Fair-play, my liege, fair-play,’ and recommenced her race with renewed agility.

‘I like the fare not amiss,’ said Selby, ‘and still better the hale and hearty dame who prepared it. I shall never forget with what right good-will she twisted her hand into my hair, and pulled me to the ground. I’ll tell thee what, De Bruce; if half the men in Scotland had hearts as heroic as hers, we might turn our bridles southward.’

‘I am losing my land listening to thy eulogium,’ said the king with a smile. ‘See—the brook beside the willows, where we fought so long, and where so many of thy comrades and mine lie stark and bloody, she has passed it at one bound. The helmet of Lord Howard, whom with my own hand I slew there, is ornamented with silver and gold; she sees it glittering on the ground, but stoops not to unlace it. She knows she can strip the slain at her leisure, when she cannot win land. Seven English horses graze masterless among her corn; she stays not to touch their bridles, though they have silver housings, and belts of silver and gold, and though she never mounted a fairer steed than an untrained Galloway. On my royal word, this is a prudent woman!’

She had now nearly run round the hill, nearly encompassed the holm; and when she approached her own threshold, it was thus the king and Selby heard her commune with her own spirit as she ran: ‘I shall be called the lady of the Mount, and my husband

shall be called the lord on't. We shall nae doubt be called the Sprottes of the Mount of Urr, while Dalbeattie Wood grows, and while Urr runs. Our sons and our daughters will be given in marriage to the mighty ones of the land, and to wed one of the Sprottes of Urr may be the toast of barons. We shall grow honoured and great, and the tenure by which our heritage shall be held will be the presenting of butter brose in a lordly dish to the kings of Scotland when they happen to pass the Urr.'

'On thy own terms,' said King Robert, 'so loyally and characteristically spoken, my heroic dame of Galloway, shall the Sprottes of Urr hold this heritage. This mount shall be called the King's Mount; and when the kings of Scotland pass the Urr, they shall partake of brose from King Robert Bruce's bowl, and from no other—presented by the fair and loyal hands of a Sprotte. Be wise, be valiant, be loyal and faithful, and possess this land, free of paying plack or penny, till the name of Bruce perish in tale, in song, and in history: and so I render it to thee.' And thus, in one short morning, did the ancestress of the Sprottes of Urr win the lands which have given sustenance and dignity to her descendants for more than five hundred years. King Robert's Bowl, as it is called, is still preserved in the family.

### THE 'BONNIE EARL OF MORAY.'

THE Earl of Moray whose personal qualifications acquired for him the appellation of the 'Bonnie Earl,' was a son of Lord Doune, but succeeded to the title of Moray by marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the celebrated Regent, brother to Queen Mary. As son-in-law to a person so distinguished, and inheritor of his estates, the young Earl of Moray naturally possessed a high degree of consideration in the state, and particularly with the Presbyterian party, of which the Regent had been so long the leader. The earl's character, indeed, was such as to win him universal esteem: to the attractive beauty of his countenance and form, he added a most amiable disposition, and perfect skill in all the chivalric accomplishments of the age. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that he should have been one of the most popular noblemen of the day, especially as the nation in general had by that time irrevocably attached itself to the religious party of which he was a leading member. To the Presbyterian party, the king, James VI., also belonged, though he was under the necessity, from the number and power of the nobles who still remained Catholics, of holding the balance of his favour evenly between the professors of the old and the new persuasions. Of these Catholic peers, the Earl of Huntly was the chief, a man who bore rather a good character, but was at heart ambitious and vindictive. It was owing to a feud between Huntly and Moray that the



circumstances which we are about to relate occurred, and which ended in the tragic and untimely death of the 'bonnie Earl of Moray.'

The real grounds of this feud consisted in the claims of the Gordon family to the possession of the earldom of Moray, of which they had been deprived when it was bestowed by Queen Mary upon the Regent. This deep-seated cause of dissension had been long gathering strength from the minor animosities which arose out of it, and in particular was aggravated by an act of the Earl of Moray, which it is impossible to justify. In his capacity as sheriff, the Earl of Huntly endeavoured to bring to justice a person accused of violating the laws of the land. This felon was taken into protection by Moray, for some reason which is not recorded. Huntly, it may well be supposed, was highly displeased at this, and with a party of men proceeded to Moray's castle of Darnaway, for the purpose of getting possession of the felon's person. This expedition unfortunately terminated in widening the breach between the noblemen. John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, and then in attendance on Huntly, was killed by a shot from the Earl of Moray's castle. Whether Moray was personally blamed for this act, does not appear; certain it is, however, that the hostility between the two families assumed from that hour a more decided character than it had ever worn before.

This event took place a short time previous to the year 1591, and was not immediately followed by any further exhibition of animosity. In the meantime, Campbell of Calder, a friend of Moray, became an object of hostility to certain of the principal men of the Campbell family, on account of his being preferred as tutor of the young Earl of Argyll. Uniting in purpose with these men, Huntly formed a concerted scheme, in which, strange to say, the Chancellor of the kingdom, Lord Thirlstain, concurred, for taking off Moray and Campbell of Calder by one sweep of vengeance. The late Mr Donald Gregory, in his work on the Highlands, for the first time exposed the particulars of this double plot, than which nothing could be more strikingly illustrative of the character of a time when the highest men in the kingdom, so far from setting an example for the observance of the laws which they made, thought themselves at liberty on all occasions to violate them at their pleasure. By persuading the king that Moray had been concerned in the conspiracy of the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, Huntly obtained a commission to apprehend Moray, and bring him to Edinburgh for trial.

On the afternoon of the 8th of February 1591-2, Huntly, attended by a strong body of horse, set out from the house of the provost of Edinburgh, where the king then lodged for security. The object of the journey, Huntly gave out, was to attend upon a horse-race at Leith; instead of which, he turned to the westward, and directed his course across the Queensferry to Dunnibrissle House, where he understood the Earl of Moray to have taken up his residence for

a time with his mother. About midnight, Huntly reached his destination. He surrounded the house with his men, and summoned Moray to surrender. Even had this been complied with immediately, the same consequences, it is clear, would have ensued, Huntly's determination being fixed. The enemy of himself and his House knocking at his gates at the dead of night—encompassing the walls with armed and vindictive retainers—such a summons as this was not one from which the young earl could expect moderation or justice to follow. He resolved to defend the house to the death. A gun, fired from within, mortally wounded one of the Gordons, and the passions of the assailants and their leader were excited to the highest pitch. To force an entrance, they set fire to the doors, and the house seemed to be on the point of being enveloped in flames. In this emergency, Moray took counsel with his friend Dunbar, sheriff of the county, who chanced to be with him on that night. 'Let us not stay,' said Dunbar, 'to be burned in the flaming house : I will go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me for your lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion.' After giving utterance to this noble offer, the generous Dunbar did not hesitate an instant, but threw himself among the assailants, and fell immediately, as he had anticipated, beneath their swords. At first, it seemed as if this act of heroic devotion would have accomplished its purpose. The young earl had passed out immediately after his friend, and had the fortune to escape through the ranks of the Gordons. He directed his flight to the rocks of the neighbouring beach, and most probably would have got off in the darkness, had not his path been pointed out to his foes by the silken tassels of his helmet, which had caught fire as he passed out through the flames of the house. A headstrong and revengeful cadet of the Huntly family, Gordon of Buckie, was the first, it is said, who overtook the fleeing earl, and wounded him mortally. While Moray lay in the throes of death at the feet of his ruthless murderer, Huntly himself came up to the spot, when Buckie exclaiming : 'By Heaven, my lord, you shall be as deep in as I,' forced his chief to strike the dying man. 'Huntly,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'with a wavering hand, struck the expiring earl in the face. Mindful of his superior beauty even in that moment of parting life, Moray stammered out the dying words : "You have spoiled a better face than your own."'

The perpetrators of this barbarous deed hurried from the scene, leaving the corpse of the earl lying on the beach, and the house of Dunnibrissle in flames. Though but little afraid of any consequences that might ensue, Huntly did not choose to return to Edinburgh to be the narrator of what had passed. The messenger he chose for this purpose, strange to say, was no other than the person on whom the deepest share of guilt lay—Gordon of Buckie. This bold man hesitated not to fulfil his chief's commands. He rode post to the king's presence, and informed his majesty of all that

had occurred. Finding, however, that the night's work was not likely to acquire its doers any credit, he left the city as hastily as he had entered it. By some, it is supposed that Gordon could not have seen the king, who had gone out at an early hour to hunt. It is known at least that, with apparent unconsciousness of the deed that had been perpetrated, James pursued his sport for several hours in the early part of that day. On his return to the city, his majesty found the streets filled with lamentations for the murder of Moray, and strong suspicions entertained that he himself had authorised Huntly to perpetrate the deed. Dunnibristle House being visible from the grounds of Inverleith and Wardie, it was alleged that the king must have seen the smoking ruins in his hunting; nay, that he had chosen that quarter for his sport, on purpose to gratify his eye with the spectacle.

The popularity of the late earl, on account of his personal qualities, and as a leading Presbyterian, rendered the people blindly severe for the moment to James, whom there is no real cause for supposing accessory to the guilt of the Gordons. The fact of the conspiracy which we have already mentioned at length, is almost a positive exculpation of the king. In a fine old ballad, it is said that Moray 'was the queen's luve.' A traditionary anecdote is the only support which the ballad receives for a circumstance utterly discredited by history. James, says the story, found the Earl of Moray sleeping one day in an arbour with a ribbon about his neck which his majesty had given to the queen. On seeking her majesty's presence, the king found the ribbon on *her* neck, and was convinced that he had mistaken one ribbon for another. But, continues the story, the ribbon worn by Moray was in truth the queen's, and had been only restored to her in time to blind his majesty, by the agency of some one who had noticed the king's jealous observation of Moray asleep.

To return, however, from tradition to history. The ferment caused in Edinburgh by the news of Moray's death was aggravated tenfold when, on the same day, Lady Doune, mother of the ill-fated nobleman, arrived at Leith in a boat, carrying with her the bodies of her son and his devoted friend Dunbar. The mourning lady took this step in order to stimulate the vengeance of the laws against the murderers of her son. When the news reached the king that Lady Doune was about to expose the mangled bodies to the gaze of the multitude, he forbade the bodies to be brought into the city, conceiving justly that the spectacle was not only an unseemly one, but that the populace were excited enough already. Defeated in her first wish, Lady Doune caused a picture to be drawn of her son's remains, and enclosing it in a piece of lawn cloth, she brought it to the king, uncovered it before him, and with vehement lamentations cried for justice on the slayers of 'her beautiful! her brave!' She then took out three bullets found in Moray's body, one of which she

gave to the king, another to one of his nobles, and the third she reserved to herself, 'to be bestowed on him who should hinder justice !'

As far as he could, James fulfilled the demands of justice, though the times would not permit him to punish the leaders. Two servants of Huntly were executed for the deed ; but the earl himself had fled to the north, where he was much more powerful than James, king of Scotland as the latter was. After some time, however, to recover the royal favour—which, to his credit, James obstinately withheld till some atonement was made—Huntly surrendered himself, and was confined for a time in Blackness Castle. He was not brought to any trial, and was liberated on bail. Gordon of Buckie, the true murderer, lived for nearly fifty years after Moray's death, and in his latter days expressed great contrition for the act of which he had been guilty. From punishment by the hand of man, the unsettled state of society and of the laws succeeded in screening him.

Nearly at the same time with Moray's death, Campbell of Calder fell by the hand of an assassin. The young Earl of Argyll fortunately escaped the snares of the conspirators.

Such is the story of one of the numberless feudal quarrels and deeds of violence which disfigure the history of Scotland, and to which it is instructive, though painful, to look back from these comparatively peaceful and happy times.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE QUEENSBERRY FAMILY.

MORE than a century ago flourished the famous Kitty Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, 'charming, gay, and young,' the friend of Gay, and the same of whom he said :

'Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand,  
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known.'

This lady is well remembered by all who have read aught of song and story, and that class is happily a wide one nowadays. The majority of the anecdotes told of the eccentric duchess are of a humorous character ; but *all* are not of this order. She was concerned, at one period of her life, in a most melancholy tragedy, and this is the matter which we wish at present to speak about.

'Don't speak to me of the Mackays !' said the duchess one day to her husband in very peremptory tones : 'a poor commoner's daughter to sit in my shoes, and wed the heir of the House of Queensberry, one of the first matches in the land ! I will have no Mackays.'

'Ay, my dear,' returned the duke, 'but Drumlanrig is no child, and you may find it difficult to bring him round to your opinions on this subject.'



‘Pooh, pooh! my lord duke; I think I have managed more difficult concerns in my day,’ returned the opinionative duchess, who had seldom known what it was to be thwarted in anything she took into her head. ‘Just let your Grace promise not to interfere with my proceedings, and I promise you that this silly heir of ours shall marry the lady whom I have chosen for him, and of whom you approve.’

‘Well, my dear, I shall not meddle in the matter,’ replied the meek husband, ‘as I certainly would prefer his union with Lady Elizabeth Hope; but not at the expense of his happiness. Act fairly, my lady; convince and convert him, if you can; but all by fair means, and fair means only.’

‘Fair means!’ muttered the duchess, as her husband walked away: ‘all means are fair where the end in view is to cure a foolish boy of an unworthy fancy. Mackay, truly!’

The conversation here related took place at Drumlanrig Castle, the magnificent seat of the Queensberry family in Dumfriesshire. As may be understood, the eldest son of the self-willed duchess, Henry, Lord Drumlanrig, had fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable though not elevated station, and of great beauty and accomplishments. She returned, with equal ardour, the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. But when Lord Drumlanrig informed his parents of his attachment, one of them, as we have seen, was anything but pleased to hear of the circumstance. The duchess had already settled decisively in her own mind that Lady Elizabeth Hope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, and no one else, should wed her son. What steps she took to bring this snatch about must now be told.

Lord Drumlanrig was at home with his parents. Miss Mackay was resident at a great distance from him, but her letters formed a cherished source of consolation. That consolation, however, was not destined to be lasting. The letters of the lady were discontinued, and no entreaty that he could use in his own had the effect of causing a renewal of her communications. The poor young nobleman was almost distracted with this loss of favour, for the obstinate silence of Miss Mackay seemed to him attributable to no other cause. Yet on this point his sentiments underwent many changes. Remembering how sincere seemed to be her attachment, he at one moment entertained hopes that all would be cleared up, and that some accident had caused the temporary cessation of her letters. At another period, he saw no way of explaining the matter, excepting by supposing her faithless. This was the ultimate conviction which he reached; and it brought great anguish along with it. If there remained a glimmer of hope in his mind, it was dispelled by tidings received from the duchess his mother. She came to him one day with a letter in her hand. ‘Stupid boy!’ said she, in tones that

seemed at once to express sympathy and reproof, 'still moping for one who never cared one whistle about you! See here—can you bear to learn the truth?'

'I can,' said the son eagerly; 'anything rather than this suspense!'

'Then know that your Miss Mackay is married,' returned the duchess.

'Married! impossible!' cried the young lord.

'It is rather unmannerly, my Lord Drumlanrig, to contradict me thus, especially when I can so readily prove my words to be true. Your Miss Mackay was wedded a fortnight since, and here is evidence of it. This letter is from a friend of mine, whose word cannot surely be doubted by you—especially as she could have no possible interest in telling a falsehood.' The duchess then gave the letter to her son. He read it, and sank back on his seat in a state of speechless distress. All doubt was now at an end.

The duchess looked at him for some time in silence. 'Well,' said she at last, 'I might, I think, have looked for more spirit in a son of mine. Have you one drop of my blood in your veins? If you had, contempt would be the feeling uppermost in your mind at this moment—contempt for one who has so clearly shewn, what you were long ago told, that she never was worthy of you!' The duchess pursued this vein for some time, and at last was so far successful in rousing the young man's pride. She followed up her advantage by working on his filial affection, of which he was gifted with a large share, and prevailed on him to consent to visit Lady Elizabeth Hope, with the view of soliciting her hand.

Lord Drumlanrig proved but a cold wooer, but the duchess stood always at his elbow, to urge him on and supply all deficiencies. Besides, the young lady was too favourably disposed towards him not to overlook any little neglects of form on his part. Hence it was that the match was arranged very speedily, the duchess having but too good reasons for allowing no time to elapse unnecessarily ere all was settled. On the 10th of July 1754, Lord Drumlanrig was united to Lady Elizabeth, to the great joy of his mother at least. As for the young nobleman, he had attained to seeming composure of mind; and no doubt all who looked on during the nuptial ceremony imagined that felicity could not fail to attend a union where the parties were so highly endowed with rank, fortune, and many other worldly advantages.

But the clever and unscrupulous Kitty was not permitted to plume herself long upon the success of her scheme. While Lord Drumlanrig and his bride remained in Scotland, under the eye of the duchess, all went on smoothly. Her Grace took care to allow nothing to become known to her son but what she chose. The case was altered ere long. In October of the year 1754, about three months after his marriage, Lord Drumlanrig set out for London with his lady. They travelled in their own carriage, and had reached the town of — on the 19th of October. Here they rested for a short

time, and Lord Drumlanrig walked out alone, for the sake of a half hour of more active exercise than his carriage permitted to him. He was listlessly inattentive to everything around him, when a well-known figure met his eye, and sent the blood from his heart in more rapid tides. His first glance told him that the being who now stood before him had once been the object of his every thought and wish, and was still too often the subject of his meditations. It was Miss Mackay—or she who had once borne that beloved name. The lady saw her former lover almost as soon as he observed her, and, from the pallor that flashed instantly over her cheek, it was plain that the recognition was a matter of no common interest to her as well as to him. For a moment they seemed to hesitate how to act—whether to pass one another, or to speak; and both seemed to resolve on the latter course at the same moment. In truth, they had the very same motives for doing so—a question sprang to the lips of both, which called imperatively for an answer. After an agitated salutation, the lady was able faintly to pronounce the words: ‘My lord, it is not for us to meet or speak now; but there is one question to which I would fain have a reply, as the matter is important to my peace of mind. Was your conduct caused by any report or belief of unworthiness in me?’

‘Madam, it is I who should put that question to you, and it is one you have this instant anticipated me in asking.’

‘My lord, you mock me,’ said the lady: ‘are you not wedded?’

Lord Drumlanrig started, and hurriedly asked: ‘Are not *you*, madam, also wedded?’

‘I am *not*, my lord!’ was the lady’s answer.

Lord Drumlanrig struck his forehead wildly, as he cried: ‘Then may God forgive those who have deceived us, and ruined the earthly peace of at least one of us!’

Further explanations passed between the unfortunate pair; and Lord Drumlanrig discovered that his mother must have systematically intercepted all his own letters, as well as those of Miss Mackay, and finally caused one to be written to herself with the false statement of the lady’s marriage. She, like himself, had only ceased to write in consequence of the obstinate silence of her correspondent. The poor young lady had remained faithful to the last, and had even so far resisted the natural promptings of womanly pride as once and again to ask and offer explanations. The tidings of her lover’s marriage closed all doubts. When these most harassing disclosures were made, the pair asked forgiveness from one another, and tore themselves asunder—never to meet again in that world which, but for the machinations of a proud and jealous woman, might have been to them a scene of unalloyed happiness!

The effect of this discovery upon Lord Drumlanrig was deplorable. He felt as if he could no longer bear the burden of existence. His poor young wife, though not charged by him with any share in the

contrivances of the duchess, had become an object on which his eye could no longer rest with composure. In brief, the mind of the ill-fated young nobleman was so completely unhinged, that on the following day he shot himself in his carriage, by the side of his horror-stricken lady.

Books of heraldry mention that Henry, Earl of Drumlanrig, was killed by the accidental going off of his pistol; but the case is well known to have been very different. Lady Drumlanrig never recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's death. She survived him only about a year and a half, dying in April 1756. Thus the notable scheme of Kitty, 'charming, gay, and young,' destroyed the happiness of at least three unfortunate human beings, and caused the premature death of two of them, the one her own son.

### STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

EARLY in the eighteenth century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetcy of Orton, a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while at the same time he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and even men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent ease and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts of wealthy relatives and friends, or by preying on strangers not sufficiently experienced or sage to be secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay, flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and



dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftsmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him, namely, the profession of arms, and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The — dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping of course the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the duties imposed upon him, and giving no expression to the regrets which could not but occasionally arise in the breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure; and then recommenced his short perambulations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away the time until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

'Colonel,' said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, 'you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it.'

‘How may this be, my good friend?’ asked the veteran.

‘In respect of your attendant sentry,’ said the officer. ‘Few princes can best of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backward and forward in front of your quarters.’

The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. ‘What mean you?’ said he. ‘You seem serious; and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been here ten times over already.’

‘This may be,’ returned the visitor; ‘but I still assure you that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight-baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold.’

‘Bless my heart, do you really say so!’ exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man, and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. ‘A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!’ continued the veteran. ‘How, in the name of wonder, came this about, and how did you discover it?’

‘I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition, as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton.’

‘Can this be true?’ exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window, from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel. Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if it was true that he really addressed Sir Robert Innes. The youth, after colouring a little from surprise, and partly perhaps from other feelings, owned that the information given to the colonel was correct, and that he was really Sir Robert Innes. Colonel Winram was silent for a few moments, and then said: ‘Believe me, young gentleman, when I ask you to inform me personally of the true motives which induced

you to enter the ranks, I have a sincere wish to serve you, and am not actuated by mere curiosity.'

Sir Robert answered his commander by simply stating, that, finding himself possessed of a title without any of the requisite means for supporting it creditably, he had been under the necessity of quitting the society of his equals in station, but superiors in point of fortune. 'I chose,' said he, not without a degree of honourable pride, 'to enter on the humble yet independent condition of a common soldier, rather than make any attempt at gaining a maintenance in my own degree by drawing on the bounty of others, and eating what must have been, at best, the bread of dependence.'

A tear trickled down the brown cheek of the old colonel as he listened to the explanation. 'I admire your candour, sir,' said the veteran, 'and I honour your sentiments. You must be replaced in your proper station—in that station to which you were born, Sir Robert, and to which you will be a credit and an ornament. Thank Heaven, I have interest enough, I think, to procure you a cornetcy; and a cornetcy of British horse is a fitting station for any one—for the first noble in the land.' The poor young soldier, in whose fortunes a great change was thus unexpectedly promised, could scarcely find language to thank his warm-hearted benefactor and commander. But the colonel did not give himself time to listen to thanks. 'I think I am sure of the cornetcy on application,' continued he; 'but, at the worst, I can procure your discharge, and do something for you in other ways.' Pursuing his kindly intentions farther, the colonel gave our hero a temporary release from regimental duty, and invited him to dinner on the following day, offering him for this purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes from his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted the invitation, but declined the use of the colonel's wardrobe, as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which was still capable of making a respectable appearance.

The young baronet dined with his commanding-officer, not once, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse was obtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily a greater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram, who found his protégé fulfil all the high promise that had appeared in him at their first interview. Handsome, well bred, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a gentleman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed by his brother-officers, and all who met him in society. It was barely possible, however, for any one to view him with the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of this the following conclusive occurrence will give ample proof. After the new cornet had held his station for some months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to join him in an excursion to the country. The request was of course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set out in the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a considerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his daughter and only child was then, for the completion of her

education, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school, and that he was going to visit her. The boarding-school was accordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had the honour of being introduced to the only child of his benefactor. She was a young lady in the very spring of womanhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the full graces of her person were scarcely yet developed. The Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had scarcely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating aspect than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's presence, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose carriage she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir Robert Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the conversation turned on the young lady, on whom her father expatiated with the fondness of a parent; and his observations being assented to somewhat warmly, the colonel, to the surprise of Sir Robert, hinted that his daughter might do worse than take him for a husband. The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overture. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. 'Colonel Winram,' said he, 'I am poor—penniless—and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you; but'—

The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. 'Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking of. Margery happens to have a small fortune of her own, the bequest of a deceased aunt; and you have a title: a fair equivalent. I have always honoured ancestral dignities, at least when borne by such as yourself, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good daughter, and will be a good wife.'

While the words were yet on his lips, fortune suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and, by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twitched from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed animals sprang forward at full speed; but they went no great way ere their divergence from the mid-line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road, which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light



frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usually ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly back to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly, and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully shared by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly despatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was besides discovered to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sick-bed for several weeks. In that time, he had such a nurse in his daughter as often made him weep tears of gratitude to Heaven for its kindness in giving her to him. Our readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as this was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who had also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gentleman surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daughter, and did it willingly and consciously, having no alloy in his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the state of the young lady's affections was unknown to him. But, in his capacity of occasional attendant on the veteran, the young baronet appeared in almost as favourable a light to Miss Winram as she did to him, and the state of each other's affections was soon made manifest by the kindly interference of Colonel Winram.

Our story draws to a close. Sir Robert proposed, and was accepted. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch ; and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its after-duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who afterwards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburghe ; but eventually Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her grandson is the present possessor of that ancient title ; and of her daughters, one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.



## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

### INDIAN NAMES.

'How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?'



YE say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave ;  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave ;  
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,  
There rings no hunter's shout ;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curled,  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world,  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the west,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared, as withered leaves  
Before the autumn's gale ;  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
Amid his young renown.  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
Within its rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart.  
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,  
Doth seal the sacred trust,  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE BUCCANEER.

THE ISLE.

THE island lies nine leagues away.  
Along its solitary shore,  
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,  
No sound but ocean's roar,  
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,  
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,  
And on the glassy, heaving sea,  
The black duck, with her glossy breast,  
Sits swinging silently ;  
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,  
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;  
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;  
From out the trees the Sabbath bell  
Rings cheerful, far and wide,

## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,  
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat  
In former days within the vale ;  
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet ;  
Curses were on the gale ;  
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;  
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,  
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;  
A quiet look is in each face,  
Subdued and holy fear :  
Each motion gentle ; all is kindly done—  
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

—RICHARD H. DANA.

## THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language ; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements—  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,



# SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw  
Unheeded by the living—and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—W. C. BRYANT.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

—W. C. BRYANT.

## THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church ; I like a cowl ;  
 I love a prophet of the soul ;  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles ;  
 Yet not for all his faith can see  
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
 Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;  
 Never from lips of cunning fell  
 The thrilling Delphic oracle ;  
 Out from the heart of nature rolled  
 The burdens of the Bible old ;  
 The litanies of nations came,  
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
 Up from the burning core below—  
 The canticles of love and woe ;  
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;  
 Himself from God he could not free ;  
 He builded better than he knew ;  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.  
 Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?  
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
 Painting with morn each annual cell ?  
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
 To her old leaves new myriads ?  
 Such and so grew these holy piles,  
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles,  
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
 As the best gem upon her zone ;  
 And Morning opes with haste her lids,  
 To gaze upon the Pyramids ;  
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
 As on its friends, with kindred eye ;  
 For, out of Thought's interior sphere,  
 These wonders rose to upper air ;  
 And Nature gladly gave them place,  
 Adopted them into her race,

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;  
And the same power that reared the shrine,  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the fathers wise—  
The Book itself before me lies,  
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,  
And he who blent both in his line,  
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,  
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his cowled portrait dear ;  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.

—R. W. EMERSON.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone !  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines :  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion !  
Sailor of the atmosphere ;  
Swimmer through the waves of air ;  
Voyager of light and noon ;  
Epicurean of June ;  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum—  
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall,  
And, with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a colour of romance,  
And, infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets,  
Thou, in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone.  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found ;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen ;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple-sap, and daffodels,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,  
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher !

Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
When the fierce north-western blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep ;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—R. W. EMERSON.

# THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

‘ And first behold this cordial Julep here,  
That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed ;  
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thome  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up Joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.’

MILTON—*Comus*.

’Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old  
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?),  
One night, ’mid their revels, by Bacchus were told  
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out !

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,  
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid  
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o’er,  
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,  
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,  
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,  
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board  
Were scattered profusely in every one’s reach,  
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,  
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while Venus looked on,  
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,  
That the honey of Hybla, e’en when they were gone,  
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,  
And with roscate fingers pressed down in the bowl,  
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,  
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,  
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;  
But juleps the drink of immortals became,  
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

—C. F. HOFFMAN.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

N U R E M B E R G.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,  
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them  
throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every  
clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden, planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art—  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common  
mart ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their  
trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;  
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its  
air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and  
dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows  
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy  
bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and  
long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer, from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his  
careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### FROM EVANGELINE.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles ; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with  
forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the  
current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where, through the golden coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of  
Plaquemine,

Soon were they lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a  
ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## NEW ENGLAND.

LAND of the forest and the rock—  
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river—  
Of mountains reared aloft to mock  
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—  
My own green land for ever !  
Land of the beautiful and brave—  
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—  
The nursery of giant men,  
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,  
And every hill, and every stream,  
The romance of some warrior-dream !  
Oh, never may a son of thine,  
Where'er his wandering steps incline,  
Forget the sky which bent above  
His childhood like a dream of love,  
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,  
The broad-armed trees above it growing,  
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing ;  
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn  
Breathed o'er the brave New England born ;  
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand  
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,  
The buried glory of a land  
Whose soil with noble blood is red,  
And sanctified in every part—  
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,  
Unsheathing from his fiery heart !  
Oh, greener hills may catch the sun  
Beneath the glorious heaven of France ;  
And streams, rejoicing as they run  
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,



## SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

May wander where the orange bough  
With golden fruit is bending low ;  
And there may bend a brighter sky  
O'er green and classic Italy—  
And pillared fane and ancient grave  
Bear record of another time,  
And over shaft and architrave  
The green, luxuriant ivy climb ;  
And far toward the rising sun  
The palm may shake its leaves on high,  
Where flowers are opening, one by one,  
Like stars upon the twilight sky ;  
And breezes soft as sighs of love  
Above the broad banana stray,  
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove  
A thousand bright-hued pinions play !  
Yet unto thee, New England, still  
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,  
And thy rude chart of rock and hill  
Seem dearer than the land of palms ;  
Thy massy oak and mountain-pine  
More welcome than the banyan's shade ;  
And every free, blue stream of thine  
Seem richer than the golden bed  
Of oriental waves, which glow  
And sparkle with the wealth below !

—J. G. WHITTIER.

## THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne,  
And lay in the silent sea,  
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
For a sleepy thing was she ;  
What is the Lily dreaming of ?  
Why crisp the waters blue ?  
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid !  
Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek  
In the lap of the breathless tide ;  
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,  
That would lie by the Rose's side ;  
He would love her better than all the rest,  
And he would be fond and true ;  
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,  
And looked at the sky so blue.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,  
How fast will thy summer glide,  
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,  
Or flourish a blooming bride?  
'Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,  
And he lives on earth,' said she;  
'But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,  
And he shall my bridegroom be.'

But what if the stormy cloud should come,  
And ruffle the silver sea?  
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,  
To smile on a thing like thee?  
O no, fair Lily, he will not send  
One ray from his far-off throne;  
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,  
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,  
Nor a drop of evening dew,  
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,  
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,  
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,  
And warmed with his faithless beam—  
And will he be true to a pallid flower,  
That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,  
But turned to the skies afar,  
And bared her breast to the trembling ray  
That shot from the rising star;  
The cloud came over the darkened sky,  
And over the waters wide;  
She looked in vain through the beating rain,  
And sank in the stormy tide.

—O. W. HOLMES.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more.'

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating :  
‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;  
This it is, and nothing more.’

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,  
‘Sir,’ said I, ‘or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you’—here I opened wide the  
door——

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word ‘Lenore !’  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word  
‘Lenore !’—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
‘Surely,’ said I, ‘surely that is something at my window lattice ;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore :  
‘Tis the wind, and nothing more.’

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed  
he ;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no  
craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore !'  
Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered : 'Other friends have flown  
before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.'  
Then the bird said 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of "Never—nevermore."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and  
door ;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath  
sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !'

Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore !'

Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil !  
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'

Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !' I shrieked, up-  
starting—

'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
door !'

Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore !

—E. A. POE.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee ;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea :  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee ;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea.  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—E. A. POE.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,  
Ez fur away ez Paris is ;  
I love to see her stick her claws  
In them infarnal Pharisees ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

It's wal enough agin a king  
To dror resolves an' triggers—  
But libbaty's a kind o' thing  
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want  
A tax on teas an' coffees,  
Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt—  
Purvidin' I'm in office ;  
Fer I hev loved my country sence  
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,  
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,  
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan  
O' levyin' the taxes,  
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,  
I git jest wut I axes :  
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,  
Because it kind o' rouses  
The folks to vote—an' keeps us in  
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good  
To sen' out furrin missions,  
Thet is, on sartin understood  
An' orthydox conditions :  
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,  
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,  
An' me to recommend a man  
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways  
O' prayin' an' 'convartin' ;  
The bread comes back in many days,  
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;  
I mean in preyin' till one busts  
On wut the party chooses,  
An' in convartin' public trusts  
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff  
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on ;  
The people's ollers soft enough  
To make hard money out on ;  
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,  
An' gives a good-sized junk to all ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

I don't care *how* hard money is,  
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul  
In the gret Press's freedom,  
To pint the people to the goal  
An' in the traces lead 'em ;  
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes  
At my fat contracts squintin',  
An' withered be the nose thet pokes  
Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe thet I should give  
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,  
Fer it's by him I move an' live,  
From him my bread an' cheese air ;  
I du believe thet all o' me  
Doth bear his sounscriptions—  
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,  
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise  
To him thet hez the grantin'  
O' jobs—in every thin' thet pays,  
But most of all in Cantin' ;  
This doth my cup with marcies fill,  
This lays all thought o' sin to rest :  
I *don't* believe in princerple,  
But, oh ! I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this  
Or thet, ez it may happen  
One way or t' other hendiest is  
To ketch the people nappin' ;  
It ain't by princerples nor men  
My preudunt course is steadied ;  
I scent wich pays the best, an' then  
Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves  
Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,  
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves  
To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;  
Fer any office, small or gret,  
I couldn't ax with no face,  
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,  
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

I du believe wutever trash  
'll keep the people in blindness ;  
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
Right inter brotherly kindness ;  
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball  
Air good-will's strongest magnets,  
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe  
In Humbug generally,  
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
To hev a solid vally ;  
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,  
In pasturs sweet heth led me,  
An' this 'll keep the people green  
To feed ez they hev fed me.

—J. R. LOWELL.

WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;  
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes :  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?  
We can't never choose him, o' course—thet's flat ;  
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?),  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;  
Fer John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

General C. is a drefle smart man :  
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;  
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan ;  
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself.  
So John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war ;  
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?  
So John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he shall vote fer Ginerol C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut ain't,  
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,  
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,  
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country ;  
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;  
An' John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;  
Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum* ;  
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies  
Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half rum ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez it ain't no sech thing ; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life  
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats  
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,  
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us  
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow—  
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,  
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;  
Fer John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

—J. R. LOWELL.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

MR BIGLOW ON THE CIVIL WAR (1862).

\* \* \* \*  
It's war we're in, not politics ;  
It's systems wrastlin' now, not parties ;  
An' victory in the eend 'll fix  
Where longest will an' truest heart is.  
An' wut's the Guv'ment folks about ?  
Tryin' to hope ther' 's nothin' doin',  
An' look ez though they didn't doubt  
Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Thet' 's critters yit thet talk an' act  
Fer wut they call Conciliation ;  
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract  
When they wuz madder than all Bashan.  
Conciliate? it jest means *be kicked*,  
No metter how they phrase an' tone it ;  
It means thet we're to set down licked,  
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to own it!

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,  
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,  
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce  
Without no moral specie-basis :  
Ef green-backs ain't nut jest the cheese,  
I guess ther' 's evils thet 's extremer :  
Fer instance—shinplaster idees  
Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,  
When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield her,  
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword  
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder :  
A splendid flash !—an' how'd the grasp  
With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally ?  
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp—  
Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally.

More men? More Man! It's there we fail ;  
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin' :  
Wut use in addin' to the tail,  
When it's the head 's in need o' strengthenin' ?  
We wanted one thet felt all Chief  
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',  
Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief  
In him an' us, ef earth went rockin'!

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw  
'Bout doin' things till they wuz done with ;  
He'd smashed the tables o' the Law  
In time o' need to load his gun with ;  
He couldn't see but jest one side—  
Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty ;  
An' so his '*Forrards!*' multiplied  
An army's fightin' weight by twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,  
Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,  
This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak  
Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick,  
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'  
Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the twitter—  
I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt  
The peth an' sperit of a critter.

In six months where 'll the People be,  
Ef leaders look on revolution  
Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea—  
Jest social el'ments in solution?  
This weighin' things doos wal enough  
When war cools down, an' comes to writin' ;  
But while it 's makin', the true stuff  
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man  
A right to be his own oppressor ;  
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,  
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser :  
I tell ye one thing we might larn  
From them smart critters, the Seceders—  
Ef bein' right 's the fust consarn,  
The 'fore-the-fust 's cast-iron leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs  
Thet we're a-goin' to use our senses :  
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,  
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses ;  
Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,  
South, North, East, West, where'er you find it,  
An' ef it drors in the War's mill,  
D' ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't grind it?

D' ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,  
Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to sof'n  
So 's 'twouldn't hurt thet ebony stick  
Thet 's made our side see stars so of'n?



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

'No!' he'd ha' thundered, 'on your knees,  
An' own one flag, one road to glory!  
Soft-heartedness, in times like these,  
Shews sof'ness in the upper story!'

An' why should we kick up a muss  
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?  
It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,  
Ef we don't like emancipation:  
The right to be a cussed fool  
Is safe from all devices human,  
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)  
To every critter born o' woman.

So *we*'re all right, an' I, fer one,  
Don't think our cause 'll lose in valiy  
By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,  
An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally:  
Thank God, say I, fer even a plan  
To lift one human bein's level,  
Give one more chance to make a man,  
Or, anyhow, to spile a devil!

\* \* \*

An' come wut will, I think it's grand  
Abe's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced  
In trial-flames till it'll stand  
The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest:  
Thet's wut we want—we want to know  
The folks on our side hez the bravery  
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,  
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,  
An' every man knows who'll be winner,  
Whose faith in God hez ary root  
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner:  
*Then* 'twill be felt from pole to pole,  
Without no need o' proclamation,  
Earth's Biggest Country's gut her soul  
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!

—J. R. LOWELL













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